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Born, 1818.



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GIRLS**

Of our time
and
How they became
Ramous **W**omen

London

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CLEVER GIRLS

OF OUR TIME,

AND

HOW THEY BECAME FAMOUS WOMEN.

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AN INCENTIVE AND ENCOURAGEMENT TO
EFFORT AND ENDURANCE;

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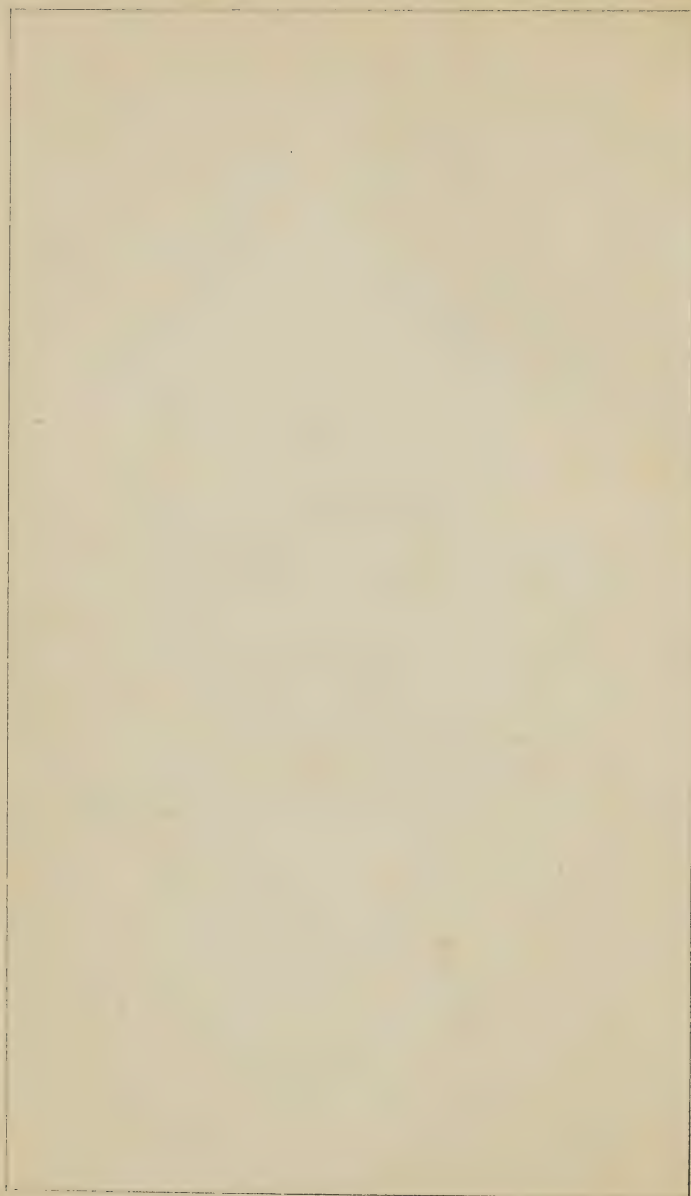
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DEDICATED

BY

HER LOVING HUSBAND—

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE

THE author's object in writing the following pages has been to incite his sisters—and he includes in that term every member of the gentle sex just merging into womanhood—to imitate or become “Clever Girls,” from the force of example. He takes a somewhat different view, however, of what constitutes a Clever Girl to that which is generally entertained. He does not consider, for instance, that a girl to be entitled to that designation should be enabled to play the pianoforte as a professional, or sing like a *prima donna* at the Opera, or paint a picture that would receive a flattering notice at the Exhibition, or talk French like a native, or write the most faultless English, or use only, in ordinary speech, the most elegant phrases. These accomplishments would certainly demand, as they would entitle to the designation, and would surround their possessor with a charm and fascination which would secure respect and admiration. But a girl may be a clever girl, and have none of these accomplishments,

She may, notwithstanding, perform all the duties of her position—be that position what it may—with ability and credit, and thus fairly become entitled to the term *Clever Girl*.

Accomplishments are not, however, the essentials of existence. We cannot live on music; the finest notes of the most charming singer never dissipated a sense of hunger; the most glorious creation of the pencil never shielded the exposed from the rigours of the wintry blast.

“To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous.”

“Where virtue is!” that is—where the essentials are. No man, or woman either, would quarrel with accomplishments; would they not rather praise them,—feel subdued by their soothing influence, and find themselves insensibly drawn from low sordid thoughts, to the contemplation of high objects, and, it might be, of holy purposes? There is no one word, then, to be said *against* accomplishments; but everything to be said *for* essentials. When Othello was recounting to the gentle Desdemona his dangers by flood and field, we are told that:

“The house affairs would draw her thence.”

This Venetian lady, whose beauty had become a proverb, and whose gentle nature elevated her to the foremost rank of Shakespere’s “*Heroines*,” was con-

cerned with the "house affairs," and did not hesitate to interrupt the relation of her gallant lover that she might attend to them. She was, indeed, intensely interested in the "hair-breadth 'scapes" of the dusky Moor; but the duties of her home must have her first consideration, and *then* she would listen with a "greedy ear."

There are, however, positions in which accomplishments become essentials; when music, singing, or painting may be honourably allowed to absorb the whole time and attention; because they are the source, or intended source, from whence the means of living are to be derived. That girl who has resolved upon self-dependence, and who is intensely absorbed in self-culture as the means of self-maintenance, presents one of the most cheering sights in all this world. She says in effect—"If a proper and desirable opportunity is presented for my entering the marriage state, I will not reject it; but, in the mean time, I will secure the means of living, so that if such an opportunity is never presented, I shall not feel myself as a waif surging amid the useless elements of society." Bravely resolved! The carking care and gangrene which have clogged the heart of many a gentle girl, hurrying her before her time to the narrow house, would never have accumulated, would never have exercised its baneful influence under such a self-sustaining high-minded resolve.

The following pages will furnish evidence, if evidence were needed, that woman possesses purpose,

will, determination—more than this, that she can attain to a height of perfection in the various professions which enables her to “hold her own” in the presence of the most gifted of the opposite sex; the “Clever Girl” merged into the “Clever Woman,” useful in her day and generation, and leaving her mark and impress, which will be seen in ages yet to come.

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CLEVER GIRLS

(OF OUR TIME);

AND

How they became Famous Women.

CLARA NOVELLO:

THE SWEET SINGER AND GIFTED GIRL.

WE are indebted to France, to Germany, and to Italy, for many glorious children of song, and to Sweden most of all, for the one nightingale that flooded our public halls with the sweetest strains, and at the same time filled our hearts and memories with deeds of goodness and works of mercy. It was reserved to Jenny Lind to be more lovingly and affectionately remembered than wondrously admired. Gifted as she was—and surely no human being was ever so gifted—yet her native goodness, her charming simplicity, her love for the suffering, for the outcast, and the poor, has embalmed her memory in the national heart as a sacred recollection, and almost a divine trust. The gift of song, like every other gift, has its duties as well

as its pleasures. Its possessor had need to look to its exercise, as to a solemn responsibility, remembering its power to excite to deeds of daring, to deeds of goodness, and to deeds of charity. The note which thrills the heart with sweetness may be laden with purpose and sentiment, and contain a lesson which shall be remembered a life long. The words which fall gentlest on the ear, in the service of song, may make the deepest impress on the heart. In this service, surely, the pre-eminently gifted Clara Novello has discharged her trust faithfully and well. When she sang—as she of all vocalists knew how to sing—“I know that my Redeemer liveth!” the glorious truth, as much as the glorious strain, commanded the sustained admiration of the listening crowd.

Miss Clara Anastasia Novello is the fourth daughter of Mr. Vincent Novello, an organist and musician, who has rendered important service to the musical art, by arranging Mozart's Masses after his own cultivated taste, as well as other enduring works which will live to perpetuate his fame. His gifted daughter was born in London on the 10th of June, 1818, very early giving evidence of possessing extraordinary musical powers, so that at nine years of age she was committed to the care of Mr. John Robinson, of York, whose business it was to induct her into the art which she subsequently so adorned, subjecting her to a thorough course of training in the rudiments of a professional life.

She not only thus laid the foundation of her excellence as a vocalist, but also of her excellent health. She was accustomed to pass whole days together at a farm-house on the moors, inhaling the bracing air, and enjoying the substantial fare of home-baked bread, home-made cheese, milk, and bacon, and all the other invigorating incentives to be found in a Yorkshire homestead. In the year 1829, she returned to London; and while her parents were much amused by her "show" pieces, "My lodging is on the cold ground," and the air, "Cease your funning," they were induced, from the progress that she had made, to anticipate important results. She had returned from York with the intention of continuing her studies under the direction of her father. This intention was not carried into effect, in consequence of Mr. Novello, during a visit to Mozart's widow, learning that there was a vacancy in the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris (an institution established for the instruction of young persons of both sexes in singing and music, and to which a number of the most talented professors give their gratuitous services in the instruction of four hundred and fifty pupils): he obtained permission from M. Choron, the head master, to enter his daughter as a candidate, there being at the time nineteen other candidates for the vacancy, who were all subjected to a severe examination and trial of their several capabilities and powers. Clara distanced her competitors, and won the election by her singing of the *Agnus Dei*, from

Mozart's Mass in F, and "The soldier tired" of Dr. Arne. Young as she was, and she was only ten when she entered the Academy, she prosecuted the studies assigned her with extreme ardour; her attention being mainly directed to the works of the great composers for the Church; thus early laying the foundation for the subsequent excellence to which she attained as one of the most brilliant expositors of this class of music. It was then usual to give occasional concerts in the theatre of the academy. At these public exhibitions Clara took her part with other pupils; although, owing to her being so complete a child, it was necessary, in order that she might be the height of the other pupils, to mount her upon a stool. The discrepancy was only observable in her height; the part assigned her was as well sustained and as effectively rendered as that of the oldest pupil. And no doubt much of the ease and self-possession which has always characterised Clara Novello's performances was then attained; so easy is it to obtain good habits when we are young, as it is equally easy to acquire and retain bad ones.

In the year 1830, Paris witnessed a dreadful revolution, during which scenes of thrilling horror were witnessed. The governess of the female pupils of the establishment becoming alarmed for the safety of the young people—particularly for Clara, who was a foreigner, and a favourite,—applied to a friend of the family to receive her little charge. She was, in consequence, hurried through the turbulent streets.

meeting, in her progress, the wounded and dead, who were being conveyed from the field of strife. The horrid sight produced so strong an effect upon her nervous system, that upon her arrival at the destined asylum of her friends, she sunk into a stupor, in which she remained thirty-six hours, which in all probability saved her from an attack of brain fever. When she was able she returned to England in 1833, and soon after made her first appearance at Mrs. Jewell's concert, at Windsor, where she produced a most favourable impression.

Soon afterwards, she was engaged for the twelve Ancient Concerts ; at the same time appearing at the Philharmonic, being then only in her fourteenth year—an honour never before accorded to so young a person, and which was materially increased in 1834, when she was elected unanimously an Associate of the society, being then only in her sixteenth year. In the great Musical Festival held that year at Worcester, Clara sustained one of the chief parts with honour to herself, satisfaction to the managers, and pleasure to those that heard her. From this time, engagements to sing at concerts were frequent and pressing. No doubt her extreme youth and personal attractions had considerable effect upon the popular taste ; but these would not have been sufficient to compensate for musical ability ; which happily in her case was of a high order.

Madame Malibran, who was her friend, recommended her to proceed to Italy and study for the

stage, which it is very likely she would have done had she not been prevented by certain engagements which detained her at home for some months, during which Mendelssohn sent her a pressing invitation to take part in the Leipsic Gewand Haus Concerts, which were under his direction. At these concerts Clara won golden opinions. Mendelssohn, in a letter to her brother, Mr. Alfred Novello, said that her efforts had been a real service to the lovers of music, and that she had become a confirmed favourite of the Leipsic public, owing to her clear youthful voice, purity of intonation, and thorough-bred musical feeling. The love and admiration which were extended towards her in Leipsic spread to other parts of Germany, and obtained for her a most hearty reception from the Court and people of Berlin. The King of Prussia, the late Frederick, was fascinated with her rendering of many of the sublime songs of the oratorios—especially “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” which Miss Novello has so completely made her own. On her departure, taking a warm interest in her welfare, he gave her introductions to his sister, the Empress of Russia, and to the Court of Vienna, where she remained through the spring of 1838. Thinking to put her previous intention into practice, she then proceeded to Italy to commence her studies for the stage; but she was again diverted from this object by the demand made upon her to sustain important parts in the musical festivities then celebrating in Milan in honour of the Emperor of

Austria's coronation as King of Lombardy. These engagements were followed by others during the season of 1838-9; when she then presented her introduction at St. Petersburg, and was received with great kindness and distinction, the Empress of Russia extending towards her special courtesy on the occasion of her taking part in the Rhine *fetes* given in her honour. In 1839, there being then no obstacle to the fulfilment of her intention of studying for the stage, she determined to take the advice of Rossini, who had manifested considerable interest in her at the Coronation of Milan, and who was then residing at Boulogne. He strongly recommended that for a year she should wholly relinquish public life, in the meantime taking lessons of Signor Micheroux, of Milan; that she should study stage action, and give her undivided attention to the music of the operas. Miss Novello deemed this advice so wise that she immediately followed it, the wisdom of which was manifest when she appeared on the stage at Padua, in the character of Semiramide; in which character she was eminently successful, so that engagements were offered her at Bologna, Modena, Genoa, and other places. In 1842, owing to a misunderstanding, she was looked for at Rome and Genoa during the carnivals of 1842. Neither city would yield its claim; and when performing at Fermo, in the Papal territory, during the previous autumn, her passport was stopped, as the most effectual means of retaining her services for Rome. The result of this detention

was most important in her private history, for while staying at Fermo she made the acquaintance of Count Giglincci, to whom she engaged herself to be married when her professional duties had terminated. The carnival difficulties were got over by her singing six weeks at both places; when she then returned to England to take part in various operas at Drury Lane Theatre, which was at the time under the management of Mr. Macready. In 1848, she sang at the provincial festivals with great *eclat*. At the conclusion of her engagements, singularly enough ending at Manchester, which had some time previously been the scene of the death of Madame Malibran, she retired from the profession without any public intimation or farewell. In the following November she became the wife of Count Giglincci, to whose home she then proceeded. After spending some years of quiet domestic happiness, devoted only to her husband and her children, circumstances again induced her to resume for a season the profession she had so much adorned. Appearing under her maiden name, she exercised her varied powers in operas, oratorios, and concerts, at Rome, Lisbon, Madrid, Dusseldorf, London, and the provincial towns of England. During the winter of 1859 and 1860, she sang repeatedly at the Crystal Palace, upon which occasions her Majesty was a frequent visitor, and who was often moved to tears by her magnificent rendering of the National Anthem.

“ Whatever good fortune may have attended Clara Novello, she owes everything to her own solid acquirements. She owes nothing to bought influence, either in the profession or in the press ; and yet few persons have received so large a share of encouragement from both. The critics did not consider her youth when writing upon her performances, which was a special tribute and commendation.”

She has now gone back to her home, accompanied with the good wishes and grateful remembrance of a numerous circle of friends. They and the public desire for her that happiness for the evening of her life, which for so many evenings, in the exercise of her great powers, she procured for others. Remembering the wonderful influence she obtained over large masses of people during her professional career, and the power which lies latent in music for educational purposes, well may we conclude with Shakspeare that there is no heart insensible to its effects, unsoothed or affected by its influence.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING:

THE GIRL POETESS.

FOR she must be so styled, when the fact is remembered that she wrote largely at ten years old, and well at fifteen ! Well, so well, indeed—that her poetry found favour with the critics, and obtained insertion in the serials of the day. In her mature years, however, as if to falsify the general conception of precocious talent, she wrote more admirably and feelingly, her muse being prompted by reason and humanity, than under her most ardent youthful inspirations.

Miss Mitford, in writing of Miss Barrett, says : “ My first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett commenced fifteen years ago, and she was then certainly one of the most interesting persons I had ever seen, of a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on either side of a most expressive face ; large tender eyes, fringed with dark lashes ; a smile like a sunbeam, and such a look of youthfulness, that I had some difficulty in persuading a friend, in whose carriage we went to Chiswick, that the



How Browning witnesses the Landing of the British

MARY BARRETT BROWNING:

THE GIBB POETESS.

It is a well-known fact, when the fact is re-
 membered, that she was already at ten years old,
 and indeed—that her
 and obtained
 her mature
 and
 and
 and
 and
 and

in writing of Mrs Barrett, says:
 with Elizabeth Barrett
 years ago, and she was then
 most interesting persons I had
 figure, with a shower
 side of a most expressive
 fringed with dark lashes;
 such a look of youthfulness,
 in persuading a friend,
 Chiswick, that the



Miss Browning witnesses the drowning of her Brother.

translatress of the 'Prometheus' of Æschylus, the author of the 'Essay on Mind,' was, in technical language, 'out.' During my stay in town, we met frequently; her letters being just what letters ought to be,—her own talk put upon paper." The year following was one of great trial to this sweet girl, and of anxiety to all the friends who loved and respected her. She had the misfortune to break a blood-vessel in the lungs. Fortunately, her family was free from any taint of consumption; otherwise, Miss Barrett must have fallen a victim to that distressing malady. The tender vessel, however, refused to heal, so that her medical attendant, Dr. Chambers, who had attended her for a year at her father's house, recommended, on the approach of winter, that she should be conveyed to a milder climate. Torquay was selected, as presenting the advantages required by the invalid. Her eldest brother, who was in every sense worthy of the name—whose talents, had he lived, might have rivalled his talented sister's, and whose pure nature, and goodness of heart, had drawn him around her affections, as the tendril is entwined around the parent stem—accompanied her to her Devonshire home. When a year had passed, which had imparted much vigour to her fragile frame, an accident occurred which exercised a saddening influence upon Elizabeth, nipping the bloom of her youth and imparting devotional feeling to her subsequent poetry. The morning on which the accident occurred was beautifully fine; her dear

brother, in company with two other young men, all well versed in sailing, went on board a small vessel for a trip of a few hours. Knowing so well how to manage the boat, and being perfectly familiar with the coast, they sent back the boatman, thus taking entire charge of the little vessel. Danger was never apprehended; indeed, it was scarcely possible, under the circumstances, to imagine where the danger could come from. And yet, strange as it still seems, the boat, after leaving the shore only a few moments, just as it was crossing the bar, went down, and all on board perished,—the sad accident happening directly in front of the apartments occupied by Miss Barrett. This lamentable accident nearly destroyed her; for twelve months she was borne down with the horror of the scene, and with the thought that she had been the means of the sad tragedy. Then, when the next year had come, it was deemed advisable that she should be removed from Torquay, which only reminded her of her sad loss. An invalid carriage was prepared for her, and by journeys of twenty miles a-day she at last reached her London home. When she gained that home, afterwards so endeared to her by so many fond recollections, she at once commenced a course of life which testified to her industry, to her patience, and to her determined pursuit of knowledge. She was confined by her afflictions to one large darkened chamber, to which only her own family or her friends were admitted. There, during several long years, she read almost

every book worth reading, in almost every language ; the great classic authors were read and studied in the original with all the ardour of a young poetess. She thus became practised in a correct method of composition, which subsequently exercised so salutary an influence upon her own poetry.

Her first important effort of authorship was a translation of the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, which she modestly sent out without her name on the title-page. Subsequently, in her mature years, in speaking of this first essay, she deemed it a failure, and was induced, when her works were published in a collected edition, to supplant it by an entirely new version. Five years later "The Seraphim,"—a poem, holding, as it were, an intermediate position between an ancient Greek tragedy and a Christian mystery, the idea of which had suggested itself during the progress of her "Prometheus Bound," was published. With this poem there appeared a number of minor poems that had found a home in many of the serials, and been deservedly admired for their beauty and naturalness, notwithstanding some little obscurity of style. It was in these poems that the general public became first acquainted with Miss Barrett's muse ; but the scholar had other means of judging of her genius and industry by many admirable prose articles on the Greek Christian poets, which were deemed conclusive evidence of her attainments and keen perception. Years having thus passed in entire seclusion and in the exercise of this

intellectual industry, her health gradually improved, so that she could not only enjoy a more extended intercourse with her friends, but once more become associated with the outer world, with its myriad beauties and joys. Like a new birth must it have been to go forth from her darkened chamber and once more gaze upon green fields and blue skies! How the spirit, chastened with its long confinement, would be lifted up in hallowed thankfulness for restoration to health and energy!

And then, afterwards entering into the marriage state with a congenial mind, which promised in its tender associations and influences years of joy and happiness—for so the marriage with the truly gifted poet Robert Browning appeared—she took upon herself experiences and responsibilities which, while they increased her duties, largely enhanced her joys. The mere thought of passing through life solitary and alone is congenial to no healthy mind; but to pass through life with those that we not only love, but who have tastes and thoughts in keeping with our own, is indeed the only true marriage permissible by our higher and better natures. Into such a marriage Miss Barrett and Robert Browning entered. Friends and relatives would look on lovingly and affectionately, they would remember the years of sickness through which Miss Barrett had come, but they would also remember that the spirit, bounding forth with the energy of its new career, would stimulate and energize the physical system of their fragile sister to efforts

which would not be made except under the encouraging smile of those we love. Poets have sung of "the power of love," orators have described its force, historians have recorded its deeds; but words are utterly inadequate to picture the happiness of two harmonious souls joined in one. The world will be dark and look frowningly, disappointments and trials will be experienced; but how light and unreal will they seem, when compared to the joy of being loved at home? It would be wonderful, indeed, if Mrs. Browning had not striven to translate into verse some of the thoughts of her heart. And hence, in turning over the pages of her works, we are not surprised, but delighted to meet with gems of feeling and heart utterances like the following:—

Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning and her husband, immediately after their marriage, went to Pisa, but subsequently removed to Florence, which became their permanent home,—two places well fitted by their historical associations and natural beauty to foster and call into life and activity that marvellous descriptive power which was so eminently the characteristic of Mrs. Browning. Occasionally her friends in England were delighted with her presence, which pleasure was materially enhanced by the health and vigour which she could now so happily call her own. She brought with her one of the dearest cements of human life—a charming, lovely boy. Joyous token of heaven's smile and the sweetest pledge of earthly affection! How would the stirrings

of her maternal nature develop itself in song—in *her* song, which comes over the spirit as the placid evening shower, or as the morning dew refreshing the parched earth ! Here is one of these inspirations, which will be, if ever verse is so, a joy for ever !

“ Little Ellie sits alone
 'Mid the beeches of a meadow,
 By a stream-side, on the grass ;
 And the trees are showering down
Doubles of their leaves in shadow
 On her shining hair and face.

She has thrown her bonnet by,
And her feet she has been dipping
 In the shallow water's flow ;
 Now she holds them nakedly
In her hands, all sleek and dripping,
 While she rocketh to and fro.

Little Ellie sits alone,
And the smile she softly useth
 Fills the silence like a speech ;
 While she thinks what shall be done,
And the sweetest pleasure chooseth
 For her future within reach.”

What Mrs. Browning thought of her boy we may infer from the deep feeling in one of her sonnets on “ consolation.”

“ All are not taken ! there are left behind
 Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,
 And make the daylight still a happy thing :

And tender voices, to make soft the wind.
But if it were not so—if I could find
No love in all the world for comforting,
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,
Where ‘dust to dust’ the love for life disjoined;—
And if before these sepulchres unmoving
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),
Crying ‘Where are ye, O my loved and loving?’
I know a voice would sound, ‘Daughter, I AM.....
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth?’”

In 1850, the works of Mrs. Browning were collected and published in two volumes, which had an immediate tendency to confirm the general thought—that she was much the most gifted female poet of the age. One of the poems which appeared in this edition was “Lady Geraldine’s Courtship,” certainly one of her happiest conceptions. It may surely be deemed an inspiration, as it was written in twelve hours, so that it might be carried to America by the steamer that was then preparing to sail. In 1851, she sent forth a poem entitled “Casa Guidi Windows,” the theme of which was the repeated struggle for liberty which she witnessed from the windows of the Casa Guidi, her Florentine residence; in which she proved that she was a patriot as well as a poet, and that years of residence abroad had not deadened or chilled the warmth of her English sympathies. From her antecedents, it is only natural to suppose that Mrs. Browning would throw herself, heart and soul, into the cause of Italian liberty. Her great poem, “Casa

Guidi Windows," was the result. It is a pleasing reflection that before her death she was privileged to witness the culmination of her hopes in the victories and glory which surrounded the brow of Garibaldi. It is probable, however, that "Casa Guidi Windows" will not be Mrs. Browning's most popular poem, owing to the fantastic and rugged form in which the ideas are too frequently clothed. Poems like the "Poet's Vow," "Catharina to Camoens," "Bertha in the Lane," and "Cowper's Grave," must ever be favourites. Mrs. Browning had a rare faculty to chronicle her observations, and an eye to take in the slightest change of time or things. Take, as an illustration, this picture of London Life:—

"The champ of the steeds on the silver bit,
As they whirl the rich man's chariot by;
The beggar's whine as he looks at it,
But it goes too fast for charity;
The trail on the street of the poor man's broom,
That the lady who walks to her palace home
On her silken skirt may catch no dust;
The tread of the business men who must
Count the cents by the paces they take;
The cry of the babe unheard of its mother,
Though it lie on her breast, while she thinks of the other
Laid yesterday where it will not wake;
'The flower-girl's prayer to buy roses and pinks,
Held out in the smoke like stars by day;
The gin-door's oath that hollowly chinks
Guilt upon grief, and wrong upon hate;
The cabman's cry to get out of the way;
The dustman's call down the area gate;

The young maid's jest and the old wife's scold ;
 The haggling talk of the boys at a stall ;
 The fight in the street which is backed for gold ;
 The plea of the lawyers in Westminster Hall ;
 The drop on the stones of the blind man's staff,
 As he trades in his own grief's sacredness ;
 The brothel's shriek and the Newgate laugh ;
 The hum upon 'Change and the organ's grinding—
 The grinder's face being, nevertheless,
 Dry and vacant of even woe,
 While the children's hearts are leaping so
 At the merry music's winding !
 The black-plumed funeral's creeping train,
 Long and slow (and yet they will go
 As fast as Life, though it hurry and strain!)
 Creeping the populous houses through,
 And nodding their plumes on either side,
 At many a house where an infant, new
 To the sunshiny world, has just struggled and cried—
 At many a house where sitteth a bride !”

Some of Mrs. Browning's minor pieces are indeed
 gems and flashes of the intellect, her sonnets being
 especially beautiful ; we can only find space to quote
 two in illustration—one to “ Grief,” and the other to
 “ Tears.”

“ I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless ;
 That only men incredulous of despair,
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air,
 Beat upwards to God's throne in loud access
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
 In souls, as countries, lieth silent—bare
 Under the blenching, vertical eye-glare
 Of the absolute heavens. Deep hearted man, express

Grief for thy dead in silence like to death ;
Most like a monumental statue set
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath !
Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet.
If it could weep, it could arise and go !”

“Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving ! Lighter none befel
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears ! What are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing ; at her marriage bell
The bride weeps ; and before the oracle
Of high-famed hills the poet hath forgot
That moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace
Whoever weeps ; albeit as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up ! Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.”

In 1856, Mrs. Browning sent from her publishers
“Aurora Leigh,” which has been remarkably successful ; and last year, 1860, a volume entitled “Poems
before Congress.” These volumes, with several
fugitive pieces, the last of which, “Little Mattie,”
published in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June, closed
her poetic labours. The Turin correspondent of the
Daily News now (June, 1861) announces her death.
From this *resume* of her labours, it will be admitted
that her life, giving promise at the outset of weakness
and continued debility, has been a brave and an
heroic one. The regret at her death will be tempered
by the recollection of the work she actually

achieved, and that she was permitted, ere her departure, to witness the triumph of the cause to which she had given so many noble lines, and to which she had given so many of her most ardent aspirations.

The last hours of Mrs. Browning are thus described by a contemporary writer:—

“Those who have known Casa Guidi as it was could hardly enter the loved rooms now and speak above a whisper. They who have been so favoured can never forget the large ante room, with its great picture and pianoforte, at which the boy Browning passed many an hour—the little dining-room covered with tapestry, and where hung medallions of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Robert Browning—the long room filled with plaster casts and studies, which was Mr. Browning’s retreat—and dearest of all, the large drawing-room where she always sat. It opens upon a balcony filled with plants, and looks out upon the old iron-grey church of Santa Felice. There was something about this room that seemed to make it a proper and especial haunt for poets. The dark shadows and subdued light gave it a dreamy look, which was enhanced by the tapestry-covered walls and the old pictures of saints that looked out sadly from their carved frames of black wood. Large bookcases, constructed of specimens of Florentine carving selected by Mr. Browning, were brimming over with wise-looking books. Tables were covered with more gaily-bound volumes, the gifts of brother authors. Dante’s grave profile, a cast of Keat’s face and brow taken after death, a pen-and-ink sketch of Tennyson, the genial face of John Kenyon, Mrs. Browning’s good friend and relative, little paintings of the boy Browning, all attracted the eye in turn, and gave rise to a thousand musings. A quaint mirror, easy chairs and sofas, and a hundred nothings that always add an indescribable charm, were all massed in this room. But the glory of all, and that which sanctified all, was seated in a low arm

chair near the door. A small table, strewn with writing materials, books, and newspapers, was always by her side.

Mrs. Browning's illness was only of a week's duration. Having caught a severe cold of a more threatening nature than usual, medical skill was summoned; but, although anxiety in her behalf was necessarily felt, there was no whisper of great danger until the third or fourth night, when those who most loved her said they had never seen her so ill; on the following morning, however, she was better, and from that moment was thought to be improving in health. She herself believed this, and all had such confidence in her wondrous vitality, and the hope was so strong that God would spare her for still greater good, that a dark veil was drawn over what might be. It is often the case, where we are accustomed to associate constant suffering with dear friends, that we calmly look danger in the face without misgivings. So little did Mrs. Browning realise her critical condition, that until the last day she did not consider herself sufficiently indisposed to remain in bed, and then the precaution was accidental. So much encouraged did she feel with regard to herself, that on this final evening an intimate female friend was admitted to her bedside, and found her in good spirits, ready at pleasantry, and willing to converse on all the old loved subjects. Her ruling passion has prompted her to glance at the *Athenæum* and *Nazione*; and when this friend repeated the opinions she had heard expressed by an acquaintance of the new Italian Premier, Ricasoli, to the effect that his policy and Cavour's were identical, Mrs. Browning 'smiled like Italy,' and thankfully replied, 'I am glad of it; I thought so.' Even then her thoughts were not of self. The near friend went away with no suspicion of what was soon to be a terrible reality. Mrs. Browning's own bright boy bade his mother good night, cheered by her oft-repeated 'I am better, dear—much better.' One only watched her breathing through the night—he who for fifteen years had ministered to her all the tenderness of a woman. It was a night devoid of suffering to her. As

the morning approached, and two hours previous to the dread moment, she seemed to be in a partial ecstasy, and though not apparently conscious of the coming of death, she gave her husband all those many words of love, all the consolation of an oft-repeated blessing, whose value death has made priceless. Such moments are too sacred for the common pen, which pauses as the woman poet rises herself up to die in the arms of her poet husband. He knew not that death had robbed him of his treasure until the drooping form grew chill, and froze his heart's blood. At half past four on the morning of the 29th of June, Elizabeth Barrett Browning died of congestion of the lungs. Her last words were—'It is beautiful!' God was merciful to the end, sparing her and hers the agony of a frenzied parting, giving proof to those who were left of the glory and happiness in store for her, by those few words, 'It is beautiful.' The spirit could see its future mission even before shaking off the dust of the earth. * * * A battalion of the National Guard was to have followed Mrs. Browning's remains to the grave, had not a misunderstanding as to time frustrated this testimonial of respect. The Florentines have expressed great interest in the young boy, Tuscan-born, and have even requested that he should be educated as an Italian, when any career in the new Italy should be open to him. Though this offer will not be accepted, it was kindly meant, and shows with what reverence Florence regards the name of Browning. Mrs. Browning's friends are anxious that a tablet to her memory should be placed in the Florentine Pantheon, the church of Santa Croce. It is true she was not a Romanist, neither was she an Italian—yet she was a Catholic, and more than an Italian. Her genius and what she has done for Italy entitle her to companionship with Galileo, Michael Angelo, Dante, and Alfieri. The friars who have given their permission for the erection of a monument to Cavour in Santa Croce ought willingly to make room for a tablet on which should be subscribed,—

She sang the song of Italy.
She wrote "Aurora Leigh."

ELIZABETH SMITH:

THE GIRL LINGUIST, MUSICIAN, AND PAINTER.

SOME authors have questioned the possession by woman of the intellectual powers possessed by man. Facts, however,—and they always speak louder than words,—prove that woman can attain distinction in the most difficult walks of intellectual life. We are about to cite one instance in illustration—not a solitary one, merely to prove or disprove a rule, but one out of many that could be cited as an example of woman's power to achieve and to attain; in this instance, also, showing the capability of her power when that power is generally supposed to be in embryo—when she is still in her girlish years.

Elizabeth Smith was in every sense a “clever girl;” whose attainments in languages, at a very early age, were of the most extraordinary character, especially when it is remembered that these attainments were achieved without the aid of an instructor, aided only by her own perseverance and industry. In this instance, too, it is delightful to know that, accompanying her mental attainments, there was a

grace and a charm of manner, the possession of woman's noblest and most lovely nature, which set off and adorned her wondrous intellectual gifts. There was in Miss Smith no assumption of mental distinction; her acquirements ministered not to her vanity, or set her above or beside those with whom she was associated or connected. She lived as though unconscious of her power, or as if that power was ordinary and common-place; hence she became affectionately endeared to all who came in contact with her. Scarcely had she passed the morning of life, scarcely entered upon the years which are supposed to bring thought and seriousness, than her spirit took its departure to those scenes, brighter and more beautiful than the most glorious conceptions of poet or painter. But although the morning of her life was only permitted to her friends, it was a morning which might well compensate for a long life. We may, unfortunately, live to mature years, and yet be still upon the threshold of our childish possessions; and, upon the other hand, possess in our childish years experiences and possessions which might well adorn our most matured ones.

“Life's more than breath, and the quick round of blood;
 'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
 We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
 In feelings, not figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.”

Elizabeth Smith was born at Burnhull, near Durham, in the December of 1776. Very early she manifested a love for the pursuits which became the choice of her life. In her third year, indeed, the play diversions of an elder brother and a younger sister had no allurements for her, while there were any books in the nursery library the contents of which she had not mastered. In her fourth year, it is recorded of her that she read extremely well. Her habits at this early age were singularly methodical and regular; anything that she did was well done, evidencing thought and reflection. Up to this period of her life, her mother had been her sole instructor; then, more as a companion for her children than a governess, her mother engaged the services of a young lady whose family were suffering from adverse circumstances. She remained in the situation for eighteen months; at the expiration of which time Mrs. Smith, at the solicitation of a friend, removed to Burnhull, when she again took the entire instruction of her children. She records that the winter following this removal was one noticeable for the progress Elizabeth made in music. Another change was effected in the June of 1785, when the family removed to Piercefield, in the county of Brecknock, in Wales; where the young lady, their former instructress, again joined them. She was with them this time altogether three years, and gave the children as much instruction as she was capable of in French and Italian, which, owing to her own limited education, was not much.

In Miss Smith's thirteenth year, owing to her extreme timidity, it was difficult to draw her into conversation ; but the most ordinary observer could not fail to note her possession of very uncommon talents. Her facility in acquiring information was wonderful. She became an adept in music, dancing, and drawing ; and her greatest pleasure was to be alone with a book. At that time she had made considerable progress in French and Italian, as well as in the study of geometry and some other branches of mathematics.

The stimulus which this gifted girl received in the further acquirement of languages was owing to accidentally hearing that the late Mrs. Bowdler acquired a knowledge of Hebrew and Greek that she might be enabled to read the Scriptures in the original languages. If Mrs. Bowdler thought herself well repaid by the study, why should not Miss Smith follow a similar course ? And she did follow it with such earnestness as to make her a proficient in the learned languages. "At the age of thirteen," writes her mother, "Elizabeth became a sort of governess to her younger sisters, for I then parted with the only one I ever had ; and from that time the progress she made in acquiring languages, both ancient and modern, was most rapid. This degree of information, so unusual in a woman, occasioned no confusion in her well regulated mind. She was a living library ; but locked up except to a chosen few. Her talents were 'like bales unopened to the sun,' and, from a

want of communication, were not as beneficial to others as they might have been; for her dread of being called a learned lady caused such an excess of modest reserve as perhaps formed the great defect in her character."

Miss Smith from her earliest years was very fond of poetry. From some specimens which have come down to us, composed by her in her sixteenth year, in the Spenserian stanza, there is ample evidence that she possessed true poetic power. Writing to a young friend about that time, in which she gave her some account of her occupations, commencing with an account of some attempt she had been making to effect the quadrature of the circle,—“But,” she added, “there were many things she preferred to mathematics. At the head of them,” she said, “stands poetry. I thought some parts of Tasso extremely fine. Dante I have not read. At present I am engaged in an argument with my dear Miss Bowdler concerning Ossian. I support him against all other poets.” Another work in which she had at that time entered was demonstrating that she had discovered traces in a wood near her father’s residence of the old castle of Builth, near to which Llewellyn ap Gryffydd, the last sovereign Prince of Wales, is said to have been slain in December, 1282. A lyrical piece which she composed professes to be a translation of a Welsh poem on this event, recently dug up on the spot. Among her papers were a considerable number of extracts from Camden, the “Monasticon

Anglicanum," Carte's "History of England," and other works, made for the purpose of supporting her theory.

Owing to the breaking of the bank in which her father had invested all his property, the family was stricken down, without warning, from affluence to indigence. The first misery was an execution sought to be laid upon the furniture. "Last night," wrote Miss Smith to her friend, Miss Bowdler, "after my mother wrote to you, we were informed by a friend that there was an execution against my father. At ten o'clock at night—came to take possession of the house. It was secured, so that they could not enter; but you may imagine the horror of our situation in that night of storms." Mr. Smith's attorney, from London, arriving with the needed money, the claim was satisfied, and the execution withdrawn. Miss Bowdler, as a true friend, at once hastened to Piercefield, where she afterwards wrote: "Afflictions so nobly supported made the sufferers objects of envy rather than pity. A change of fortune, so sudden and so unexpected, was a great trial; but it was received in a manner to command the respect of all who witnessed it. I had long seen and admired Mrs. Smith in the situation in which she seemed peculiarly formed to shine—in one of the finest places in England, surrounded by her lovely children, with all the elegant comforts of affluence, and delighting her happy guests by the fascinating charms of her

conversation. Through all the misfortunes which marked the period of which I am speaking, I can with truth say of Mrs. Smith, what she says of her beloved daughter—that I do not recollect a single instance of a murmur having escaped her on account of the loss of fortune.” Miss Smith, indeed, bore the trial with much patience. Not only did she not murmur, but she was cheerful and contented; accepting the reduced position as the one which was most congenial to her desires.

The family, for some eight months after losing their home, resided with Miss Bowdler, in and near Bath. Speaking of that time, Miss Bowdler says: “Elizabeth was completely mistress of perspective. Her musical talents were very uncommon; she played remarkably well, both on the pianoforte and harp, but she had lost her instruments. The library, of which she so well knew the value, was gone. Always averse to large parties, and with no taste for dissipation, she readily agreed to a plan of employment proposed by my mother, and we entered on a regular course of history, both ancient and modern. At other times we studied Shakespear, Milton, and other English poets, as well as the Italians. We took long walks, and often drew from nature. We read, with great attention, the whole of the New Testament, Secker’s ‘Lectures on the Catechism,’ and several other books on the same important subjects. After my mother retired to rest, we usually studied the stars, and read ‘Bonnycastle’s

Astronomy;' which reminds me of the following circumstance:—Elizabeth told me one evening that she did not perfectly understand what is said in Bonnycastle of Kepler's celebrated calculations, by which he discovered that the squares of the periods of the planets are in proportion to the cubes of their distance. She wanted to know how to make use of this rule, but I confessed my inability to assist her. When I came down to breakfast at nine, the next morning, I found her with a folio sheet of paper almost covered with figures; and I discovered that she rose as soon as it was light, and, by means of Bonnycastle's Arithmetic, had learned to extract the cube root, and had afterwards calculated the periods and distances of several planets, so as clearly to show the accuracy of Kepler's rule and the method of employing it. In such pursuits as I have mentioned, I could accompany her, but in others she had a much better assistant in our mutual friend, H——; who, fortunately for us, spent four months in our neighbourhood, and was the companion of our studies and our pleasures. She led Miss Smith to the study of the German language, of which she was afterwards particularly fond. She assisted her in botanical and other pursuits, as well as in different branches of the mathematics. I do not know when Elizabeth began to learn Spanish, but it was at an earlier period than that of which I am now speaking. When she was with us she seemed to read it without difficulty, and

some hours every morning before breakfast were devoted to these studies. She acquired some knowledge of the Arabic and Persian languages during the winter, when a very fine dictionary and grammar, in the possession of her brother, led her thoughts to Oriental literature. She began to study Latin and Greek in the year 1794, when Mr. C——'s excellent library and improving conversation opened to her an inexhaustible fund of information. She studied Hebrew from my mother's Bible, with the assistance of Parkhurst; but she had no regular instruction in any language except French. Her love of Ossian led her to acquire some knowledge of the Erse language, but the want of books made it impossible for her to pursue that study as far as she wished."

From her letters, we learn at this early period how eagerly she pursued her studies. In the August of 1793, she tells her friends that she has been reading in German "*Der Golden Spiegel*," in which there is "an account of a happy valley, that makes one long to live in it." In another letter, she says she has been reading a translation of the "*Iliad*," and Klopstock's "*Messiah*." "My favourite study just now," she adds, "is algebra; and I find by Saunderson that if we had consulted proper books we should never have spent so much time in measuring squares and circles; for, though by the means we used (which were perfectly right) it may be brought inconceivably near, it is impossible to prove it mathematically

exact." Writing again, she states that she has just finished the "Messiah," and "Zimmerman," which pleased her more than any book she had ever read, and caused her to rejoice that she had ever learned German, and at the same time to regret that she could not read Virgil in the original, but expressing her intention to learn Latin. "At present," she wrote, I am puzzling at Persian and Arabic, and I mean to begin Hebrew. I get on least with Spanish, for I have been able to meet with only one book since I read 'Don Quixote,' which was the 'History of the Incas,' by Garcillasso de la Vega. I was very much pleased with it, though it is very long, and in some parts tedious." When in London, in 1795, she writes that she had commenced to learn Latin; that she had read through "Cæsar's Commentaries," all Livy, and some volumes of Cicero, including the letters to his friends. "As to Persian," she adds, "all my books are at Bath, so that I shall probably forget the little I knew when I saw you last. I have met with neither German nor Spanish books; so that, if it were not for Latin, I should be quite in despair. I am very impatient to begin Virgil." In March, she had not only begun Virgil, but had already finished the second book of his "Georgics." In July, she says she has been reading more of Cicero; his "Tusculan Disputations" had greatly charmed her. She wrote at the same time: "I have just finished Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion,' which Miss Bowdler long ago desired me to read. It is ex-

tremely interesting and instructive. Here is another of her favourites, Spencer, which I once gave up in despair, but which I am very glad I have read, for I am charmed with it, and I think some of the lesser poems are even superior to the 'Fairy Queen.' We have read Mr. Gisborne's book aloud, and all the party were extremely pleased with it. I have got a new Atlas of all the remarkable fixed stars that are visible to us, without the figures. Have you read Horace yet? Pray do not lose a moment; he is, indeed, delightful." Then she wrote: "I have just finished Froissart, which, though rather tedious, I found very entertaining, and in a much pleasanter style than most of the French writers. Immediately before this great undertaking, I read the 'Memoirs of Petrarch,' which made a very good line of history, containing the whole of the fourteenth century. With this book I was excessively pleased. It is impossible not to love Petrarch, if it were only for crying when his father threw Cicero and Virgil into the fire. He was a passionate admirer of Cicero, and I think a strong resemblance may be traced between their characters, though the circumstances in which they lived were so different. You see in both the same love of glory, the same patriotism, the same high opinion of himself, which he endeavours to conceal from others, perhaps even from himself, by a cloak of humility. You discover in each an equal warmth of friendship; and I cannot help thinking that if Cicero had met Laura, or Petrarch been Consul

in the flourishing times of the Roman Republic, the former would have been the poet, and the latter the orator. I hope I have improved a little in botany this summer, as well as you."

In 1794, Mr. Smith, owing to the failure of the bank, entered the army, his wife and daughter joining him in Ireland, where his regiment lay. The life to which they were then subjected was not well adapted for the various studies upon which Miss Smith had entered; but she neither repined nor regretted. Her mother wrote: "Through all the inconveniencies which attended our situation while living in barrack, the firmness and cheerful resignation of her mind, at the age of nineteen, made me blush for the tear which too frequently trembled in my eye at the recollection of all the comforts we had lost." On their return from Ireland, Elizabeth spent the winter of 1798 with her friends the Bowdlers; and in the summer with her mother, settled at Conway, remaining there about a year, during which time Miss Smith's studies were carried on in the open air. Her time, as she wrote to a friend, was devoted to rambling about the country, sketching its beautiful scenery, and collecting botanical and geological specimens. Amongst her other diversions, she made the ascent of Snowdon at eleven o'clock at night in order to witness the rising of the sun. The letter in which she gave an account of the journey was read by Madam De Luc, the wife of the well-known geologist, to the Queen, and to several ladies of the Court, who expressed great pleasure with its contents.

Writing in the March of 1799 to her friend Miss H., she tells her that Mr. C. had given her the "*Sententiæ Rabbiorum*" (or *Sayings of the Rabbis*), in Hebrew, which she always carried in her pocket. "If you want," she added, "to consult the Syriac translation of the New Testament upon any particular passage, let me know. Mr. C. has a very fine one, printed in Hebrew characters, and the language is so very like the Hebrew, and, where it differs from that, so like the Arabic, that I can read it very well. I have been reading two volumes of 'Sully's Memoirs,' with which I am delighted, and which I mean to finish the next time I can meet with it. Since I came back I have been reading Cicero's letters to Atticus. I cannot say that I understand every part of them, on account of many allusions to circumstances of the times; but with many parts I am much pleased!"

When Mrs. Smith returned with her family to rejoin her husband, who was still in Ireland with his regiment, they settled at Ballytore, county Kildare, where Miss Smith had access to a good collection of books, chiefly Greek and Latin, from which she made copious extracts. A bundle of papers found after her death was labelled: "A collection of curious Plants gathered at Ballytore in the spring of 1800, some for their beauty, some for their sweetness, some for their variety." They were all in the original languages; many were taken from the Greek minor poets, others from Epictetus, Hesiod, and the

Sibylline Oracles; those in Latin from Cicero, Terence, Grotin's *de Veritate Religionis Christianæ*, Bacon's *Treatise de Augmentis Scientiarum*, and the Latin translation of Bacon's *Essays*; those in English from Josephus, with notes referring to the whole of his works, and showing that the writer had studied all parts of them with attention.

In 1800, the family again removed; this time to the delightful district of the English Lakes, where Miss Smith continued with her accustomed diligence to prosecute her studies, and where she entered upon the important task of translating the book of Job from the original Hebrew, which she finished in 1803. After her death, on the recommendation of Dr. Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, the translation was printed. He thus expressed his opinion: "After a close scrutiny, and a careful comparison with the original, it strikes me as conveying more of the true character and meaning of the Hebrew, with fewer departures from the idiom of the English, than any other translation whatever that we possess."

When this work was ended, Miss Smith immediately commenced her work upon Klopstock, consisting of a translation of the posthumous writings of Margaret Klopstock, published by her husband at Hamburgh in 1759, with a memoir of the poet and translations of his odes.

In these literary labours was Miss Smith engaged for four years after the settlement of the family. At that time her mother wrote: "This country had

many charms for Elizabeth. She drew correctly from nature, and her enthusiastic admiration of the sublime and beautiful often carried her beyond the bounds of prudent precaution with regard to her health. Frequently in the summer she was out during twelve or fourteen hours, and in that time walked many miles. When she returned at night, she was always more cheerful than usual; never said she was fatigued, and seldom appeared so. It is astonishing how she found time for all she acquired and all she accomplished. Nothing was neglected; there was a scrupulous attention to all the minutiae of her sex; for her well regulated mind, far from despising them, considered them as a part of that system of perfection at which she aimed; an aim which was not the result of vanity, nor to attract the applause of the world; no human being ever sought it less, or was more entirely free from conceit of every kind. The approbation of God and of her own conscience were the only rewards she ever sought."

The illness which was the precursor of her death is dated from a very hot evening in July, on which occasion, after a long walk, she seated herself by the lake on a stone, and commenced reading a volume of poetry, in which she became much interested; so that she was unconscious of the flight of time, that the sun had gone down, and that a heavy dew was falling. She was brought to consciousness, as she expressed it, by being "struck on the chest as if with a sharp knife." On her return home, she made no complaint;

but the next day, with the hope of getting rid of the pain that she then felt, she took a rake in the hay-field, and threw herself into a perspiration—but without the desired result. She thus continued until the commencement of October; when, with her mother, she started for Bath. By the time they reached their journey's end, Elizabeth had lost all use of her legs, and her voice was also gone. From this state she partially recovered. In about six weeks, she accompanied her mother to Sudbury, near London, where her sister was about to be married. After staying there some time, her health got worse; and then, in company of her mother, she started for home, calling on the way at Matlock, where Mr. Smith met them. On her arrival at home, she wrote her old friend Miss Bowdler, when she said: "I can never thank you enough for all the kind interest you take in me and my health. I wish my friends were as composed about it as I am; for, thanks to you and your ever dear and respected mother, I have learned to look on life and death with an equal eye, and knowing where my hope is fixed, to receive every dispensation of Providence with gratitude, as intended for my ultimate good. The only wish I ever form, and even that I check, is that my illness might be more severe, so that it might be shortened; that I might not keep my father and mother so long in suspense with regard to all their plans, and occasion so much trouble and anxiety to my friends." So gradual, however, was her decay, that it was not

until the Monday before her decease that any alteration was observed. On the following Thursday, at six o'clock in the morning, she attempted to get up ; but while she was being dressed, she leaned her head upon the shoulder of her attendant, and gently expired. So died this girl of promise—no, not of promise. She had realised, in her short life, attainments, which might well excite the admiration and astonishment of the most learned, and the most gifted. Her life, short as it was, has left its impress, and its lesson. Girls, be their talents what they may, by any amount of persevering industry, may fail to realise the heights to which she soared, or the depths to which she descended ; but her life may still to them be of the utmost value in prompting to fresh exertion and to renewed effort. And then, when death comes, meeting the grim foe with calmness and Christian hope.

“ Blest poetry of Christian faith and love,
That givest peace to the despairing mind,
Strength to the feeble, vision to the blind,
And lead'st the mourning soul to joys above.
And ye, too, sacred minstrels, who have felt
So deeply faith and mercy from on high,
Teach me the faith in God with which ye knelt !
Teach me in peace to live—in peace to die.”



Catherine Hayes singing in the Summer-house.



Catharine Flannery singing in the Summer-house.

CATHERINE HAYES:

THE MUSICAL GIRL, AND CELEBRATED VOCALIST.

IRELAND has produced some of the most splendid modern orators, whose voices have not only been heard in the law courts, but who, from the benches of the Irish and English Parliament Houses, have impressed the age with enduring patriotic sentiments, couched in language that will be preserved as models of pure speech and faultless composition. The sons of Erin, indeed, more than the natives of any other country, are born orators. From the humblest "broth of a boy," whose home is the mud cabin, and whose food has been almost entirely the potato, to the most fortunate of Irish landlords, who collect the rents of large districts—speech, racy with illustration, simple in its delivery, patriotic and pathetic in its sentiment, seems the natural patrimony and possession. Ireland has also produced poets whose works have been properly assigned a foremost rank in the literature of the British Isles; historians, whose productions will endure as long as the name of the country from whence they have emanated. But

singularly enough, fond as the Irish are of ballads and ballad poetry, Ireland has produced, with one rare exception, no great singer that has taken her place beside the queens of song from sunny Italy, from luxurious France, or stolid Germany. But that one instance, rare though it be, is a splendid instance, proving that the daughters of the Emerald Isle may yet vie with the public favourites who win all hearts with sweetest notes and gentlest strains.

Catherine Hayes was an honour to her country. No wonder that the Irish loved her as a dear sister ; no wonder that her name was a treasured household name, lovingly and almost reverently remembered. No wonder, when they wished to elevate the name and add to the fame of any distinguished vocalist they assigned her a place by the side of their own Catherine Hayes. They could imagine no higher honour. And they were right.

Catherine was born in Limerick, in 1820, of humble parentage, adding one more instance of fame and fortune being attained from a position untoward and obscure. But almost from her infancy she obtained praise and distinction through the display of her vocal powers. Her little companions and friends viewed her as something wonderful, worthy almost of reverence as well as admiration. When they were assembled in their meetings for play, Catherine would often astonish them with the strains of some charming ballad, learned when and how she was scarcely aware, and which she would execute in a style, to her

associates, new as it was wonderful. But of course her fame could not long be restricted to her juvenile circle; it would of necessity find its way through the neighbourhood, and at times form the subject of gossip and conversation. One lady, hearing of the "native singing bird," had an interview with her, and finding her gentle as she was modest, and her talents equal to report, gave her advice and instruction in musical studies, being herself a distinguished amateur, and from whom Catherine profited largely. This lady, however, although she was frequently astonished at the remarkable flexibility of voice and the great purity of style and power of expression of her young friend, scarcely appreciated her as her rare talents demanded. Certainly upon one occasion she was more than ordinarily astonished when Catherine, without premeditation or intention, poured forth a brilliant and perfect shake; which display of a new power astonished as much as it gratified its possessor. In the course of a little time after, circumstances transpired to furnish her with a larger, and even a more appreciative auditory, than any that had as yet witnessed a display of her powers.

One of her relatives, to whom she paid occasional visits, resided in the family of the Earl of Limerick, whose town house adjoined that of the Bishop of the diocese, the gardens of both houses extending down to the banks of the Shannon. Catherine was accustomed, when visiting her relative, to spend many hours in an arbour close to the water's edge, where

she rehearsed the lessons which her friend had given her, or sang in all the freshness of her nature the songs and ballads which had now become almost a part of herself. Once, when the quiet of the evening, and the placidity which everywhere reigned, seduced her to indulge more than her usual wont in the inspiration of her art, she was overheard by a distinguished party who were sailing on the river. She had observed the boats dropping quietly down the stream, and was all unconscious that one of them had been arrested in its progress by the power and sweetness of her notes. Trilling out song after song, as though she had been one of the feathered choristers that would at early dawn wake the groves with their vocal harmony ; revelling in the delights of her powers, she put forth her utmost strength when singing the “Lass o’ Gowrie,” which she concluded with a beautiful and prolonged shake—her newest and most prized acquisition. Then it was that a loud burst of applause from the party in the boat greeted the affrighted girl. Fortunately, the Bishop of Limerick was one of Catherine’s auditors, who was not less surprised than delighted. He had previously manifested considerable interest in the culture and development of such musical talent as the neighbourhood had afforded ; he was not likely, therefore, to permit talents of so uncommon a kind to remain “wasting their sweetness” by the side of rivers or in summer-houses, without making an effort, through his patronage and kindness, to obtain

for them that attention which they merited. Catherine was, therefore, at once invited to the See-house, where a number of musical meetings, got up for her special profit and instruction, were held. The splendid singing, as well as modest bearing of his youthful *protege*, quite delighted the bishop, so that he was induced to make a subscription amongst his friends with the intention of obtaining for her such musical instruction as would develop to the utmost the remarkable gifts with which she was endowed, with the ultimate intention of turning them to some practical account. The funds, owing to the importunity of the good bishop, were soon collected, and Catherine then entered, in 1839, the house of Signor Sapio, of Dublin, with whom she stayed three years; during which time she practised most unremittingly, as she was sedulous and industrious in learning the most minute matters which related to the profession upon which she had entered. She also sang occasionally in public with such general acceptance as warranted her in raising her terms, from five to ten guineas, for each appearance. Catherine's ambition was bounded by such success as she thought attainable in the concert-room; beyond that she had no wish or desire; but when Grisi and Mario visited Dublin, and she had had the opportunity of witnessing their performance in the opera of "Norma," she immediately became possessed with an ardent desire to excel in the lyric drama; her previous triumphs appearing insignificant in

comparison with the conquests which she deemed it possible to make in that, the highest attainment of her profession. Having obtained the reluctant consent of her friends, she departed for Paris, and entered upon a course of instruction under the celebrated Emmanuel Garcia, whose reputation is enhanced by having had under his tuition the almost divine Malibran, and the world's favourite—Jenny Lind. When Catherine had been with Garcia some eighteen months, he candidly confessed he could teach her no more, or suggest any additional charm which would add to her singing. Acting under his advice, she then proceeded to Milan, where, under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi, she attained the needed dramatic facility for success in her intended career. This over, she made her *debut* in “Il Puritani,” at the Marseilles Opera-house, which was a brilliant success, and augered well for her future. Then, not satisfied with her attainments, she gave herself to fresh study when she accepted an engagement as *prima donna* at La Scala. Her first appearance was in the character of Linda di Chamouni, which was so successful that she was recalled to receive the plaudits of the audience twelve times ! An honour which is unexampled in modern times, as it was creditable to Miss Hayes, coming from one of the most critical because one of the most musical audiences in Europe. She then commenced what might almost be styled a triumphal progress through the chief Italian cities, appearing in Vienna in 1846,

and the following year in Venice. In 1849, she appeared in London, an arena to which she had doubtless anxiously looked, the praise or condemnation of which would affect her much more acutely than that of any audience before whom she had as yet exhibited her rare powers. As might have been predicted, her success was equal to her most sanguine expectations. At the close of the first performance in which she appeared, she had an affecting interview with the good bishop, her Limerick patron, whom she recognized in one of the boxes. On her knees she thanked him for all the kindness of which she had been the recipient; at the same time ascribing to his fostering care all the success of which he had been so delightful a witness. This was but the introduction to a series of triumphs in which Miss Hayes won upon her audiences as much by her geniality of manner as by her marvellous vocal powers. In 1851, animated by a spirit of adventure as well as the prospect of a rich reward, she crossed the Atlantic on a professional visit to our American brethren, where her success was again general and complete. From the United States she proceeded to California, to delight the "diggers" with the ballads which would remind them of home and of friends far away. The enthusiasm with which she was received was marked by nuggets, which these rough specimens of humanity bestowed upon her liberally and cheerfully. The inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands then had a visit from her; who then, probably for the

first time, had an opportunity of judging of the marvellous flexibility and power of the human voice, and who were, no doubt, proportionally astonished. From the Sandwich Islands Miss Hayes wended her way to Australia and British India, where she received a warm welcome and golden rewards. Then, after this lengthened tour, she once more turned towards home, where public and private friends vied with each other in manifesting almost affectionate interest in her safe return, and the success which had attended her adventurous journeys. Soon after her return, she sang at several concerts in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, where some six thousand of the inhabitants had the opportunity of judging of the singular facility she possessed of imparting pathos and the true rendering to the home ballads of England and Ireland. Those who then heard her sing "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall," "Home Sweet Home," and "The Last Rose of Summer," will probably never have the impression erased. The enthusiasm produced by her singing of "Home Sweet Home" was certainly astonishing; proving that it was neither needful to have foreign airs or foreign artists to move the hearts and excite the sympathies of the lovers of music.

In 1857, she rewarded the gentleman who had accompanied her on her journeys, William Avery Bushnell, Esq., of New York, by bestowing upon him her hand; they were married on the 8th of October, at St. George's, Hanover Square. Their

union was not of long continuance, as a few months afterwards Mr. Bushnell died upon the continent; and now, in the year we write, 1861, after a few days illness, Catherine has also gone to her long home, regretted as she is remembered by tens of thousands on both sides of the world.

But late among us, with that smile so tender,
Thrilling the hearts of the attentive throng
With all that genius and true feeling render
To give a charm to song.

Now—Gone! Yet mourn her not: for she rejoices:
In the bright realm, to which her soul has fled,
She joins her voice with Heaven's exultant voices—
One of the happy dead!

Yet we must grieve—we, who are left behind her,
To lack companionship so fine and rare:
To feel a void where we were wont to find her—
To miss her everywhere!

As—in some soft spring morning, dim and early—
Ere yet the daylight has dispersed the dark—
Soaring aloft above the meadows pearly
We hear the thrilling lark;

Our ear the mountain melody still follows
Towering in circles on its pinions strong—
Till an abrupt and sudden silence swallows
The clear yet distant song!

Thus we—her voice within our hearts still ringing—
Scarce feel our loss in full; but, doubting, sigh—
“She is not dead. We have but missed her singing,
She was so near the sky?”

JULIA PARDOE:

THE JUVENILE AUTHORESS.

WITH few exceptions, Famous Women have all been Clever Girls. From their infantine years they have been celebrated for a love of books: for the perseverance which marked their pursuit of knowledge: for intense industry in their studies, and the eagerness with which they followed that which had become the end and aim of existence; and, indeed, this will ever be found to be the case, be the purposed end and aim what it may. Perfection in any pursuit is not an accident. The history of celebrated men or women is invariably the record of effort, of continuous exertion, of trial, of endurance, of failure, and of success. Years passed in painful preparation for the attainment of a life's object, then, its realisation, or its non-attainment, is the universal experience. But it is not the universal experience, by any means, that women or men become famous as poets, painters, musicians, or authors, without study and persevering labour. Fame of this character is not inherited, or stumbled upon like a purse of

gold accidentally discovered, or a fortunate prize drawn in a lottery. The fame of the poet, the painter, the musician, and the author, is the result of hard work. The lines which seem to flow like a limpid stream, have again and again been erased—cut out, as it were, from the poet's life, so intense has been his thought in their composition; weary days have been spent by the painter in studying the colour and the varying forms of ever-changing nature; the facility of the musician has been purchased at the cost of never-ceasing practice, be the aptitude for music what it might; the author and the historian know that their most finished and appreciated work is the result of constant labour. And when the capability has been attained, when the height which the musician aspired to has been reached, when the pictures of the painter find a selected place in the exhibition, when the productions of the poet warrant his name being ranked amid the most famous writers of sweet melody, and the historian's labours to be deemed worthy a place in the enduring literature of the age; even then, if that popularity is to be retained, and that success to be continued, labour untiring and persevering must be the constant practice. While life endures, there is no resting. Mildew and corrosion are only kept from the bright metal by constant use; let it rest, lay by, preserved, or put away, and nature commences to revenge herself on the parsimony or folly by eating into the bright surface, or by coating it with rust. Do but let a day pass

in which the usual practice or the accustomed lesson is remitted, and the aptitude and previous capacity is deadened. But, on the other hand, work constantly and enduringly, practise unceasingly, and the dullest will become quickened ; an aptitude and a capability not previously experienced will be imparted, tasks will become easier, and difficulties will be surmounted that at one time seemed insurmountable. No living woman has probably realised the truth of these facts more completely than Julia Pardoe ; and to her honour may it also be proclaimed, no woman has worked harder, or, for her opportunity, achieved higher or more enduring results.

Julia is the daughter of a field-officer in the British army, whose family is of Spanish extraction ; his grandfather having settled in England, purchased the estate of Ombersley, in Worcester, which is now in the possession of the Devonshire family. Julia was born at Beverley, in Yorkshire. So early as her sixth year, when most children are clamorous for dolls and other playthings, she gave indications of possessing great genius and talent, which was developed in the exercises of composition, which afterwards became at once the glory and delight of her life. When she was thirteen, no longer satisfied with the appreciative approbation of her friends, she appealed to a larger and a less indulgent jury. The public were presented at that early age with a volume of her collected poems ; the reception of which must have been all that she desired, as she was emboldened

shortly afterwards to send from the press an historical novel of the time of William the Conqueror, entitled "Lord Morcar of Hereward." It is probable that she devoted many hours to the composition of this work which should have been devoted to rest and exercise; the consequence was the appearance of unmistakable marks of consumption, to check which, and to secure her renewed health and vigour, she was advised at once to proceed to Portugal, where she spent fifteen months; not by any means idly, as her contributions, published in many periodicals during her absence, bear witness. At the end of that time, she returned to England with the determination to devote her happily renewed health to some serious and useful purpose. Having made good use of her observing powers while abroad, and having at the same time made a considerable number of notes and memoranda, she immediately commenced arranging them for publication. She was incited to the work by H. R. H. the Princess Augusta, who not only recommended her to write on the subject of her recent sojourn in Portugal, but who requested that the book might be dedicated to herself. In due course, therefore, there appeared her two volumes entitled "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," which met with a ready sale, and speedily passed through two editions. These two volumes mainly consist of personal reminiscences, anecdotes, descriptions of the country and the people, their habits, manners, and customs, which Miss Pardoe's spirit of adventure

enabled her to penetrate with decided effect. So soon as this venture was completed, she essayed a new walk in literature—the publication of two novels, “Speculation,” and “The Mardens and the Daventrys,” which were most favourably received by the reading public, and which no doubt would have secured her a successful future had she confined her attention to imaginative literature. However, Miss Pardoe, without caring to advance further in that direction, which would certainly have led both to fame and fortune, undertook a journey to the East, residing during her absence for six months at Constantinople; during which time she had the painful opportunity of witnessing the horrors incidental to the visitation of cholera which so signally makes memorable the year 1835. In the year ensuing was published her most popular book in three volumes—the “City of the Sultan.” This work was the first to furnish reliable information on the peculiar institutions of the East, to penetrate which Miss Pardoe had not hesitated to incur much personal danger and annoyance. The truthfulness of the scenes depicted were materially heightened by the fascination of her style of writing, which found a fitting theme in the gorgeous pageants and dissipations of Oriental life; so that, quite independent of the curiosity which existed to penetrate the veil which had for so long shut out the unbeliever in the faith of the Moslem, the freshness and fascination which so characterises Miss Pardoe’s writings would have secured for this

work general attention. The flattering success with which it met induced its author in 1838 to publish "The River and the Desert, or Recollections of the Rhone and the Chartreuse;" which included a series of pleasant narratives in the form of letters, which vividly and interestingly described her journey to the East. "The Romance of the Harem" was her next work, and like her two preceding ones, was entirely devoted to incidents imaginary or real, learned or prompted by her sojourn among the Moslem population. "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," an elaborately illustrated work, to which Miss Pardoe contributed the letter-press, concluded her published experiences of her eastern travels; which, like her other works on the same subject, received a flattering welcome from the public, at once increasing her fame and fortune.

Her attention was next directed to Hungary, a country which has of late years been made peculiarly interesting by the devotion and enthusiasm of Kossuth, whose eloquent relations thrilled the hearts of Englishmen, and won over to his cause the sympathy of every patriot in Christendom. Miss Pardoe was not disposed to accept her facts in relation to Hungary second-hand; she would see and hear for herself, and thus secure the best obtainable proof that her statements in reference to the down-trodden people were true, and hence worthy of trust and confidence. The results of her visit were sent forth in a work entitled "The City of the Maygar, or

Hungary and its Institutions." This work was published in 1840, the verdict of the critics at once declaring that it had all the charm of a romance, with the reliableness of the most carefully compiled and authentic narrative. Its author had intended that it should be a work of reference rather than a work of amusement; it was found, however, when published, to be intensely interesting, and to contain a carefully collected body of facts important alike to the student and the historian.

Turning from this engrossing theme, which might well absorb all the vivid faculties of her mind, she took her farewell of the country of the Maygar in a work of imagination entitled "The Hungarian Castle." She then addressed herself to the serious business of composing her first great historical work—"Louis the Fourteenth, or the Court of the Seventeenth Century," which had all the spirit and *verve* so characteristic of French biography, while it limned with the utmost truthfulness and lucidity an important historical epoch; hence, being a work which the publishers are so desirous of securing—important in its details and interesting in its narrative. The research consequent upon the production of this work was varied by the composition of two novels—"The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," and "The Rival Beauties." These finished, and then Miss Pardoe essayed two other historical works which, from their undoubted excellence, their truthfulness, and vividness, will long secure them the attention of the

public. "The Life of Francis the First," and "The Life of Marie de Medicis" are both works of great excellence and research. These were succeeded by "Reginald Lyle" (a story first published in a periodical), "Flies in Amber," "The Jealous Wife" (a juvenile book), together with numerous papers and contributions to magazines and reviews.

From this list of Miss Pardoe's works, it will at once be seen that her life has been one of labour. The mere research needful for the compilation of her historical works, and the time necessarily spent in travel, might well have absorbed the leisure permitted to her; but she evidently has not known what it was to be unemployed. In spirits, or out of spirits; in the enjoyment of health, or suffering from the depression of sickness, her pen had been kept in constant practice, to the evident enrichment of sterling literature and to the increase of those lighter productions that minister to our idle hours, while they improve the understanding and lighten the heart. Miss Landon once said: "A literary life is not a happy one for a woman," without assigning any reason why it should not be so. On the contrary, a successful literary career ought to be productive of unalloyed satisfaction, and in its progress dissipate that *ennui* that is so great an enemy to true enjoyment and satisfaction. Certainly, whether Miss Pardoe has or has not been happy during her literary career, this may fairly be assumed—that she has had no time to be miserable. In the

constant employment of her pen, in the close application consequent upon the composition and compilation of her numerous books, which were so generally recognised as useful and entertaining, and which ever met with a corresponding welcome, could she be other than happy? If life is droned out, without serious purpose or important object, what result can be expected save miserable feelings and disappointed hopes? If labour was once imposed upon us as a curse, it is now the only means of securing a constant blessing. The idle man or the idle woman with a store of wealth must, as a necessity, be miserable or unhappy. Idleness is a contravention of the great law of our being; while, on the other hand, industry, because in accordance with the law of life, secures priceless, as they are untold, blessings. To such a moral does the life of Miss Pardoe point: its industry, its perseverance, and its unswerving continuance are beyond all praise, as they are worthy of all emulation.

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE CHILD WRITER, AND GIFTED WOMAN.

It seems going back centuries to refer to the name of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, which naturally suggests some of the most striking and exciting scenes in English history. It calls up that remarkable scene in Westminster Hall during the impeachment of Warren Hastings; when, it is said, the interest to hear Sheridan was so great, that fifty guineas were paid for a single ticket! The great men of that period have long ago passed away. Fox and Sheridan, the English Demosthenes and the English Hyperides, as Macaulay designates them. Burke, in amplitude of comprehension and richness of imagination superior to every orator, ancient or modern. The ingenious, the chivalrous, and high-souled Windham. They are all gone! We read their names and treasure their words with the exulting remembrance that they were Englishmen—excelled by none of any country.

It is pleasant to know that we have still amongst us, in this year of American troubles—1861—a

direct descendant of the great Sheridan in the person of the Hon. Mrs. Caroline Elizabeth Norton ; and that she has earned for herself, independent of her descent, a name that the age will not willingly let die ; and who furnishes another illustrious example of early talents and precocious development. Caroline is the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley, and daughter of Thomas Sheridan ; she was one of three sisters whom the death of their father left at a very early age to the sole care of their mother, a daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callander. Fortunately, she had bestowed upon her an education which was in every sense thorough and complete. Her first years were spent in the family of Lord Kinnaird, whose son was educated at home by a Scotch clergyman, whose instructions were also imparted to Miss Sheridan. Afterwards, she returned to her mother's home at Hampton Court, where she shared with her brother the instructions of his tutor, Mr. Walton, who filled his post of trust with credit to himself and advantage to his pupils. Long before this time, Miss Sheridan had contracted the habit of verse-making, which was indeed contemporaneous with her powers of speech, long before she had the power to write her verses. When she did learn to write, her greatest grievance was to find her poetic productions destroyed by her mother, who deemed such exercises unprofitable, and the waste of valuable time. It would seem, however, that the inclination was so strong upon her, that this

little opposition was **not** sufficient to induce her to desist from verse-making; when stronger measures were resorted to, and pens and paper were denied her, the blank pages of her music book served to keep alive the strong inclinations of her passion. In her twelfth year, no longer satisfied to write, she imbibed the desire to be read. This desire was created by the gift of a book from Lady Westmoreland, called "The Dandies' Ball." The young poetess immediately formed the idea of producing something of the same kind, which should be a satire upon the lords of the creation. Her first effort was "The Dandies' Rout;" for which she executed designs for the illustrations, which she handed over to the publisher, stipulating for fifty copies, to be distributed amongst her friends, as her sole remuneration. The greater part of these fifty copies, however, were exchanged with a Richmond bookseller for other books. Having now fairly started as an authoress, she immediately turned her attention, in conjunction with her sister, to bringing out a volume of poems; but, unfortunately, no publisher could be induced to print it. This, it may be supposed, would have been sufficient to cool the ardour of composition, and direct her thoughts and energies in other channels. It had no such effect. It simply induced the commencement of a poem in the Spenserian stanza, called "Amonivada and Sebastian," which from some cause was not completed. The scene was laid in South America, and therefore necessitated

considerable reference to works on the history, scenery, manners, and customs of the country. It must not be inferred that Caroline was a little blue-stocking, caring for nothing but her books and her poems. It is true that she loved them with all the fervency of a first love ; but she also enjoyed the sports and pastimes congenial to girls of her years. When the half-holidays came round, she was accustomed to assist her brothers and sisters in "getting-up" extempore plays, the details of which were her special delight. Each of the little actors had five minutes allowed them to improvise their speeches, which were unconnected with any plot or chain of events. In this way the first seventeen years of Miss Sheridan's life passed. Then it was that she put forth the powers which subsequently secured for her fame and reputation. "The Sorrows of Rosalie" was not launched without having to meet with the difficulties attendant upon all first works ; indeed, for a time it seemed impossible to get it published at all. In 1829, however, it was sent out to the public in connection with some other minor poems. It was very judiciously published anonymously, and without reference to the youth of the authoress. The public, on its appearance, were favourably impressed with the volume ; the critics, at the same time, not failing to point out the many beauties with which it was interspersed, and the ease and grace of the versification. Some little time before the appearance of this literary venture, Miss

Sheridan married the Hon. George Chapel Norton, brother of the present Lord Grantley. He had proposed for her hand three years before, but her mother had wisely postponed the engagement on account of her daughter's youth. When Mr. Norton again paid his addresses he was received; but the marriage, from some difference of disposition, did not prove a happy one, which caused a separation in 1840. This subjected her to much suspicion, which was as baseless as it was scandalous; it now being proved that England has no daughter whose life is more blameless, or whose motives and actions are more pure. Her next work, the first work after her marriage, was entitled "The Undying One," a poem founded upon the famous legend of the Wandering Jew, which was considered the fulfilment of the rare promise of her younger years. In 1840, she again sent out another volume, entitled "The Dream, and other poems," which found special favour with the critics. The "Quarterly Review" spoke of her as "the Byron of our modern poetesses." Another writer, while acknowledging that Mrs. Norton possessed a fervour, a tenderness, and a force of expression which greatly resembled Byron's, distinguished the poems of Mrs. Norton from the author of "Cain," thus: "Byron has a sneering, mocking, disbelieving spirit; Mrs. Norton a simple, beautiful, child-like implicitness of soul. Byron's strains resemble the vast, roaring, willful waterfall, rushing headlong over desolate rocks, with a sound

like the wail of a lost spirit ; Mrs. Norton's, the soft, full-flowing river, margined with flowers, and uttering sweet music." Her poem, "The Dream," ends thus beautifully :—

" Sure it is much, this delegated power,
 To be consoler of man's heaviest hour !
 The guardian angel of a life of care,
 Allowed to stand 'twixt him and his despair !
 Such service may be made a holy task ;
 And more 'twere vain to hope, and rash to ask.
 Therefore, oh ! loved and lovely, be content,
 And take thy lot, with joy and sorrow blent.
 Judge none ; yet let thy share of conduct be,
 As knowing judgment shall be passed on thee
 Here and hereafter ; so still undismayed,
 And guarded by this sweet thought's tranquil shade,
 Undazzled by the changeful rays which threw
 Their light across thy path while life was new,
 Thou shalt move sober on—expecting less,
 Therefore the more enjoying happiness !
 There was a pause : then, with a tearful smile,
 The maiden turned, and pressed her mother's hand :
 ' Shall I not bear what thou hast borne e'erwhile ?
 Shall I, rebellious, Heaven's high will withstand ?
 No ! cheerly on my wandering path I'll take,
 Nor fear the destiny I did not make.
 Though earthly joy grow dim ; though pleasure waneth ;
 This thou hast taught thy child, that God remaineth.'
 And from her mother's fond, protecting side,
 She went into the world a youthful bride."

Several of the poems in this volume are strikingly beautiful remarkable, however, not less for their

sentiment than for their exquisite poetic expression. The one entitled "The Faithful Friend" exhibits the genuine affection and warm-heartedness which were so characteristic of Mrs. Norton :—

"I little thought, in early days, oh! generous and kind,
That *thou* the first should'st quit the earth, and leave me
wrecked behind.

Thine was the pure, unjealous love! I know they told us then,
That Genius' gifts divided me from dull and common men;
That thou wert slow to science; that the chart and lettered
page,

Had in them no deep spell whereby thy spirit to engage.
And it was true! Our minds were cast as pleased the will of
Heaven;

And different powers unto me, and unto thee were given.
No trick of talent decked thy speech, and glorified thy youth;
Its simple spell of eloquence lay in its earnest truth.

Nor was the gladsome kindness which brightened on thy brow,
The beauty which in fiction wins Love's fond romantic vow;
But gazing on thy honest face, intelligently bold,
Oft have I doubted of the gifts which men so precious hold;—
Wit, learning, wealth, seem overpowered, since thou, dear
friend, could be

So closely knit unto my heart by thy simplicity.

Yea, even that should make me proud, the laurel wreath of
Fame,

But brings me back in bitterness the echo of thy name;
But brings me back thy cheerful smile, when yet a careless
boy,—

Mine was the toil, but thou didst share the glory and the joy;
And bright across the awarded prize thy kind eye answered
mine,

As full of triumph and delight as though that prize were
thine.

Yes, all is vain! I want not wit, I want not learning's power,
I want thy hand, I want thy smile, to pass the cheerless hour;

I want thy earnest, honest voice, whose comfort never failed ;
I want thy kindly glance, whose light no coldness ever veiled ;
I feel, at every turn of life, thy loss hath left me lone,
And I mourn the friend of boyhood's years, the friend for
ever gone."

It were impossible but that the true poet should be other than the true friend. The tenderness, the sympathy, the home affection—without which the poet would be merely a machine, forming sentences without heart or feeling—constitute the essentials of true friendship. But rarely has poet, however gifted, succeeded in conveying in words the depth of the most sacred of the earthly affections than in these beautiful lines. As we read, *we* also remember some cherished friend whom distance or the cold grave have removed from our side ; once more the old remembered smiles come back, the warm pressure of the hand is felt, and the soothing, kindly words again fill the ear. Poetry is surely a blessed power, that thus turns back long weary years, and makes us once more young again ! And then read this yearning of the heart—the "Lament of the Poet Savage"—see how soothingly the words fall on the troubled spirit, like a rill of peace, or a brook running with pleasant thoughts and memories. Was ever invitation given in words more silvery, or was promise more charming, recollections and associations more tender and delightful?—

"Come o'er the green hills to the sunny sea !

The boundless sea, that watereth many lands,
Where shells unknown to England, fair and free,
Lie brightly scattered on the gleaming sands.

There, 'midst the hush of slumbering ocean's roar,
We'll sit and watch the silver tissued waves
Creep languidly along the basking shore,
And kiss thy gentle feet, like Eastern slaves.

"And we will take some volume of our choice,
Full of a quiet poetry of thought;
And thou shalt read me with thy plaintive voice
Lines which some gifted mind hath wrought.
And I will listen, gazing on thy face,
(Pale as some cameo on the Italian shell)
Or looking out across the far blue space,
Where glancing sails to gentle breezes swell.

"Come forth! The sun hath flung on Thetis' breast
The glittering tresses of his golden hair;
All things are heavy with a noon-day rest,
And floating sea-birds leave the stirless air.
Against the sky, in outlines rude and clear,
The cleft rocks stand, while sunbeams slant between;
And hulling winds are murmuring through the wood,
Which skirts the bright bay with its fringe of green,

"Come forth! All motion is so gentle now.
It seems thy step alone should walk the earth;
Thy voice alone, the ever soft and low,
Wake the far-haunting echoes into birth.
Too wild would be Love's passionate store of hope,
Unmeet the influence of his changing power;
Ours be companionship, whose gentle scope
Hath charm enough for such a tranquil hour.

"And slowly, idly wandering, we will roam
Where the high cliffs shall give us ample shade,
And watch the glassy waves, whose wrathful foar:
Hath power to make the seaman's heart afraid.

Seek thou no veil to shroud thy soft brown hair, <
Wrap thou no mantle round thy graceful form ;
The cloudless sky smiles forth as still, as fair,
As tho' earth ne'er could know another storm.

" Come ! Let not listless sadness make delay,—
Beneath Heaven's light that sadness will depart ;
And, as we wander on our shoreward way,
A strange, sweet peace shall enter in thy heart.
We will not weep, nor talk of vanished years,
When, link by link, Hope's glittering chain was riven
Those who are dead shall claim from love no tears
Those who have injured us shall be forgiven.

" Few have my summers been, and fewer thine ;
Youth blighted is the weary lot of both :
To both, all lonely shows our life's decline ;
Both with old friends and ties have waxed wroth.
But yet we will not weep. The breathless calm,
Which lull's the golden earth and wide blue sea,
Shall pour into our souls mysterious balm,
And fill us with its own tranquillity.

" We will not mar the scene. We will not look
To the veiled future, or the shadowy past ;
Sealed up shall be sad memory's open book,
And childhood's idleness return at last !
Joy, with his restless, ever fluttering wings,
And Hope, his gentle brother, all shall cease ;
Like weary hinds that seek the desert springs,
Our one sole feeling shall be peace, deep peace !"

In 1845, Mrs. Norton sent forth her most pretentious poem—"The Child of the Islands," a picture of the social condition of the children of

England, and which was at the same time a strong appeal for closer sympathy between the higher and lower classes, a want which at that time was not only felt, but expressed; which called forth when at the point of death the eloquent words of the lamented Judge Talfourd: "I cannot help myself thinking," said his lordship, "it may be in no small degree attributable to that separation between class and class which is the great curse of British society, and for which we are all more or less in our respective spheres in some degree responsible. I am afraid we all of us keep too much aloof from those beneath us, and whom we thus encourage to look upon us with suspicion and dislike. Even to our servants we think, perhaps, we fulfil our duty when we perform our contract with them—when we pay them their wages, and treat them with the civility consistent with our habits and feelings—when we curb our temper, and use no violent expressions towards them. But how painful is the thought, that there are men and women growing up around us, ministering to our comforts and necessities, continually inmates of our dwellings, with whose affections and nature we are as much unacquainted as if they were inhabitants of some other sphere. This feeling, arising from that kind of reserve peculiar to the English character, does, I think, greatly tend to prevent that mingling of class with class, that reciprocation of kind words and gentle affections, gracious admonitions and kind inquiries, which often, more than any book educa-

tion, tend to the culture of the affections of the heart, refinement, and elevation of the character of those to whom they are addressed. And if I were to be asked what is the great want of English society—to mingle class with class—I would say, in one word, the want is the want of sympathy.”

It was the knowledge of this want which induced Mrs. Norton to compose her noble poem : which, let us hope, has been productive in numberless instances of the intended good. The poem ends with a striking contrast between death’s visit to the home of the rich and the poor :—

“In both these different homes the babe was dead ;
Life’s early morning closed in sudden night ;
In both the bitter tears were freely shed ;
Lips pressed on lids for ever closed from light,
And prayers sobbed forth to God the Infinite.
From both the little one was borne away,
And buried in the earth with solemn rite.
One in a mound, where no stone marked the clay ;
One in a vaulted tomb, with funeral array. ”

“It was the last distinction of their lot !
The same dull earth received their mortal mould ;
The same high consecration marked the spot—
A Christian burying-place for young and old :
The same clear stars shone out all calmly cold,
When on those graves the sunset hour grew dim ;
And the same God in glory they behold,—
For life’s diverging roads all lead to Him
Who sits enthroned in light among the Cherubim.”

Mrs. Norton, in 1847, published her “Aunt

Carry's Ballads," charmingly refreshing poems for young people, which contain the "doleful historie" of a woodland fairy, who was driven from her home in a hawthorn-tree, because its owner cut it down, without planting a young tree in its stead. A very doleful theme; but very elegantly told, and very sportive for all that. Her next work, not a poetical one—"Stewart of Dunleath"—proved that she had powers as a novelist which would secure her a large circle of readers if she cared to cultivate that field of literature. But this book, independent of any other production, by its pathos and eloquence, entitles its gifted authoress to take her place in the front rank of the standard novelists. But, notwithstanding, she will always be best known and loved as a poet. The creations of her muse, which take us to the fire-side, to the walk by the river, to the churchyard; which create for us, again and again, those delightful emotions which render childhood blissful, and point youth to scenes of effort and of enterprise; manhood to its best defence—resolution and energy; and old age to its hope and rest. It is in these works of enduring use and service that Mrs. Norton has procured for herself a perennial name, and a fame that will be as deathless as her name.

ELIZA COOK;

THE YOUTHFUL INDITER OF POESY AND SONG.

DOUBTLESS there are many flowers "born to blush unseen," as there are "mute inglorious Miltons," and "village Hampdens," who are doomed to "waste their sweetness on the desert air." Eliza Cook, the most genial domestic poet of our time, just escaped this fate. Had circumstances been permitted to sway her thoughts and actions, our feelings would never have been influenced by the recitation of the homely but exquisite verses of the "Old Mill Stream," "The Watermill," "Butter-cups and Daisies," and "The Old Farm Gate." But now, owing to the resolve of Eliza, who would not quieten the thought, or still the gush of feeling that wound about her heart, we have in almost every home, not only in our own land, but in that broad American continent, and in thousands of homes where the English language is not spoken, her poems and songs, which have become "familiar as household words!"

She was born in London Road, Southwark. Her father certainly did not give her her poetical tastes.

If she imbibed aught from him, it would have been a love of trade simply for what it would yield. He was essentially a money-getter, with no tastes or ambition beyond gain. Her mother, however, was happily the contrary. Things of beauty had indeed a joy for her. She could find volumes of delight in the simplest flower; while the glories of the garden had for her a language all unknown to the sensualist. She knew that the soul had sympathies to be cultivated, hopes and aspirations to reach out after; that time was not the bounds of its existence—its only end and aim. But of this excellent woman, who would so carefully have guided and companioned the younger years of her beloved daughter, Eliza was deprived in her seventh year. She was thus left to the sole care of her father, who could not or would not understand the bent and current of his daughter's thought. He even imagined that he should be ill performing his parental duties if he did not use his every influence to nip in the bud emotions that tended in the direction of poetic expression, which he supposed would have a direct tendency to unfit her for the right performance of the practical duties of life. Eliza Cook thus refers to this period of her life in one of her prefaces:—"I can only write as my heart directs, and that heart has been left from infancy to the mercy of its own untutored impulses. My rhyming tendency developed itself at an early age; but tones of judicious praise or improving censure never met my ear. The advantage of an

enlightened, nay, of a common education, was denied me, lest knowledge should foster poetry, and make 'a sentimental fool' of me. I was left like a wild colt, on the fresh and boundless common of nature, to pick up a mouthful of truth where I could. The woods and forests became my tutors; the rippling stream, and the bulrushes sighing in the wind, whispered to me sweet and gentle breathings. The silver stars in the measureless night-sky, and the bright flowers in my morning path, awoke my wonder, and opened the portals that led to the mysterious temple of Thought. God and Creation were before my eyes in all their glory; and, as an untutored child, I worshipped the Being who had endowed me with the power to comprehend his works, and to 'rejoice therein.' "

On the death of her mother, her father removed from London to St. Leonard's Forest, Sussex, where he had taken a farm. Here Eliza had neither the companionship of congenial minds or the friendship of books. It is true that she had the volume of nature all unfolded before her. How deeply its page was impressed upon her memory, its influence upon her heart, her subsequent poetic productions attest. These seemed to have flowed in so genial a stream as scarcely to exhibit any trace of effort or of laboured composition. "There is," however, as one of the critics has observed, "a heartiness and truthful sympathy with human kind, a love of freedom and of nature, in this lady's productions, which, more

even than their grace and melody, charm her readers. She writes like a whole-souled woman, earnestly and unaffectedly, evidently giving her actual thoughts, but never transcending the limits of taste or delicacy."

It was in 1835 that Miss Cook was first induced to venture upon the sea of literature. She had been pleased with the taste and literary criticism manifested in one of the newspapers—the *Weekly Dispatch*—which encouraged her to send a song to the editor anonymously. On the following Saturday, she not only had the luxury of seeing it in print, but also to read a few appended lines from the editor, who commended the song in the highest terms, and solicited a continuation of pieces of a like character from his correspondent. Miss Cook then, in addition to complying with the request of the discriminating editor, sent pieces to the *Literary Gazette*, of which journal the celebrated Mr. Jerdan was the conductor, and who wrote of the poetry of Miss Cook that it was "imbued with the spirit of Robert Burns." There is no doubt but that both the editor of the *Dispatch* and of the *Gazette* took their correspondent to be a man; and it was only in 1836, after more than fifty songs from the pen of Miss Cook had appeared in the *Dispatch*—which, in consequence, had nearly doubled its circulation—that her sex became known. The editor, after sending her a valuable present as a recognition of her services to the paper, sought an interview with her; which resulted in arrangements for publishing one of her poems weekly, as well as

leading subsequently to her supplying a column of "Facts and Scraps, original and selected," for which she received £200 per annum. In 1849, probably thinking that the public would patronise a serial issued directly from herself, she sent out *Eliza Cook's Journal*, in which she published all the poems she composed during its existence. The opening address of the *Journal* revealed her motives and hopes, not only with reference to the new effort she was then making, but which had been the actuating principle of her literary life. "I have been," she wrote, "too long known by those whom I address to feel strange in addressing them. My earliest rhymes, written from intuitive impulse, before hackneyed experience or politic judgment could dictate their tendency, were accepted and responded to by those whose good word is a 'tower of strength.' The first active breath of nature that swept over my heart-strings awoke wild but earnest melodies, which I dotted down in simple notes; and when I found that others thought the tune worth learning; when I heard my strains hummed about the sacred altars of domestic firesides, and saw old men, bright women, and young children scanning my ballad strains, then was I made to think that my burning desire to pour out my soul's measure of music was given for a purpose. My young bosom throbbed with rapture, for my feelings had met with responsive echoes from honest and genuine humanity, and the glory of heaven seemed partially revealed, when I discovered

that I held power over the affections of earth." In 1854, the *Journal* was discontinued, chiefly owing to the illness of Miss Cook; but not before she had enriched its pages with many solid and valuable papers, as well as poems and songs, that have added to her fame and reputation. How she estimated her vocation as a poet we learn from her verses entitled "The Poet :"—

"Look on the sky, all broad and fair;
Sons of the earth, what see ye there?
The rolling clouds to feast thine eye
With golden burnish and Tyrian dye;
The rainbow's arch, the sun of noon,
The stars of eve, the midnight moon;
These, these to the coldest gaze are bright,
They are marked by all for their glory and light;
But their colour and rays shed a richer beam
As they shine to illumine the poet's dream.

"Children of pleasure, how ye dote
On the dulcet harp and tuneful note—
Holding your breath to drink the strain,
Till throbbing joy dissolves in pain.
There's not a spell aught else can fling
Like the warbling voice and the silver string;
But a music to other ears unknown,
Of deeper thrill and sweeter tone,
Comes in the wild and gurgling stream
To the poet rapt in his blissful dream.

"The earth may have its buried stores
Of lustrous jewels and coveted ores;
Ye may gather hence the marble stone
To house a monarch or wall a throne;

Its gold may fill the grasping hand,
Its gems may flash in the sceptre wand ;
But purer treasures and dearer things
Than the coins of misers or trappings of kings -
Gifts and hoards of a choicer kind
Are garnered up in the poet's mind.

"The mother so loves that the world holds none
To match with her own fair lisping one ;
The wedded youth will nurture his bride
With all the fervour of passion and pride ;
Hands will press and beings blend
Till the kindest ties knit friend to friend.
Oh ! the hearts of the many can truly burn,
They can fondly cherish and closely yearn ;
But the flame of love is more vivid and strong
That kindles within a child of song.

"Life hath much of grief and pain
To sicken the breast and tire the brain ;
All brows are shaded by sorrow's cloud,
All eyes are dimmed, all spirits bowed ;
Sighs will break from the care-worn breast,
Till death is asked as a pillow of rest ;
But the gifted one, oh ! who can tell
How his pulses beat and his heart's-strings swell ?
His secret pangs, *his* throbbing woe,
None but himself and his God can know

"Crowds may join in the festive crew,
Their hours may be glad, and their pleasures true .
They may gaily carouse, and fondly believe
There's no greater bliss for the soul to receive.
But ask the poet if he will give
His exquisite moments like them to live ;

And the scornful smile on his lips will play,
 His eye will flash with exulting ray—
 For he knows and feels to him is given
 The joys that yield a glimpse of heaven.

‘Oh! there’s something holy about each spot
 Where the weary sleep, and strife comes not;
 And the good and great ones passed away
 Have worshippers still o’er their soulless clay;
 But the dust of the bard is most hallowed and dear,
 ‘Tis moistened and blest by the warmest tear.
 The prayers of the worthiest breathe his name,
 Mourning his loss and guarding his fame;
 And the truest homage the dead can have
 Is rendered up at the poet’s grave.

When Miss Cook was a constant contributor to the *Weekly Dispatch*, its proprietors thought they could not better please their numerous readers than by issuing a portrait of the popular poetess, which, when published, sold in immense quantities; thus rendering the public acquainted with her *personel*, as they had long been acquainted with her writings. Her appearance generally is rather inclined to the masculine—which would be the impression from a glance at her portrait. Her face is full and round, ever beaming with smiles; her forehead large, and prominent, as if teeming with thoughts and fresh impressions; the eyes large, speaking the language of sympathy and interest. One of her visitors says: “I had the pleasure of sitting near Miss Cook at table, and was highly

delighted with her conversation. There was one great charm in it—an utter absence of affectation, of which we too often see so much among literary, especially young literary people. Whenever she spoke, she spoke to the purpose, and like a far-seeing woman of the world.”

There is an anecdote told by Mrs. Osgood, wife of the artist, which illustrates the absence of prudery and conceit, happily so characteristic of Miss Cook.

“It is now about five years,” remarks Mrs. Osgood, “since I met Eliza Cook in England. She was then just what her noble poetry would lead you to imagine her—a frank, generous, brave, and warm-hearted girl, about twenty years of age; rather stout and sturdy-looking in form, and with a face not handsome, but very intelligent. Her hair was black, and very luxuriant; her eyes grey, and full of expression; and her mouth indescribably sweet. For several weeks before we met we carried on a playful, and, on her part, exceedingly amusing and original correspondence. Her letters are the most natural, spirited, off-hand, and *off-heart* effusions imaginable. . . . As our first meeting was rather a droll one, perhaps an account of it will amuse you. Miss Cook was announced one morning when, unfortunately, our only reception-room—my husband’s *atelier*—was occupied by a sitter. What was to be done? I must either deny myself, or receive her in the entry. I was far too eager to see her to do the former, so I seated myself, with as much dignity as

I could well assume under the circumstances, on the top *stair*, and desired the servant to show her up. She came. I told her gravely that the staircase was my drawing-room, *pro tempore* ; and resigning, as courtesy required, the highest seat to my guest, I took the next, at her feet. In five minutes—thanks to the informality of her reception!—we were chatting as gaily and freely as if we had known each other for years. But our conversation was interrupted, to my dismay, by the arrival of more visitors, and the stairs were soon nearly all occupied. It was a gay party, I assure you, and Eliza Cook was the soul of it. . . . The sitter happened to be the Hon. Mrs. Norton. Imagine the surprise of that dignified and *distinguée* personage, when she encountered that party on the flight of stairs!”

We do not claim for Miss Cook a place amongst the highest poets; doubtless, her strains are not as matured or as elegant as those of a Landon, Baillie, Browning, Hemans, Norton, or a Sigourney; but they have done work, and reached the hearts of tens of thousands who never heard the names of these gifted women. If we were to be guided in our opinion by public expression and public appreciation, then most certainly would Miss Eliza Cook have been entitled, within a very recent period, to be considered the premier song writer of England, as she was so considered by our American brethren. Her poetry is essentially the poetry of the affections. She writes of the poor man's joys, of his sorrows, of

his hopes, and aspirations ; she weaves about the heart the recollection of home, of its familiar duties—a mother's caress and a father's blessing ; she takes us back to the years of our childhood, walks with us over frequented paths, sits down with us in the hay-fields, in the " old arm-chair," and assists us once more to draw " the bucket that hangs in the well." By such fond remembrances we are made better—holier ; our thoughts are not all of earth, or bounded by time ; we rise refreshed, as we rise encouraged and strengthened to live more nobly, and to estimate more highly the purposes, objects, and aims of existence. For, as Miss Cook has sung :—

" The dark and rugged mountain steep,
The sloping emerald glade,
The beam-lit valley, where vines may creep,
The hare-bell low in the shade ;

" The towering hills, the shimmering rill,
The fields and forest trees—
Oh, he is blind who cannot find
Good company in these.

" I have seen the harvest sun pour down
Its rays on the rustling sheaf,
Till gold flashed out from the wheat-ear brown,
And flame from the poppy's leaf ;

" I have heard the music the woods have made
In deep and sullen roar,
When the mighty winds of winter played
On branches gray and hoar ;

"I have seen the merry spring steal nigh,
And my soul has leaped to meet
The rainbow clouds that flitted on high,
The daisy that kissed my feet ;

"I have watched the slowly gathering gloom
Of mournful autumn throw
Its pensive shade on the dying bloom,
Like sorrow on beauty's brow :

"And though I have garnered little of light
From learning's glorious store ;
These, these have taught God's mercy and might
And who can teach me more ?

"My spirit has glowed, the rapt, the blest,
Flushed with the fervent zeal
That may gush from the eyes and burn in the breast
But the weak lips ne'er reveal.

"The giant rock, the lowliest flower
Can lead to Him above,
And bid me worship the hand of power,
Of mystery and love.

"Does my heart grow proud ! I need but turn
To nature and confess
A Maker's greatness—shrink and learn
My own unworthiness !"

MADAME MALIBRAN :

THE SINGING GIRL, AND QUEEN OF SONG.

“Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with the soul,
Wrung from the coyest breast the imprison'd sigh,
And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.”

WONDROUS indeed is the power and influence of music. The child's ear is all gently attuned to the lullaby of the mother; the servant cares for her domestic duties—singing as she goes; the girl's first and highest ambition is to draw strains of “sweetest harmony” from the pianoforte; the daily labourer finds his hours shortened, and his labour less irksome when accompanied with the invigoration of song; the soldier finds, or thinks he finds, his march easier, and the fatigue of his night-watch lightened by the martial air; congregated thousands in the gorgeous cathedral, and the “handful of worshippers” by the way-side are alike influenced by the song of praise, “which goeth up before the throne of the Most High.” In the culture of the heart, the consolation



Mahبران declaiming on the stairs.



Malibran declaiming on the stairs.

of the spirit, and the holy breathings of the devout, music has a power which is all its own. In the poorest cottage as in the richest hall, its influence is alike felt. God be thanked, then, for music, and the power which music gives !

In some instances, the sweetest voice has been allied with the perversest temper and the harshest nature; in others, and in none more than in the illustrious instance we are about to record, the most tender and compassionate heart, keenly sensitive to the distresses of the sorrowing and the suffering, has accompanied a voice that seemed more than mortal, borrowed from that throng of pure spirits who worship in strains of celestial harmony. Madame Malibran, from her childhood, was thus gifted. She was goodness personified; her sweetest warblings and holiest strains were but the ebullitions of her nature—they served to discover the fervidness, the simplicity, and genuine piety which lay imbedded within her heart.

Maria Felicia was the eldest daughter of Manuel and Joaquina Garcia, and was born in Paris in the year 1808. Both her parents were Spaniards, from whom she derived a knowledge of their native language; when she was eight years of age, she was brought to England, where she remained continuously for nine years, during which time she acquired an intimate acquaintance with the English language. To this she superadded a knowledge of German and Italian; her facility in which was so great, that upon

one occasion a friend, who had observed the ease with which she conversed with equal idiomatic propriety in the several languages, put the question to her as to which was really her native country? She replied, "I was born at Paris, in the parish of St. Pierre; my father, as you know, was a Spaniard, therefore French and Spanish I learned as every child learns a language; early I came to England, and after residing here some years, where I studied your language closely, I went to the United States; there my English was kept up—not, I believe, improved; the Italian Opera House has been my cradle, in which I was nursed; and German I have acquired that I might grasp and enjoy its musical wealth. That I may speak it with facility, and every day, my servant is a German. There,—that is the history of my being so learned."

On first coming to England, she was sent to an educational institution at Hammersmith; where, by the natural vivacity and wilfulness of her character, aided by the petting of her teachers and schoolfellows, she ran great risk of being completely spoiled. However, all this was changed when her father took her home to commence her musical education. Signor Garcia was not only a great tenor singer—who, when upwards of seventy years of age, was in possession of the finest voice known on the Italian stage—but was also a most eminent teacher of the art in which he excelled. He is described as a rigid disciplinarian, and his temper almost ungovernable. Maria had

therefore no easy time of it; it was evident her season of "petting" was at an end. As an instance of Garcia's strange treatment of his family, a visitor relates that he called upon him one day, when he found him disposed to give him some idea of a piece that he had composed, when he roared out with the voice of a bashaw, or camel-driver, "La Famiglia!" and in trooped wife, son, and daughter. When the composition had been performed, they "vanished like hail-stones." Upon another occasion, when the tribe of Garcia were to sing an offertorium composed by him—of which the poor things made a fearful wailing,—the father, unable to endure the noise, ramped into the arena, and bore all before him with his furious blare. It is related also that many times in the course of Maria's education, exasperated by some trifling incident, he has chased her from the room, when she would betake herself to the landing on the stairs, and make the house ring with the recitation of her last exercise, or one of her favourite songs. It is well that she had an almost invincible spirit, or surely it would have been broken by Garcia's harsh treatment. From a girl, however, difficulties were only presented in order that they might be conquered; difficulties sufficient to break down the strongest constitution, and sway the bravest spirit.

The first public appearance of Maria was owing to the return of Madame Pasta to Paris during the opera season, and the consequent disappointment of the public, which induced Garcia to offer the services

of his daughter; which, under the circumstances, were accepted. She made her *debut* on the 7th June, 1825, being then under seventeen years of age, in the part of Rosina, in "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." Of course, it was not expected that she would be perfect in the part; but she gave such indications of attainable excellence as fully to justify her friends in the warmest prognostications. During the season, she appeared as the principal in many of Rossini's favourite operas, as well as at many concerts, where she attracted special notice by the versatility of her talents—singing in the lightest and most florid style, and in the severest and grandest manner of the German school. Previously to these public appearances, she had sung at the private concerts of his Majesty George IV., Prince Leopold, the Dukes of Devonshire and Wellington, the Marquis of Hertford, Sir George Warrender, Lady Copley, and other distinguished musical patrons and amateurs.

In the autumn of the same year (1825) that she made her *debut* at the opera house, she was engaged to fill the chief part at the York Musical Festival; where, considering her youth and inexperience, she exhibited surprising ability. She sang at the festival, among other pieces, "Una voce poco fa," "Rejoice greatly," and "Alma invitta." Notwithstanding these successes, which gave indications that in a few years Maria would realise by the exercise of her talents a splendid fortune, her father, who had formed a project of establishing an Italian opera in America.

hurried her away to the new world in the company of a few performers engaged to sustain the several subordinate parts. Maria appeared in the round of characters that had obtained her such *éclat* in London, to which the Americans were not insensible; they were indeed captivated by her voice, beauty, and vivacity. The musical critics vied with each other in laudatory terms, not only of the freshness and beauty of her voice, but of her manner and condescension, which was at that time at least a novelty to the Americans. With the exception of Maria and her father, the company was wretched; and, as a consequence, the speculation was a failure, involving the family in considerable embarrassment, and almost completely ruining Garcia. Under these circumstances, Maria was induced to listen to the proposals of a Monsieur Malibran, then reputed to be a wealthy French merchant and banker, who was double her age, and ultimately to accept him as her husband. The marriage proved most unfortunate. Malibran was either at the time of his marriage, or soon became so, in embarrassed circumstances; his wife, with true womanly fortitude, endeavoured by her professional exertions to retrieve them, but in vain. He ultimately became insolvent, and was thrown into prison. The jointure which had been settled upon Maria at her marriage she freely relinquished to her husband's creditors. This spontaneous act secured her the good-will of many of the Americans, who would, no doubt, had the opportunity been given them, have

manifested their approbation in a substantial manner. As it was, Madame Malibran determined to seek fame and fortune in another country. Separating from her husband, who had so cruelly deceived her, she sailed for Europe, carrying with her the recollection of much misery and much disappointment; but, for all that, with hope and resolve for the future. She made her first appearance, after leaving the new world, at Paris; how she was received one of the journals of the day thus relates:—"The singer, at her entrance, was greeted with warm applause. Her commanding figure, and the regularity of her features, bespoke the favour of the public. The noble and dignified manner in which she gave the first phrase, 'Fra tanti regi e popoli,' justified the reception she had obtained: but the difficult phrase, 'Frema il tempio,' proved a stumbling-block which she could not surmount. Alarmed by this check, she did not attempt the difficult passage in the *da capo*, but, dropping her voice, terminated the passage without effect, and made her exit, leaving the audience in doubt and dissatisfaction. The prodigious talent displayed by Pisoni in the subsequent scenes gave occasion to comparisons by no means favourable to Madame Malibran. On her re-entrance she was coldly received, but she soon succeeded in winning the public to her favour. In the andante to the air 'Bel raggio en lusinghier,' the young singer threw out such powers, and displayed a voice so full and beautiful and bountiful, that the former coldness gave way to applause. Encouraged

by this, she hazarded the greatest difficulties of execution, and appeared so inspired by her success that her courage now became temerity.

“Madame Malibran Garcia is only nineteen; she is just arrived from North America, where she had been precluded from profiting by any models of excellence, and therefore she requires that finish which can be learned only from experience, and by profiting by the counsels of sound criticism.”

Another writer says:—“If Madame Malibran *must* yield the palm to Pasta in point of acting, yet she possesses a marked superiority in respect to song.” No wonder, therefore, such being the opinions which were at the outset entertained of her, that she should suddenly become a popular favourite. The name of Malibran, indeed, soon became associated with all that was new and fashionable—she was, in short, *the rage*.

At the close of the season she visited London, where she made her *debut* at the King's Theatre; afterwards she went to Italy, performing in Naples and Milan. At first the Italians looked coldly upon her, so that her first performance was reported as a failure; this, supposing it to have been the case, was soon put to mending; how, one of the journals thus relates:—“Madame Malibran's performance in this city has been one continued and splendid triumph. At first the *cognoscenti* of Naples were inclined to question the justice of the unbounded praises which had been lavished on this astonishing songstress, and to receive her with *sang froid*, and weigh her pre-

tensions with all the coolness of determined critics ; but she had no sooner opened her mouth than all this was instantly converted into enthusiasm of applause and admiration, to which the oldest frequenters of the opera remember no parallel. For seventeen nights the theatre was crowded at double prices, notwithstanding the subscribers' privileges were on most of those occasions suspended. But her grand triumph of all was on the night when she took her leave of the Neapolitan audience in the character of Ninetta. Nothing can be imagined finer than the spectacle afforded by the immense theatre of San Carlo, crowded to the very ceiling, and ringing with acclamations. Six times after the fall of the curtain Madame Malibran was called forward to receive the reiterated plaudits and adieus of an audience which seemed unable to bear the idea of a separation from its new idol, who had only strength and spirit left to kiss her hand to the assembled multitude, and indicate, by graceful and expressive gestures, the degree to which she was overpowered by fatigue and emotion. The scene did not end within the walls of the theatre : a crowd of the most enthusiastic rushed from all parts of the house to the stage-door, and as soon as Madame Malibran's sedan came out, escorted it with loud acclamations as the charming vocalist ascended the steps."

In 1833, Madame Malibran once more appeared in England, where her popularity was constantly on the increase ; she then returned to Italy, the Italians

giving her the welcome of a general favourite; in 1835, she was again in England for a short time, when she produced an extraordinary effect by some new rendering of Beethoven's music.

She was at this time the subject of much annoyance from M. Malibran, who, learning her popularity, had followed her to Europe with the intention of sharing in her professional gains—a demand which Madame Malibran very properly refused, remembering how heartlessly she had been treated, and that also any property that she had received from him she had given up to his creditors. His long persecutions, however, were not relinquished until she was enabled to obtain a dissolution of her marriage in Paris, which enabled her to select a husband with more congenial tastes, and with greater sympathy for her professional pursuits. Such a one she found in M. de Beriot, the celebrated violinist, of whom she thus spoke a few days prior to her death:—"I have known De Beriot nine years, and have been seven years of that time married to him: if De Beriot had had any faults I should have found them out before now; but there never was such a man. I am certainly blessed with a most affectionate husband." And she might have added—"as he is blessed with a most fortunate and fascinating wife." Her gains were certainly enormous. In 1830, for singing at three musical festivals, she received nine hundred guineas; in 1832, the manager of the Bologna theatre gave her £1,440 for singing eighteen nights; in Naples, she received for

forty nights £3,200 ; but at Milan she received for 185 performances the astounding sum of £18,000 ! At which place, notwithstanding she was paid so handsomely for her services, a medal was struck in her honour, which was executed by the celebrated sculptor, Valerio Nesti. But Madame Malibran was not selfish, as many traits and incidents of her life testify. When Bellini the composer died, she originated a subscription with the intention of raising a tribute to his memory, at the head of which was her own name for £20. Upon another occasion, an Italian professor gave a concert in London, which was unfortunately very thinly attended. Madame Malibran had been engaged to sing for twenty guineas. He called to pay her, or rather to offer her a moiety of her terms, which she refused to accept, and insisted upon having the full amount, which the poor Italian doled out very slowly ; and when he had counted twenty sovereigns, he looked up at her to ask if that would do ? “ No ! Another sovereign (she said), for my terms are twenty guineas, not pounds.” He put down the other sovereign, and said with a sigh—“ My poor wife and children ! ” Madame Malibran took up the money ; then, with one of her energetic expressions, said, “ I insisted on having my full terms, that the sum might be the larger for your acceptance ; ” at the same time thrusting the gold into the astonished professor’s hand ; and wiping away a tear, which for a moment dimmed her bright eye, she rushed out of the room.

At Venice, also, a similar act of generosity marked her visit to that city. The proprietor of the Teatro Emeronnitio had requested her to sing once at his theatre. "I will," answered she, "but on the condition that not a word is said about remuneration." By this act the poor man was saved from ruin. There is an instance also recorded of her generosity in connection with Mr. Parry; who, at one of his concerts, had engaged her to sing. When he called to pay her, she would not receive a shilling—observing "that she had passed many pleasant evenings with him at Naples, and as he was a young man just commencing his professional career, it afforded her much pleasure to lend him a helping *voice*." Many of her kindest acts were done in secret, and were consequently never known. The editor of the *Morning Post* relates the astonishment of an artist, who was in prison for debt, and who had lost all hopes of extricating himself or of supporting his wretched family, at finding £100 under his pillow. "It was the medical attendant who had thrust it there; but it was that angel, Malibran, who had prepared this wonder-working fever draught." Equally refreshing as the anecdote is interesting is that of a young English singer in the chorus of the Italian Opera in Paris, who, not having the means to follow the company to London, resolved upon taking a benefit concert, having obtained a promise of Madame Malibran's services for the occasion. On the evening which had been fixed for the concert the popular

vocalist was summoned to the Duke of Orleans' party. The *bénéficiaire*, uneasy and alarmed, requested the audience to be patient. Eleven o'clock—and then Malibran arrived. After singing several times before the patiently-taxed audience, she took the lady on one side and said:—"I promised you my evening, you know; well, I have contrived to make a double harvest of it. Before I came here I sang for you at the Duke of Orleans', and here are the hundred crowns he has sent you."

These anecdotes might be multiplied indefinitely, as instances of the goodness and generosity of Madame Malibran's heart. There are one or two notable instances recorded of the versatility of her powers, and the strong common sense with which she was gifted. Upon one occasion she had to sing, with Velluti, a duo in Zingarelli's "Romeo et Julietta." In the morning they rehearsed it together, and at that rehearsal, as at all preceding ones, Velluti, like an experienced stager, sung the plain notes of his part, reserving his *florituri* for the evening, in the fear that the young *debutante* would imitate them. Accordingly, at the evening performance, Velluti sang his solo part, interspersing it with the most florid ornaments, and closing it with a new and brilliant cadence, which quite enchanted his audience. The *musico* cast a glance of mingled triumph and pity on poor Maria as she advanced to the stage lamps. What was the astonishment of the audience to hear her execute the ornaments of Velluti, imparting to

them even additional grace, and crowning her triumph with a bold and superb improvisation. Amidst the torrent of applause which followed this effort, and whilst trembling from the excitement it occasioned, Maria felt her arm rudely grasped as it were by a hand of iron. Immediately the word "*Briconna !*" pronounced in a suppressed and angry tone by Velluti, afforded her a convincing proof that every triumph carries with it its mortification.

Upon a subsequent occasion, feeling annoyed at the general prejudice expressed by the assembled company against all English vocal compositions, the opinion being altogether in favour of foreign music—some even going so far as to assert that nothing could be good of which the air was entirely and originally of English extraction—Malibran endeavoured in vain to maintain that all countries possess, though perhaps in a less equal degree, many ancient melodies peculiarly their own; that nothing could exceed the beauties of the Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and even some of the old English airs. She then named many compositions of our best modern composers, Bishop, Barnett, Lee, Horn, etc., declaring her belief that if she were to produce one of Bishop's or Horn's ballads as the work of a Signor Vescovo, or Cuerno, thus Italianising and Espagno-lising their names, they would *faire furore*.

In the midst of this discussion she volunteered a new Spanish song, composed, as she said, by a Don Chocarrerria. She commenced; the greatest atten-

tion prevailed ; she touched the notes lightly, introducing variations on repeating the symphony, and with a serious feeling, though a slight smile might be traced on her lips, began—

“ Maria trày-ga und caldero
De àqua, Llàma levanté
Maria pòn tu caldero
Ayamos nuestro tè.”

She finished : the plaudits resounded, and the air was quoted as a further example how far superior foreign talent was to English.

Malibran assented to the justness of their remarks, and agreed to yield still more to this argument if the same air, sung adagio, should be found equally beautiful when played presto. The parties were agreed ; when, to the positive consternation of all present, and very much to the diversion of Malibran herself, the Spanish melody which she had so divinely sung was, on being played quick, instantly recognised as a popular English nursery song by no means of the highest class. Shall we shock our readers when we remind them that

“ Maria trày-ga un caldero ”

means literally “ Molly put the Kettle on.” This was the Spanish air ! the composer’s name being Chocarrería, a most appropriate one for the jest.

But we must now pass from these interesting reminiscences to notice some of the incidents connected with her lamented and premature death.

Her last performance in London was marked with a circumstance, which to others would have caused great annoyance and discomfiture. She had been engaged to sing at Thalberg's Concert, in the Opera Concert Room. Just as she was about to accompany herself on the piano, Erard's man, as he passed to the instrument, threw the music desk down, which, striking her on the forehead, prostrated her upon the stage. She immediately rose, and smiled forgiveness, at once proceeding with her song as if nothing had happened.

In September, 1836, she went to Manchester, to sing at the musical festival, where she sank under her professional exertions. One who was at the festival said: "Those who were near the late lamented vocalist, state the closing scene of her existence to have been melancholy in the extreme. Though the hand of death was on her, she would not spare herself, from a fear that she might be accused of capriciously disappointing her admirers. On her way to her last, or last but one, performance, she fainted repeatedly, yet still adhered to her resolution. In the evening prior to the first day's performance at the Collegiate Church, she sang no less than fourteen pieces in her room at the hotel among her Italian friends. De Beriot cautioned her against exerting herself; but Malibran was not to be easily checked in her career. She was ill on Tuesday, but insisted on singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday, her indisposition was still more

evident ; but she gave the last sacred composition she ever sung ‘ Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously,’ with electrical effect ; and on that evening, the 14th of September, her last notes in public were heard. It was in the duet with Madame Caradori Allan, ‘ Vanne se alberghi in petto,’ from Mercadante’s ‘ Andronico.’ Her exertions in the encore of this duet were tremendous, and the fearful shake at the top of her voice will never be forgotten by those who heard it. It was a desperate struggle against sinking nature. It was the last vivid glare of the expiring lamp ; she never sang afterwards. The house rang with animated cheering ; hats and handkerchiefs were waving over the heads of the assembly ; but the victim of excitement, while the echoes were yet in her ears, sank exhausted after leaving the stage, and her vocal career was ended.” She was bled, and then removed to her hotel, where she passed the night in fearful agony. On the Friday night, the 23rd of September, her spirit passed away to its heavenly home—regretted, admired, and loved. Her remains were interred within the precincts of the cathedral that had witnessed her wondrous triumphs. Only a few short hours intervened from the time that every corner of the vast edifice had rung with her thrilling notes ; and now she lay there covered with her shroud ! Well indeed might Jeremy Taylor say : “ It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the *sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks* and the *full eyes* of childhood, from the *vigor-*

ousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness—to the loathsomeness and horror of a three day's burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange." Oh, how strange! Well might the Manchester public doubt the possibility of the dread report. But she was gone! Her memory alone could be treasured. Her body, at the earnest solicitation of her mother, was removed to Laken, near Brussels, where a splendid monument is erected to her memory.

Madame Malibran was not *merely* an artist. While her voice was unrivalled for compass, volume, and richness, her mind at the same time was powerful, her penetration quick, her talent wide and large. She had an innate perception of beauty in every art. She manifested an intimate acquaintance with the productions of the great painters, the several styles of architecture, the Latin classics, the poetry of Dante and Goethe, and the English dramatists. She was, in fact, ever anxious in the pursuit of knowledge, which she loved for its own sake. It was, however, as a vocalist that she was best known, and will be longest remembered.

"Her voice seems to utter her favourite words,
And her fingers' soft pressure seems still on the chords,
And we fancy her then, as she shone upon earth,
In the bloom of her beauty, the dawn of her worth;
Not a soul was more pure, not a form was more fair,
In the haunts of the lovely the loveliest there."

AGNES STRICKLAND:

QUEEN'S BIOGRAPHER,

HERSELF THE DESCENDANT OF A QUEEN.

USUALLY the walk of literature selected by the gentler sex is far removed from that adopted by Miss Agnes Strickland. It were to be expected that the allurements of poesy, that the fascinations of the limner's art, that the power which "sweet sounds" hold over the will, should have for them special and peculiar attractions; but that any of the gentle sisterhood should voluntarily select that class of literary labour which involves the driest of all dry drudgery, searching the musty and worm-eaten records of the past, is indeed an instance which may well excite wonder and astonishment. But that wonder and astonishment is sensibly increased when it is seen that from those time-stained documents, the records of past ages, things of the utmost beauty are evolved; not only to charm our lighter hours, but to inform and instruct in our most serious and thoughtful moods. Reading, indeed, the histories of the Queen's of England, and marking the ease and fluency of every page, we might well be forgiven in desiring

that such labour should ever be assigned to a woman, who could, with a grace all her own, invest dry-as-dust records and musty parchments with vividness and new-created life. In the successful prosecution of this work, quite the foremost place must be given to Miss Strickland; who, by her earnestness and devotion, has distanced all competitors, and won for herself a distinction as honourable as it is useful.

Agnes Strickland, one of eight children, is the third daughter of Thomas Strickland, Esq., of Raydon Hall, Suffolk, in which place the family have resided for half a century. The family is one of distinction, derived from the Stricklands, of Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, and originally possessed tracts of land in the district of Cotton High Furness, Lancashire. Sir Thomas Strickland, of Sizergh, manifested his attachment to the house of Stewart, both as a Cavalier and as a Jacobite; nor, as history attests, were his relations living in the Lancashire dales less loyal to the cause, as the loss of several estates bore ample and painful testimony. Agnes is the third of her race who has made her name celebrated. We hear of the first Agnes during the reign of Henry VIII., who married Sir Henry Curwen, of Workington Castle. Her son was the knight who received Mary Queen of Scots when she landed on his domain; her daughter married a citizen of London, named Camden, whose son was the famous historian. The second Agnes, who was a daughter

of an immediate ancestor of the Raydon Hall family, married Francis Sandys, the eldest son of the Archbishop of York. George Sandys, a younger brother, and one of the poets about the year 1630, was the instrument in the conversion of the family to Protestantism to which our authoress belongs. The family had previously been firm adherents of the Roman Catholic faith, as they have since been faithful members of the Reformed Church. Agnes and her sisters had, therefore, in their earliest years, a strong bias towards those studies which afterwards absorbed their mature years. The circumstances of their youthful years were peculiar, and such as left an indelible impress upon their after life. Agnes remembers her father only as a sad victim to gout, which was a hereditary possession, confining him to his chamber, or to his arm-chair, during the intervals of comparative ease. He was a man of considerable erudition, and like many other men, valued his attainments and the branches of knowledge to which he had specially directed his attention as pre-eminent; he determined, therefore, that his daughters should become proficient in the same studies. It was his custom to employ them to read to him when confined to his chair, or to his bed, the works in which he chiefly delighted, which ranged over history, genealogy, and topography; in which interesting subjects they soon took interest and delight. Mr. Strickland had purposed to himself that his children should be algebraists and mathematicians, a resolve which found

no sympathy in their breasts. When, therefore, a certain quarto volume, illustrated with a portrait of Professor Sanderson, the celebrated blind mathematician, was seen on the reading table, away ran the girls as though a bomb-shell had exploded in the room. The mother, who had none of the sympathies of her husband in this direction, aided and encouraged the rebels in their mutiny; Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, however, seems to have had some taste for the exercises, or was wishful to conciliate her father, for very often she might be seen with a slate working out the problems with becoming patience and industry; but whenever she was so seen she did not fail to excite the pity and commiseration of her younger sisters. Agnes, in order that she might get rid of the thought of Professor Sanderson's volume, compromised with her father that she should forego mathematics and confine her attention instead to the Latin Dialogues of "Dominic Ruddiman," which had been a sort of heir-loom in the family, and was almost sacredly preserved in the library. Agnes soon committed a number of the dialogues to memory, a mode of learning Latin which was not received favourably by Mr. Strickland; but, indeed, as the girls' education was entirely conducted by him, aided by a resident governess, it was not the only thing which was irregular in their education. In this way the period of childhood passed away; without associates, for their residence was a secluded house on the sea-coast of Suffolk, the nearest village being a mile away, and no

residence being near—save the farm-house let off to a tenant. During many of the severe winters they were as completely shut out from the civilized world as if they were living at the north-pole. Having no companions, and therefore no visitors, the girls were compelled to be associates and companions to each other. They had no amusements or means of amusement, save only those furnished in their gardens and woodlands, and by the pet animals that had become endeared to them. No wonder, then, that they were seldom seen outside their own home; save on the Sabbath, when they attended the old grey church, or taught in the Sunday school.

At Mr. Strickland's death, which from his constant illness ought to have been expected, an entire change in the life of Agnes and her sisters took place. Owing to the inexperience of the widow, and of her helpless family, considerable personal losses resulted; the estates in their hands were mismanaged, and consequently non-productive, while they furnished a source of much disquiet and trouble. To relieve this disastrous state of things, the girls resolved upon some energetic personal exertions, and to turn the abilities which they were conscious that they possessed to some useful account. Literature seemed to be the only means of effecting their object, as it was most in accordance with the education that they had received, and which promised, by the aid of their large library, to minister to the tastes they had now formed. Agnes had, prior to this time, essayed a poem in four

cantos, entitled "Worcester Field; or, the Cavalier," at which time she had only reached her fifteenth year. The poem was much eulogised by Campbell, but is now little known. The same may be said of her next work, "Demetrius; a Tale of Modern Greece." But, at the death of Mr. Strickland, as we have seen, the girls resolved to become authoresses by profession; and then their true work of literary labour commenced. The ease and finish which now marks their later productions was first acquired in the composition of the "Juvenile Forget-Me-Not," which received a deservedly flattering reception from the public. After this venture had been sent forth, the public became acquainted with the names of Agnes, Catherine Parr, Susannah, and Jane Margaret Strickland, in their many contributions to the periodicals. The early bent and inclination which Agnes felt to disport in poetry had been checked by her father, who conceived that it might lead her to neglect the more solid pursuits which were in accordance with his inclination. Agnes, however, indulged her taste for poesy by stealth. It is recorded of her that, in her twelfth year, she had composed some verses called "The Red Rose," intended to chronicle the chief incidents in the rise and fall of the House of Lancaster, in which, probably, she assigned to her own ancestor, Sir Thomas Strickland, a conspicuous place, he having borne the banner of St. George at Agincourt. This early effort of her muse was discovered by her father, who treated it with contemptuous criticism, which

impelled her to tear her MS. in pieces, to abjure rhyming, and—work most unpoetical—to apply herself to the fabrication of a hearth-rug. Three years afterwards, as we have already intimated, appeared her “Worcester Field,” etc.

There was open to Agnes a new era on her first visit to London, where she resided in one of the squares contiguous to the British Museum; where she soon learned, in connexion with her eldest sister, to avail herself of those rich stores with which its shelves are laden. The facility with which she then learned to read the chronicles and MS. in French and Italian was subsequently of the utmost use when she was employed in the collection of the materials for the histories which have rendered her name famous, and which she wrote in the quiet seclusion of Reydon, where she and her mother still resides. When she had adopted literature as a profession, it was with no intention of making it mere amusement; and however much it might amuse others, it was certainly labour to her, as literature must ever so be, when honestly performed. In quick succession she sent out “Historic Scenes,” to which her portrait was attached; then several admirable books for the young, the chief of which was “Stories from History,” “Illustrious British Children,” “Alda, the British Captive,” and “The Rival Crusoes,” which was jointly produced by Agnes and her sister Elizabeth. These works passed through several editions, and no doubt will be favourites with the juveniles for many

years to come. Afterwards, in 1835, her reputation was greatly increased by her work in three volumes, entitled "The Pilgrims of Walsingham," designed as a sequel to the "Canterbury Pilgrimage." The novel is made to subserve the purposes of history; hence all the pilgrims are notable personages, including Henry VIII., Catherine of Arragon, Charles Brandon, the Princess Mary, Wolsey, and other important personages. The stories told by the pilgrims on their journey are notable for eloquence and spirit, the historic interest being equally well sustained.

But the work by which Agnes was to be best known was the history of "The Queens of England from the Norman Conquest," produced in connection with her sister Elizabeth. They had, when they were girls, contracted a love for family and historical traditions, which love was afterwards encouraged and fostered by the opportunity which the library of the British Museum afforded for the study of documentary evidence and the confirmation of supposed historical facts. It was in this way that the idea of writing the lives of the Queens of England was first suggested, and fortunately for the success of the project, the charter-chest of Sizergh Castle contained many documents which threw new light upon the lives of Catherine Parr, Jane Seymour, and Mary Beatrice of Modena. Agnes and her sister, before sending out the first volume of the history, made long and careful preparation, so that the project might have the advantage of revision and re-revision, so impressed were they with

the importance of the work upon which they were engaged. In 1840, the public had the opportunity to judge of the merit of the new work, the verdict of which was in the highest degree flattering as it was discriminating. The sisters, in addition to the care which they bestowed upon the public or regal lives of the Queens, were not less attentive to the private incidents and details which marked their social life. This added a charm and a freshness not found in the dry details of the ordinary historian, who thinks usually that he has discharged his office satisfactorily when he notes the principal incidents in the reigns, with special reference to military engagements and foreign affairs. The sisters, encouraged by the reception of their first volume, commenced the composition of the second with redoubled diligence, and with the determination that it should be worthy its predecessor. In this way, volume being added to volume, the work proceeded to its completion in 1851. But long before that period the work had become one of the most popular and successful which had been sent from the press for many years. For the first time the public had been taught to read the details of history invested with all the charms and fascination of a work of the imagination—if indeed any mere work of the imagination possessed more, or so much interest. Elizabeth, although taking part with her sister in the composition of the great work, yet from choice has declined to have her name coupled with her sister's on the title page. The labour to which probably the history owes its chief value was undertaken by Agnes—that

of consulting the documentary evidence which was found stored in France as well as England. Afterwards Agnes and her sister added the "Lives of the Queens of Scotland, and English Princesses connected with the Royal Succession of the British Queens." This work, which received a favourable reception, contains an important vindication of Mary Stuart, whose innocence Agnes attempts to prove by reference to the state papers in the Record Office at Westminster, and in the General Register Office, Edinburgh.

While Agnes and Elizabeth were thus usefully and industriously employed, their sister, Jane Margaret, was also contributing her quota to the public instruction, and to the family's renown, by many juvenile works and essays, which were inserted in the religious serials of the day, the main object of which was the elevation of the working classes, the circumstances and wants of whom, by personal inspection, she had become acquainted with. More recently, however, she has confined herself to the composition of a family "History of Rome," which is intended to embrace "Ancient Rome" in its several stages of conquest, civilization, literature, and art; the private biographies of every remarkable man who swayed its destinies; and the history of the early Christian Church, its apostles, teachers, martyrs, and authors. The other sisters, Catherine and Susannah, married Lieutenant Frail and John Dunbar Moodie, Esq., of the 21st Royal North British Fusiliers, who soon after their marriage embarked for Canada. Both ladies have given evidence of their possessing a considerable

amount of literary ability, which may well be deemed a family possession. Mrs. Frail is the authoress of a volume of experience and observation, entitled "The Backwoods of America, by the Wife of an Emigrant;" also of the "Canadian Crusoes," and "A Guide to Female Emigrants." These works are all marked by a genial hopeful spirit, which must make them peculiarly acceptable in both hemispheres. Mrs. Moodie is also a writer not unknown to fame. Her chief works are two novels, "Mark Hurdlestone" and "Flora Lindsay," which have been reprinted in England. "Roughing it in the Bush," also her production, has had a deservedly wide circulation; to the intended emigrant it is peculiarly valuable as much for the instruction it contains as for the recital of the experience of a first settler in a new country. We are also indebted to one of the sons (the eldest) of this remarkable family for important information relative to Canada. "Twenty-seven years in Canada West," by Major Strickland, is a work well known.

It is to be hoped that the health and strength of the various members, whose usefulness we have thus slightly indicated, may long be preserved; that they may have the opportunity, "before they go hence," of leaving still more permanent records of their industrious and useful lives. Be their time, however, on this stage of existence prolonged or otherwise, it must be said of them: "*They served* their day and generation." Fitting and truthful inscription for the family monument.

ANGELICA KAUFFMAN:

THE CELEBRATED GIRL ARTIST.

THE father of Maria Anna Angelica Kauffman, at the period of her birth, 1741, was employed at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, in painting church pictures. Angelica was an only child. Her early bent and inclination, which led her to cultivate an enduring love of nature in its wildest or most placid moods, was fostered and encouraged by her parents, who ardently loved their little girl. It was not her father's intention that she should follow his art; but manifesting an early predilection for painting, he gave her just so much instruction as it pleased her to receive. These lessons soon became much more interesting and absorbing than any work of mere amusement or recreation. So earnest was she in her studies, that when she had only attained her ninth year, the fame of her wonderful pictures had gone abroad. In 1752, fortunately for her studies, her father removed to Como, where greater facilities were presented for painting in the delightful scenery of the district, as well as in the additional instruction

which the city furnished. Here, also, she commenced seriously to acquaint herself with general literature, and to obtain a knowledge of music. So proficient, indeed, did she become, and so rapid was her advancement in the latter, that her friends urged her parents to perfect her education, with a view to a professional life. Miss Kauffman was also undecided whether she should devote herself to music or painting : either of the pursuits promising, with diligent study, a successful result.

In one of her pictures she represented herself in an attitude of hesitation, standing between the two figures of music and painting. Her tastes, and the evident bias of her inclination, led her finally to select painting as her future profession ; her progress in which, in her then girlish years, was marked with extraordinary success. One of her earliest works, the portrait of the steward of the Bishop of Como, was not only the object of general admiration, but procured her many substantial commissions. It is said also that at this time she painted the portrait of the Archbishop of Como.

No doubt this period of her life was spent very happily. Her home was on the borders of the loveliest lake in the world ; she was affectionately loved by her parents, and had the friendship and esteem of a wide circle residing in the city.

In one of her letters she wrote :—" You ask, my friend, why Como is ever in my thoughts. It was at Como that, in my most happy youth, I tasted the

first real enjoyment of life ; I saw stately palaces, beautiful villas, and elegant pleasure-boats ; I thought myself in the midst of the luxuries of fairy-land. After the lapse of years, the genius that presides over my destiny led me again into this delicious region, where I tasted the delights of friendship with the charms of nature, and listened with deeper joy than ever to the murmur of waves on that unrivalled shore."

In 1754, her father, to her great regret, removed to Milan. Here, however, a new world of wonders opened upon the view of the youthful artist. It was at Milan that Leonardo da Vinci founded a new school of art ; and it is there also where works of the utmost value, especially to the art student, still remain. No wonder, then, that Miss Kauffman should receive impressions and an impetus which considerably influenced her style, and affected her subsequent professional career. Some of her pictures at this period being brought under the notice of the Duke of Modena and Governor of Milan, he was induced to declare himself her patron, which led to her introduction to the Duchess of Carrara, whose portrait she painted. This courtly commission led to others from several ladies of rank, which brought her into society, and exercised a considerable influence upon her character, imparting to her a rare degree of self-possession and quiet modesty.

On the death of his wife, Kauffman was induced to undertake a great work in his native city of Schwar-

zenberg, which necessitated his removal from Milan. Angelica was now found of essential service to her father. She painted in fresco the figures of the Twelve Apostles, copied from engravings by Piazzetta. Her home at this period was in the house of her father's brother, an honest but poor farmer. At the outset, the girl who had been accustomed to all the refinements of elevated society, rebelled at the utter want of eloquence and taste which marked her new abode. As her good sense came to her aid, and habit accustomed her to her new position, a much more genial influence dawned upon her mind. Then it was that she learned to love the simplicity and hospitality of her uncle's home ; to contract a positive affection for its gabled front and narrow windows ; the gloom and solitude of the pine forests, through which the sunbeams seemed unable to penetrate. Very soon she ceased to long for the Milan palaces, the groves, and delightful lake of Como. Her time being entirely taken up with her father in the decoration of the church, she had no time for useless regrets.

From this time the young artist was busily employed with the execution of various commissions, and in removing about from place to place. She was thus prevented from visiting Italy for the purpose of further completing her studies. Subsequently, much to her delight, she was enabled, in company with her father, to visit Milan and Florence, at which latter place her soul was filled with delight in the

contemplation of the great works of art contained in the city. She was further gratified by having the honour of seeing her portraits admitted into the collection of original paintings by artists of celebrity ; and also the further honour of being summoned to Constance, to paint the portrait of Cardinal de Roth.

But Florence, fair and beautiful and rich as it was in all that could charm the eye of an artist, was only borne with in anticipation of the greater treasures in store in the eternal city itself. Her wish and ardent aspirations were gratified in the year 1763, when she took up her residence in Rome. At that time the celebrated Winkelmann was dispensing his instructions, in no chary or unwilling spirit, to all those aspirants who were anxious that their paintings should be based upon true principles of art. Angelica was immediately introduced to him, when they soon became attached friends. Angelica at this time was in her eighteenth year, and Winkelmann in his sixtieth. She, with all the world before her, felt her spirit bounding forward in anticipation of her contemplated artistic triumphs ; he, on the contrary, felt that life with its cares and trials had subdued the fire of enthusiasm with which in his younger years he had been animated. Yet, diverse as they thus were, they became firm and attached friends. She, to mark her sense of the value of the instruction received from him, painted his portrait, which was not only an excellent likeness, but developed the spiritual expression which was so distinguishing a

characteristic of the immortal Winkelmann. He was evidently pleased both with the compliment and the manner of its completion, as he announced the work to be the production of "a young and beautiful woman." This portrait was afterwards engraved.

Shortly afterwards, she visited the soft and luxurious city of Naples, for the purpose of copying some paintings in the Royal Gallery. Her visit was not only productive of new ideas, resulting from the study of many ancient works of art, but also profitable in a commercial sense, being favoured with a number of commissions from the more opulent inhabitants of the famous city.

Once again, in 1764, she was in Rome, when she renewed her intimacy with Winkelmann, and continued her studies, which now included architecture and perspective. She completed her studies of Italian art by careful observation of the works of Caracci, in Bologna, and Titian, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese, in Venice. When in Venice, she made the acquaintance of Lady Wentworth, whom she afterwards accompanied to London, where it was expected that her success would be greater than in Italy; which prediction the result more than realized. Amongst the large circle of friends that her talents and accomplishments drew around her was Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was so much enamoured with her manners and ability that he offered her his hand. Fuseli was among the number of her admirers, and it is probable that he also made her an offer of marriage. At this time she

had received the rare honour for a woman, of being admitted to a professorship in the Academy of Arts; and, which was no less an honour, was admitted to the best society which London contained.

The incident which led to the greatest misfortune in Miss Kauffman's life, a writer in the *Westminster Review* thus relates :—

“It was in early girlhood, while travelling with her father through Switzerland to their native land, that she first beheld the man who was to exercise so fatal an influence on her destiny. Angelica was then only in her seventeenth year; her drawing talents had already attracted considerable attention; but as both father and daughter were poor, they were compelled to travel on foot, resting at night at the little inns by the wayside. One evening, when wearied with the long day's journey, they entered a humble house of entertainment, they were informed by the landlord that they must go further, for a couple of grand seigneurs, just arrived, had engaged all the rooms for themselves and their suite. The weary travellers insisted on their right to remain, and the debate was growing warm, when one of the gentlemen for whose accommodation they were rejected made his appearance, and with great politeness begged them to enter the dining-room, and share their repast. The good Kauffman, whose frank, confiding nature was almost a stranger to suspicion, at once consented, despite the whispered entreaties of his daughter, who, with the intuitive perception of her

sex, had discerned something offensive beneath the polished courtesy of their inviter. She was not mistaken. At the table, Lord E—— soon forgot the respect due to youth and innocence, and attempted some liberty. Angelica indignantly repulsed it, and on its repetition, rising hastily from the table, she drew her father with her, and instantly left the house.”

Ten years afterwards, in the midst of a splendid circle, including the *elite* of London society, Lord E—— again met the little pedestrian of the Swiss mountains, transformed into the elegant woman and gifted artist. If he was impressed with her beauty at their first interview, how much was that impression strengthened, and his admiration increased, when he thus saw her the centre of a brilliant circle, “the observed of all observers.” He now took every opportunity to destroy the previous impression that he had made, and by flattery, professions of esteem, and unselfish devotion, to win her regard and love. No sooner, however, was he assured by his increasing importunity of having created an interest in the breast of Angelica, than he threw off the mask, and revealed himself in his true colours. Angelica, secure in the innocence of her life, and in the purity of her motive, indignantly refused to admit him to her presence. This only exasperated him the more ; so that he sought to obtain by violence that which he could not obtain by deceit. Rumours of this base conduct became noised abroad, so that he was compelled to leave England to escape the indignation which his unworthy conduct so richly merited.

No sooner had Angelica escaped from this snare than she fell into another more fatal in its results. She was the subject of the intrigues of a man who was a menial by birth and position, and who had assumed the name and rank of Count. Frederic Horne (his master), in which character he made overtures to Angelica, commending himself finally to her sympathies by representing himself as the subject of a terrible misfortune, from which she only could save him by accepting him as her husband. Angelica, commiserating his condition, and believing firmly the dolorous statement, consented to a secret marriage, which was celebrated by a Catholic priest, without writings or in the presence of witnesses.

Soon after the ceremony Angelica, when employed in Buckingham Palace, painting the portraits of some of the members of the royal family, took the opportunity which was presented in the friendly converse of the Queen, to mention the fact of her marriage. Her Majesty congratulated her upon her nuptials, and sent an invitation for the Count to appear at court, which he very wisely forebore to do, having a presentiment that the imposture would soon be disclosed. This consummation was brought about the sooner, in consequence of the real Count returning to England. The Queen took it upon her to reveal to Angelica the fraud which had been practised upon her. Then came the further discovery that the assumed Count had been previously married, that his second marriage was prompted by motives of cupidity

merely ; that in obtaining the earnings of Angelica his only object was answered. Of course the false marriage was declared void, and Angelica was once more free. This *mésalliance* did not detract from the friendship which was entertained for her, or prevent her receiving several excellent offers of marriage, which she resolutely declined, having elected to live only for her profession. When, however, after fifteen years residence in England, her father was recommended to return to Italy, and being at the time apprehensive of his death, she was induced by his entreaties to enter into a second marriage with the painter, Antonio Zucchi, which proved a most happy one until his death, which happened in 1781.

After the marriage Angelica, with her husband and father, proceeded to Italy, where, in the January o. 1782, Kauffman died in the arms of his gifted daughter. After his death, she and her husband took up their residence in Rome, intending to make it their permanent abode. Their home became the centre of attraction for distinguished strangers, artists, sculptors, and literary men. Amongst her friends, Angelica numbered the celebrated Goethe, who, in one of his letters thus refers to her :—" The good Angelica has a most remarkable, and, for a woman, really unheard of talent ; one must see and value what she does, and not what she leaves undone. There is much to learn from her, particularly as to work ; for what she effects is really marvellous."

Upon another occasion he wrote : " The light and

pleasing in form and colour, in design and execution, distinguish the numerous works of our artist. No living painter excels her in dignity, or in the delicate taste with which she handles the pencil." This opinion becoming general, gave rise to the remark that her works were "light and lovely May games of charming phantasy."

Raphael Mengs thus wrote of Angelica: "As an artist, she is the pride of the female sex in all times and in all nations. Nothing is wanting; composition, colouring, fancy, all are here."

Fuseli, also, the severest and most competent of judges, says he "has no wish to contradict those who make success the standard of genius, and as their heroine equals the greatest names in the first, suppose her on a level with them in power. She pleased, and desired to please, the age in which she lived, and the race for which she wrought. The Germans, with as much patriotism, at least, as judgment, have styled her the Paintress of Minds; nor can this be wondered at for a nation who, in A. R. Mengs, flatter themselves that they possess an artist equal to Raphael."

The male and female characters of Angelica never vary in form, feature, or expression, from the favourite ideal in her own mind. Her heroes are all the man to whom she thought she could have submitted; though him, perhaps, she never found. Her heroines are herself; and, while suavity of countenance and alluring graces shall be able to divert the general eye from the sterner demands of character and expression, can never fail to please.

Fortunately for the fame of Angelica, the famous engraver Bartolozzi, attracted by the excellence of the youthful artist, was induced to devote his great talents almost entirely to the reproduction of her works. Her fame indeed was so great during her residence in Rome that, in addition to the witchery which she exercised over the most notable and eminent of the visitors to the "eternal city," she was privileged to draw within her own circle friends like Klopstock and Gessner, who were ardent admirers of her talents and surprising industry ; and who attributed to her an important influence in the growth and advancement of literature and art.

Her portrait, painted by herself, life size, is in the Pitti Gallery at Florence ; it is in the company of two other female artists. "The first," wrote one of the visitors, "in feature and expression bears the stamp of a masculine intellect ; the touch is vigorous, the colouring has the golden tint of the Venetian school, but it presents no mark of individuality ; this is Maria Robusti Tintoretti. The second cannot be mistaken ; even the most unpractised eye would discern at a glance that it is a Frenchwoman ; piquant, lively, graceful, evidently not so much engrossed with her art as to be insensible to admiration as a woman ; this is the well-known Madame Le Brun. Opposite the fair Parisian is a third portrait ; a woman still in the bloom of life, but destitute of all brilliancy of colouring, with an expression grave and pensive almost to melancholy. She

is seated on a stone, in the midst of a solitary landscape, a portfolio with sketches in one hand, a pencil in the other. The attitude is unstudied almost to negligence. There is no attempt at display ; you feel as you look on her that every thought is absorbed in her vocation ; this is Angelica Kauffman."

The harmony of her life was interrupted by the death of her husband, which took place in 1795 ; this was succeeded by the series of political events which were felt in every land. Italy was invaded by the French—a source of much disquiet to the spirit of Angelica, although General L'Espinasse had ordered that her house should be exempted from the occupation of soldiers. But kindness of this character, however delicate and well intended, was inadequate to restore her energy and bring back her accustomed cheerfulness. No wonder, therefore, that in 1802 she was seized with illness, to recover from which, and to strengthen her mind, she was induced to travel. Florence, Milan, and Como, were severally visited, and for the time excited lively recollections of her youthful days. On her return to Rome her friends gave her joyous and jubilant welcome. From that time to the period of her death, which occurred in the November of 1807, she devoted her talents to her loved profession, and in the cultivation of the friendship of her loved friends. When her death was known a profound melancholy settled upon her adopted city. To do her memory honour, all the members of the Academy of St. Luke assisted at her

funeral, when her latest pictures were borne after her bier. The Church of St. Andrew received her remains, and the Pantheon preserves her bust. Her memory may well live in the recollection of all aspirants for fame or fortune. Gifted as she was with powers rarely possessed by woman, she had, at the same time, that spirit of industry without which the most transcendent gifts are useless and inoperative; and which frequently produces from talents, often meager and commonplace, results lasting and important. In this respect her life is a great moral lesson, as her work was a great poem.

“True Fortitude is seen in great exploits
That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides,
All else is tow’ring Frenzy and Distraction.”

ELIZABETH CARTER:

THE LEARNED GIRL, LINGUIST, AND TRANSLATOR.

It is not always the quickest or brightest girls that become the most notable women. There are many instances on record where those that have been slow and dull at the outset have eventually become famous and celebrated. But where this has been the case, we shall always expect to find that diligence, in connection with unwearied perseverance, has been the distinguishing characteristic of their lives. Miss Elizabeth Carter is a notable example. Her slowness in acquiring the lessons given her by her father was so trying to his patience, that he repeatedly entreated her to forego them altogether. Her father, the Rev. N. Carter, D.D., gave all his children the same opportunities of learning, imparting to his daughters, as well as to his sons, instruction in the Latin and Greek languages. But Elizabeth's slow progress nearly induced him to confine the classical lessons to his sons. But fortunately Elizabeth, if she had not parts or talents, had that which more than compensates for them — determined resolution and perseverance. The complaints of her father she

resolved should have no cause in her own inaction or want of effort. Learning, at the very outset of life, she had become accustomed to consider the supreme good, save only piety and virtue. Learned, therefore, she resolved to be, let the contest cost what it might, or the struggle be as severe as it might. But there was one advantage in the slowness to which she was subjected by the sluggishness of her intellect—that which she did learn she learned thoroughly ; that which she committed to memory was so indelibly impressed upon her recollection, that no after years or subsequent studies could efface it. In short, that which Miss Carter once acquired she never afterwards lost. But her unwearied diligence and her continuous application cost her an after life of sickness, which manifested itself in frequent headaches and other pains. A judicious friend would have warned her from a too great indulgence in her favourite pursuits ; a mother would have forbidden her prolonging her studies to such an extent as to damage her health. But, unfortunately, Elizabeth lost her mother when she was only ten years old ; the care of her mental and physical health then devolved upon her father, who certainly was not very well fitted for the task.

Miss Carter contracted one very disagreeable habit, which the careful direction of her mother would have shielded her from—that of taking snuff ; contracted, no doubt, at outset by the practice of sitting up late into the night at her studies ; this habit obtained so

complete a mastery over her that she was never subsequently able to subdue it.

She first commenced to learn the Greek language, then the Latin, and afterwards the Hebrew ; in the last of which her proficiency was considerable, never omitting in her after life to keep herself in practice by daily reading." "With Greek and Latin she was thoroughly and intimately acquainted, especially with Greek, to which noble language she was particularly partial. She used to relate with much pleasure to her own family (for no person spoke less of herself, or of her own acquirements, in company) that Dr. Johnson had said, speaking of some celebrated scholar, 'that he understood Greek better than any one whom he had ever known, except Elizabeth Carter.' She learned French by residing for a year in the house of a clergyman, a Frenchman, who was then staying at Canterbury ; but Italian, Spanish, and German she acquired by her own unaided efforts and perseverance. She always manifested the utmost fondness for German, which she was induced to commence to study by her father, who had thought that he could obtain for her a place at Court—a knowledge of German being at that time indispensable. However, in this particular, the German language was of no use, as her father failed in completing his purpose. Then, having thoroughly mastered German in an incredibly short space of time, she determined to learn Portuguese, in which, owing to a want of books, she made but little progress. After which, she

taught herself Arabic ; in the course of which she made an Arabic dictionary for her own use. In addition to these acquirements, she studied astronomy, and made considerable progress in ancient geography. Her knowledge of history was also general and profound. In the ordinary accomplishments, Miss Carter was not wanting. Needlework of the commonest kind she practised throughout her life ; drawing she attempted, but with little success ; music, of which she was very fond, she devoted some time in learning, but in this art she failed to acquire any great proficiency. Amongst other instruments that she attempted to learn was the German flute—a strange instrument, it must be confessed, for a lady. Miss Carter was, in fact, no mere literary pedant ; she entered into all the relaxations of her companions, and the amusements which were common at the period, with zest, heartiness, and interest. Her presence never threw a damp over the juvenile amusements or gaieties of her young friends. She was never idle. She rose very early, generally between four and five o'clock ; and this custom she continued through her long life ; her latest time of rising, when in tolerable health, being between six and seven o'clock, even to her life's close. When young, she accustomed herself to sitting up very late, so that her father in one of his letters commends her for having formed a resolution of going to bed not later than twelve o'clock, and desires her to adhere to it. Hence she was accustomed to use various

means to keep herself awake, to the great injury of her health, for she was always inclined to sleep; she slept soon, and very soundly, even in her chair. Besides taking snuff, she owned that she used to bind a wet towel round her head, put a wet cloth to the pit of her stomach, and chew green tea and coffee. To oblige her father, she endeavoured to conquer the habit of taking snuff, and would not resume it without his consent. This he at length reluctantly gave, finding how much she suffered from the want of it." She tells us in one of her letters the way in which she contrived to awake in the mornings. "There is a bell," she wrote, "placed at the head of my bed, and to this is fastened a pack-thread and a piece of lead; which, when I am not lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane, is conveyed through a crevice of my window into a garden below pertaining to the sexton, who gets up between four and five, and pulls the said pack-thread with as much heart and good-will as if he was ringing my bell. And now I am up, I sit down to my several lessons as regular as a schoolboy, and lay in a stock of learning to make a figure with at breakfast. My general practice about six is to take up my stick and walk, sometimes alone, and at other times with a companion, whom I call in my way, and draw out half asleep. When I have made myself fit to appear among human creatures, we go to breakfast, and are, as you imagine, extremely chatty; and this, and tea in the afternoon, are the most sociable and delightful parts of the day. We

have a great variety of topics, in which everybody bears a part, till we get insensibly upon books; and, whenever we go beyond Latin and French, my sister and the rest walk off, and leave my father and me to finish the discourse. I fancy I have a privilege for talking a vast deal over the tea-table, as I am tolerably silent the rest of the day. After breakfast, every one follows their several employments. My first care is to water the pinks and roses, which are stuck in about twenty different parts of my room; and, when this task is finished, I sit down to a spinnet, which in its best state might have cost about fifteen shillings, with as much importance as if I knew how to play. After deafening myself for about half an hour with all manner of noises, I proceed to some other amusement, that employs me about the same time, for longer I seldom apply to anything; and thus, between reading, working, writing, twirling the globes, and running up and down stairs a hundred times to see where everybody is, and how they do, which furnishes me with little intervals of talk, I seldom want either business or entertainment. Of an afternoon I sometimes go out; not so often, however, as in civility I ought to do: for it is always some mortification to me not to drink tea at home. It is the fashion here for people to make such unreasonably long visits, that before they are half over I grow so restless and corks, that I am ready to fly out of the window. About eight o'clock I visit a very agreeable family, where I have spent every evening

for these fourteen years. I always return precisely at ten, beyond which time I do not desire to see the face of any living wight." In this manner she spent her every day to her latest years. Flowers she continued to love to the day of her death with all her youthful admiration.

By her many kindnesses she earned the love and respect of the people of Deal; the common people, indeed, considered her an honour and a blessing to the town, looking upon her almost as an object of veneration. After her death, the tree which Miss Carter had planted thirty-five years previously, was looked upon as a sacred object, which the owner was solicited to preserve. The county people from some cause imagined that she was more than an ordinary mortal—taking off their hats when she appeared, and uttering to each other in bated breath their admiration for "Parson Carter's daughter." In one of her letters she intimates that at times she was taken for a witch. "It has as yet been fair to-day," she wrote, "but I fear will not continue so. However, I must be cautious of uttering my conjectures here, where I already pass for more than half a witch. Mrs. — was lately told by somebody in the village that a *very cunning* gentlewoman had foretold all the bad weather we have had this summer, and likewise, that there will be a worse storm before the end of it. Poor Mrs. —, from her long acquaintance with me, was far enough from suspecting that I could be the person characterised by the name

of a *cunning gentlewoman*, till, learning this Cassandra lived at Deal, she was led into further inquiries, which fully proved the charge against me. From my foretelling a storm, it will be a mighty easy and natural transition to my raising it; so, upon the whole, it seems to be well for me that the repeal of the Witch Act will suffer me to do it with impunity. There was just such another ridiculous story two years ago about my foretelling the high tide. I really thought there had been no such nonsense left, even among the lowest of the people, at present." About this time, also, it was noised about that Miss Carter had made some wonderful discovery in mathematics, which had arrested the attention of Government, and that in consequence a gentleman had been sent down by the Admiralty to confer with her on the subject. It was then credibly believed that she was either desirous of, or was about to be returned to Parliament. Her sister wrote to her while she was in London: "Here's all Deal in amazement that you want to be a Member of the Parliament House; and Mrs. ——— was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house quite eager to ask, and was amazed to hear 'twas so." These circumstances serve to show the estimation in which Miss Carter was held by the people amongst whom she lived.

The works completed by Miss Carter during her life were both numerous and valuable. Before her seventeenth year several of her poems had appeared

in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which attracted considerable notice, and which led to her introduction to several of the most notable men of that day. Samuel Johnson she appears to have known soon after he came to London in 1737. The next year she published a small quarto volume of poems; and the year following, a translation from the French of the attack by M. Consarz on "Pope's Essay on Man," celebrated for having been the means of bringing about the friendship of Pope and Warburton. Miss Carter's translation was accompanied with short notes. In the same year she published two volumes from the Italian, of Algarotti's "*Newtonianismo par le Dame*," under the title of "*Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy Explained for the use of the Ladies, in Six Dialogues on Light and Colours*." But her greatest work was the translation of "*Epictus*," by which her reputation was much increased, and her fame spread amongst the *literati* of the day. It was commenced in 1749, at the desire of Miss Talbot, enforced by the Bishop of Oxford, to whom the sheets were transmitted for emendations as soon as finished. It was not originally intended for publication, and was, therefore, not completed till 1756, when it was published with notes and an introduction by herself, by subscription, in 1758. Miss Carter, besides the substantial reward of one thousand pounds, the profit accruing from the book, had her fame extended and her reputation increased by its publication. Since her death the

work has been twice reprinted. Her last production was a volume of poems, which also has been several times republished.

But Miss Carter had other employments besides those of a literary character—her humane and charitable disposition prompted her to action in many benevolent enterprises that had the good of the poor as its sole object. One society to which she was attached, and towards the funds of which she was amongst the first to subscribe, was established for the relief of poor and reduced housekeepers, in the five western parishes of the metropolis, under the jurisdiction of Westminster. A society which numbered amongst its members women like Miss Carter was calculated to render the most substantial benefits to the objects of its care and sympathy. Miss Carter, also, much to her credit as well as comfort, concerned herself with the household affairs of her father's home; which were conducted, so we are informed, as ably and as successfully as she could have done if she had known no language but her mother tongue. In addition to these duties, she concerned herself with the education of her brother, to whom she imparted a knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and in other matters prepared him for entering the University of Cambridge, where he passed his examination with credit. "Mr. Henry Carter," observes Mr. Pennington, "is perhaps the only instance of a student at Cambridge who was indebted for his previous education to one of the other sex; and this

circumstance excited no small surprise there, when it was inquired after his examination at what school he had been brought up."

When she approached the close of her long life, extended nearly to her ninetieth year, Miss Carter wrote—"I believe it, and with the deepest gratitude I ought to speak it, there are very few people who have so many reasons to be fond of life as myself; and sufficiently attached to it I am. And yet, perhaps, there are not many to whom the thought of its being so far advanced would give less concern. In the course of travelling, though the road be ever so pleasant and the company ever so good, one cannot help sometimes feeling that one is not at home, and looking forward to the journey's end. How thankful ought one to be that there is, at least, a home where all who do not wilfully take a wrong path will be sure to find that repose and security of enjoyment which in the most prosperous journey can never be found on the road." Her end, sustained and soothed by the friendship of many devoted friends, but also assured by that brighter hope which lifts the soul to regions of purity and bliss, took place on the 19th of February, 1806, in London, in her eighty-ninth year! How she thought of the solemn moment when she passed out of time into eternity, of the duties of life—of the hopes of the sinner—and of the goodness of God, we learn from some exquisite lines of her's, composed at midnight:—

"While Night in solemn shade invests the Pole,
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul:

While reason undisturbed asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;
To Thee, all-conscious Presence I devote?
This peaceful interval of sober thought.
Here all my better faculties confine,
And be this hour of sacred silence Thine!

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has strayed;
If, by example snared, by passion warmed,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charmed,
My calmer thought the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are centred in Thy love.
Deprived of this, can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when Thy gracious Spirit's guardian care
Warned my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will His gentle aid repressed,
And checked the rising goodness in my breast;
Mad with vain hopes, or urged by false desires,
Stilled His soft voice, and quenched His sacred fire.

With grief opprest, and prostrate in the dust
Shouldst Thou condemn, I own the sentence just
But oh, Thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy, that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horror of despair,
From rigorous Justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of power;
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey,

Lest lurking folly, with insidious art,
 Regain my volatile, and insidious art,
 Shall every high resolve devotion frames
 Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
 Or rather, while thy hopes and fears control,
 In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
 Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
 And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb.
 Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
 Till the last morn its orient beams disclose:
 Then, when the Great Archangel's potent sound
 Shall echo through creations's ample round,
 Waked from the sleep of death, with joy survey
 The opening splendours of eternal day!

FANNY CORBAUX:

THE GIRL ARTIST AND BIBLICAL CRITIC.

THE instances of the proficiency of women in any and every task she undertakes with the determination to succeed, must ere this have dissipated the absurd notion of her intellectual inferiority to man. Mdlle. Royer only recently astonished the Parisians with her intellectual conquests in the dry science of Political Economy :—" A work on direct taxation, by Mdlle. Royer, is coming out at Guillemins Librairie Economique, in the Rue Richelieu. The publisher, who is conversant with every question of political economy, was astonished that a young lady could treat with so much ability one that has been puzzling many French and even English statesmen, some of whom even yet cannot see their way through it. He did not, however, trust to his own judgment in speculating upon the mercantile success of a work on such an abstruse subject proceeding from a woman's pen, and before undertaking the publication of Mdlle. Royer's manuscript, consulted with some of the most celebrated financiers at Paris, who, without



Fanny Cornforth painting in the National Gallery

FANNY CORBAUX:

THE GEM, ARTIST AND BIBLICAL CRITIC.

Let us suppose all the prejudices of Europe to be
abolished, and the world to be with the determination
to do as it likes, this have dissipated the absurd
prejudices which have hitherto been a barrier to man. Middle.
class society, however, is not so easily won. Fanny's work
is not only a masterpiece of art, but a masterpiece of
character. It is a work of art, and a work of character.
The work, as Mr. Boyer, is coming out at Guillemin's Librairie
Scientifique, in the Rue de la Harpe. The publisher,
who is conversant with every branch of political
science, was astonished that a young lady could
possess such a strong ability and that has been gathering
round French and even English saloons, some of
which she yet cannot see their way through it. He
therefore, however, trust to his own judgment in
publishing that the mercantile success of a work on
such an obscure subject proceeding from a woman's
pen, and of her undertaking the publication of
such a work, is a masterpiece of art, and a masterpiece of
character. The work is coming out at Guillemin's Librairie
Scientifique, in the Rue de la Harpe, who, without



Fanny Corbaux painting in the National Gallery.

any hesitation, advised him to close the affair. The authoress is a Parisian; she obtained a first-class teacher's diploma at the Hotel de Ville, and subsequently proceeded to finish her education at Lausanne, where she attained a great proficiency in the ancient languages. While staying at Lausanne, the academy there offered a prize on some philosophical subject, which was open not only to the competition of the students of the Swiss Universities, but also to private institutions in that country. All the essays were to be sent in under a fictitious signature. This determined Mdlle. Royer to compete for the prize, which was, independent of the honour it would confer, of some pecuniary value. She did so; and on the day when the rector of the academy announced the successful candidate to the assembled competitors, as being infinitely superior in style, solidity, and learning to all the others, she came from amidst the spectators, where she had been sitting, to be the first woman who was ever crowned by that learned body. This lady has since been measuring her ability as a lecturer side by side with Lamartine and the most brilliant *litterateurs* and speakers of France, at the literary *entretiens et lectures* which have taken place for some time past, at 7, Rue de la Paix. The evening before she spoke, M. Louis Jourdan, a man remarkable for no small amount of French wit, and the brilliancy proceeding from great fluency of expression, mental culture, and a mind easily impressed by all that passes around

him, selected for his subject, "Woman as she is, and as she will be"—both of which were antithetic enough. However, he treated the subject in such a manner as to draw frequent plaudits from the highly-cultivated and liberal audience which he addressed, and, without intending it, demolished the nonsensical theories of Prudhon and Michelet with more grace and delicacy, and not less force, than ever Madame d'Héricourt did. Mdlle. Royer chose for her theme, "Women of Antiquity." The favour with which her lecture was received could not be ascribed to her graceful figure or highly interesting and expressive countenance, if we are to believe the malicious proverb that "a woman can forgive any fault in another except beauty," for the ladies present were as much delighted with the fair speaker as the academicians beside them, many of whom pressed forward to congratulate her after she had passed unscathed through the ordeal of a criticism that does not permit the slightest deviation from the laws of good taste and good sense, and which insists on gracefulness and ease of expression with a perspicuity and logical precision of terms of the most inflexible order."

Another instance of perseverance and intellectual superiority is furnished by the career of Miss Fanny Corbaux, Painter, Biblical Critic, and Historian, who was born in the year 1812. Her father was an Englishman well known to scientific men throughout the world for his abilities as a statistician and mathematician. He had been elected a member of the

Royal Society in consequence, probably, of the merit which was attached to the publication of several mathematical works which have become standard works of reference.

The bent of his daughter's genius at the outset manifested itself in the direction of limning and copying beautiful objects. This she was accustomed to do from her earliest years, before she knew or could pronounce the names of the objects she attempted to draw. It was in this way that she first familiarised herself with the letters of the alphabet; thus learning with pleasure that which is usually deemed an irksome task. Her first toy or at least the first toy of which she has any recollection, was a large slate, upon which she made her first rude efforts in drawing. Of course she had no conception at that time that she was then laying the foundation of the means by which, in after life, she would obtain her livelihood. Had the question been put to her—"What is the good of it?" she could only have answered—"It is for my amusement that I like it." Had drawing always been amusement, there would not have been much credit in the eagerness with which she afterwards followed the study. But, as we shall see, it became a very weariness to the flesh; but was not the less eagerly followed. Miss Corbaux was constituted of quite other materials to give up when difficulty made the task irksome. The necessity of converting that into a duty which had hitherto been her pleasure, was

necessitated by her father, when he was very old and she was very young, losing the wreck of what had been a liberal fortune, and which was his only means of subsistence. He found himself, in his advanced age, with debility of mind and body, utterly unable to retrieve his position, and to win back for himself and his daughter the comforts to which they had been accustomed. Fanny, therefore, saw that she must now endeavour to use the talents for maintenance, which had previously been used for amusement. At this time she had only attained her fifteenth year, and was literally without help of every kind. If ever girl, therefore, was self-dependent, and had need to depend upon self—it was Fanny Corboux. She neither belonged to the independent class or to the labouring class; she had neither the means of the one or the habits of the other. All the instruction that she had hitherto received in the art in which she was to become a proficient, was some crude lessons denominated in schools as “learning to draw,” but which would render her very little aid in perfecting herself in her profession. Her limited means precluded her from obtaining any private lessons from persons competent to teach. She had not even the good fortune to have the acquaintance of any one who could and would give her advice in the selection of the best style suited to her talents, and who would the soonest bring about substantial results, and so enable her to maintain herself and her family. The

difficulties which surrounded her in her early career cannot better be illustrated than in her own words, which detail her own determination and labour. "I tried," she says, "to use colours; but so little idea had I of painting, that when the well-known coloured print, 'Gaston de Foix,' was lent me to copy, I remember my extreme anxiety to copy the appearance of the engraving, by imitating its lines of shading in the armour and draperies with the colour. How often I sponged out the face, weeping over my disappointment, that I could not prevent my colours from being black and muddy, nor make my dots as small as those in the stippled engraving. What with crying and trying, in six weeks' of incessant labour I did finish a copy as many inches square." Yet, notwithstanding these early difficulties—insurmountable as some would deem them—she speedily attained to a proficiency which secured her the large silver medal of the Society of Arts for an original portrait in miniature; the silver Isis medal for a copy of figures in water-colours; and the silver palette for one of an engraving. She was also fortunate in the year following (1828), to obtain the Isis medal a second time for a composition of figures in water-colours; and then, 1830, having made considerable proficiency in her studies, a miniature portrait was deemed sufficiently meritorious to be worthy of the gold medal. Previous to obtaining this high honour, Miss Corbaux had learned that the National Gallery and British Institution were open to students. Had she known

this sooner it would doubtless have been of great advantage to her; she would not only have had secured to her good models, but she would have had the opportunity of seeing others paint—in her peculiar circumstances, a desideratum of the highest moment. As it was, she lost no time in availing herself of the advantages of the institution. In the first year of her attendance she was able not only to make a considerable number of excellent copies and small studies, but also to become familiarised with many of the artists' resources in the management of water-colours; so that, when she had attained her eighteenth year, she had sufficient confidence in her own powers to enable her to go before the public as a professional artist. Her capability was acknowledged by the Society of British Artists in 1830, which made her an honorary member, and in whose gallery for several years she exhibited her pictures. The small pictures to which she had chiefly confined herself being in less demand, induced her to relinquish this branch of art, which led to her joining the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, to whose annual exhibitions she had been a constant contributor. That branch of art, however, to which she had chiefly confined herself is portrait painting—adopted not from choice, but necessity. She painted that she might live. To have aimed at obtaining fame and fortune by the production of the higher works of imagination it would have been needful to devote much time to study, as well as having the assistance

of teachers ; neither the one nor the other could she afford. She must in the meantime live ; and as portraits were wanted, what could she do other than paint them ?

Miss Corbaux, of course, laboured under the disadvantages entailed by her sex. Great as the opportunities are for young men who are desirous of following painting as a profession, the same advantages are not provided for women. They must, if they are determined to make art the study of their life, follow that object with difficulty, at all times surrounded with lets and hindrances. Why should this be ? Has not woman every capacity needed for the production of works in the front rank of high art ? It must surely be granted to her that she has the needed correct eye, that her taste is even more delicate than that of the most refined of the opposite sex, that her imagination teems with objects picturesque and original, worthy of the limners art ; that as painting may be defined poetry on canvass, she specially has a largess of poetic feeling ; and as enthusiasm and love of the art are needful, her possession of these essentials is patent to the world ; needful also is that quality of patience, that spirit of perseverance, which men sometimes learn, but which women seem to have as a natural dower. Why, then, should women be excluded from painting as a walk of life to which their talents do not entitle them ? Why must they be almost compelled to chain their fancy and imagination to the dull prose of the pro-

fession, if they follow the profession at all? Hence the walls of exhibitions are crowded with flowers and fruit; if they go beyond those seemingly everlasting subjects, their portraits and a few fancy figures are the highest objects of the female painter's ambition. No wonder that the public should consider female talent limited in its resources and unequal to the production of works of art which will be deemed national in their importance, alike honourable to the artist and to the time in which the artist lived. Why this is so is never asked. Why it should be so is never considered.

Miss Corbaux having ascertained that there was no absolute prohibition to the attendance of females at the Academy lectures save only that which custom imposed, determined to break down the barrier; first, on her own account, and then also that the way might be made clear for some less daring sister-student. To do this she succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of some of her female friends, with whom she attended the lectures, and doubtless profited considerably by the practice. A newspaper having commenced reporting the lectures, Miss Corbaux was relieved from the fatigue of personal attendance, her object being completed in establishing a precedent for whoever might choose to follow it.

The progress in portrait painting was so decidedly successful that all fears relative to the future were removed from Miss Corbaux's mind. Indeed, the time soon came when commissions were more nume-

rous than she could execute without injury to her health. These were invariably the result of a discriminative appreciation of her talents. And now, looking back over the long period of twenty-five years, spent most industriously and perseveringly, it must afford her a great satisfaction to know that she has won her position, not through the *prestige* of a name, or the influence of any person or society, but as the result of continuous and untiring labour.

“Ho! all who labour—all who strive—
Yet wield a lofty power:
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true;
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.”

But Miss Corbaux, not satisfied with her labours as an artist, untiring and continuous as they were, devoted such stray moments as could be drawn from her profession to the cultivation of a field of study that excites at once our gratitude and admiration. It was no mere trifling amusement that was permitted to engage her attention; but the serious and important study of Biblical history and criticism—subjects which have engaged the minds of the most learned and gifted scholars in all ages. It is probable that the early direction which was given to the thought of Miss Corbaux in her early responsibilities and

cares had a tendency to give a serious tone to her reflections, which thus led her to make the important selection intimated. And it is also probable that the good sense which has evidently been her guide through life, dictated her choice as the one most suited to give her the highest satisfaction in its pursuit, as well as afford her in after life the greatest pleasure in retrospect. The study upon which she thus entered was one that demanded the application of the keenest powers as well as continued industry. Miss Corbaur happily had the one and could command the other. She had first to make herself acquainted with the history, illustrations, and languages of antiquity; work enough, it might be imagined, for a long life, and not for the leisure moments of a female that was almost an invalid. Undaunted, however, by the extent and intricacy of the study upon which she had entered, she did that which removes all difficulties—she persevered, and, as the result, attained a position of biblical criticism which has rendered her labours valuable alike to the scholar and the general reader. Up to the present time the result of her labours have only been communicated to literary societies and published in the serials of the day. These labours, however, have been mainly directed to the discussion of subjects connected with the education of many points in Egyptian history immediately connected with scripture illustration. Amongst the most important of these many be mentioned: Letters on the Physical

Geography of the Exodus, published in the *Athenæum*; also letters giving the history of a very remarkable nation called "the Rephaim" in the Bible, showing their connexion with the political and monumental history of Egypt, and that of the Exodus, which appeared in the pages of "The Journal of Sacred Literature." So important have these labours of Miss Corbaux been deemed that her views have been adopted and embodied in the works of many learned men, which is, it must be admitted, a very high tribute to her learning and critical acumen. It is therefore much to be desired that health and strength may long be preserved to this exemplary lady, so that she may give to the world in some continuous work the result of her investigations and study. But let this be as it may, surely the example of her life will have its effect upon the weak and vacillating, to make efforts and exertions of which they certainly are capable, but from which they are debarred by irresolution and want of a settled and fixed purpose.

"Yet haply there will come a weary day
When overtask'd at length,
Both love and hope beneath the load give way.
Then, with a statue's smile, a statue's strength,
Stands the mute sister, Patience—nothing loth;
And, both supporting, does the work of both."

HARRIET HOSMER:

THE AMERICAN SCULPTRESS.

THE studio of John Gibson, the greatest English master of sculpture, is situated in the Via Fontanella, at Rome. After passing the large worm-eaten door, the visitor stands in the midst of the great artist's works—the beautiful Cupid and Butterfly, the Wounded Amazon, Paris and Proserpine, Psyche borne by Zephyrs, Hylas and the Water Nymphs; Phaeton and the Houris leading forth the Horses of the Sun, being the chief. Passing through the small garden, the visitor next enters the sanctum of the master, which presents none of the usual comforts to be observed generally in the studios at Rome. From Mr. Gibson's room he is then taken to the work-room, where the plaster figures are changed into marble; crossing the small garden once more, he enters a large barn-like apartment, the centre of which is occupied by Mr. Gibson's wonderful Coloured Venus; at the end of the room hangs a curtain, which, removed, discloses a flight of steps, at the top of which there is a small studio belonging to Harriet Hosmer,

the American sculptress. At the first glance she would be taken for a very handsome youth. She is only five feet two in height, and wears the usual cap and blouse, which adds to, rather than detracts from, the interest of her sunny brown curls, broad brow, frank, and resolute countenance. Her earnest eyes, firm set mouth, and becoming deportment, show her to be a woman of no ordinary character.

Harriet Hosmer was born at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1831. Her father, who is a physician, having lost his wife and a child by consumption, and fearing a similar fate for Harriet, gave her a horse, a dog, gun, and boat, and insisted upon her following out-door sports as indispensable to her health. In riding, shooting, rowing, swimming, diving, and skating, she soon became an adept; proving, by the absence of every taint of consumption, the admirable effects of physical training. She had, however, certain tastes of her own. Many times, when it was thought that she was out with her dog and gun, she might be seen in a clay pit adjoining her father's residence modelling horses, dogs, sheep, or any other object that attracted her attention. She also had a strong taste for the study of natural history. Her room was hung round with feathered and furred specimens that she had shot in the woods, and afterwards stuffed with her own hand; these were becomingly diversified with bats, butterflies, beetles, snakes, and toads. The inkstand which decorated the table was formed from the head, throat, and

feathers of a bluebird; the shell of a hen's egg, forming the breast of the bird, was also the receptacle of the ink, reached by the pen through the open beak and extended neck.

After being convinced by the practical jokes of which his daughter was the author, that all fear of immediate consumption was at an end, Dr. Hosmer determined to send his daughter to the establishment of Mrs. Sedgwick, of Lenox, Massachusetts. Prior to this time she had been placed in several daily and weekly schools; but from each she had been expelled, probably in consequence of being incorrigible. Mrs. Sedgwick was instructed to allow her new pupil her accustomed opportunity to ride, walk, shoot, and swim. Fortunately for the young girl, Mrs. Sedgwick was a wise as well as a thoroughly kind woman. It was at her house that Harriet was introduced to Mrs. Fanny Kemble, who confirmed her artistic tastes by her advice and sympathy. The young sculptress has frequently expressed her acknowledgment for the encouragement which she then received to make sculpture the object and purpose of her life. While she was at Mrs. Sedgwick's school, Harriet was the author of many practical jokes well remembered by her schoolfellows; and at times also of many daring adventures. On one occasion, for the purpose of obtaining a hawk's nest, she climbed to the top of a very high tree, at the risk of her life.

The immediate occasion of her being sent to Lenox was the indulgence in a joke which no doubt

was comic enough at the time, but which doubtless caused the party concerned considerable annoyance. Her father at that time being a little apprehensive of her health failing, had called in a Boston physician who had a large practice. His visits, owing to the uncertainty of his profession, could not be very regular, which was a source of much inconvenience to his patient, who could not make her usual shooting and boating arrangements. Finally, in order to put an end to the evil, she requested him to name an hour for calling, and she would then be enabled to make her arrangements accordingly. The physician agreed, but was unable to keep his appointment. The twelve o'clock meeting did not take place until three. Upon one occasion, being several hours after the stated time, a playful quarrel took place, when the doctor named another hour on a stated day for his next visit. Miss Hosmer insisted that for once he should punctually keep his engagement. He replied, "If I am alive, I will be here." Then, if you are not here I am to conclude that you are dead?"

When the appointed day and hour came, there was no doctor. In the evening Miss Hosmer rode into Boston, and the next morning the newspapers contained the astounding intelligence of the sudden demise of the physician, whose house was soon crowded with persons anxious to condole with his bereaved family, and to learn something of the circumstances of the lamentable event.

When Harriet had attained her nineteenth year, which was in 1850, she left the school at Lenox. The excellent treatment of Mrs. Sedgwick and the advice and encouragement of Mrs. Fanny Kemble had given the right stimulus to her mind, which only required guiding to effect important purposes. Her object in returning home was to fit herself, by close study, for the profession to which she had determined to devote herself. Her cousin at that time was studying with her father, who had erected a small building at the bottom of the garden, which was mainly devoted to dissection. It was here that Harriet now spent many hours daily, dissecting with her cousin arms and legs, and in other ways obtaining an intimate acquaintance with the human frame. In addition to these hard studies, she took lessons in drawing and modelling, for which she had to go to Boston, a distance of seven or eight miles; her father wisely insisting, at the same time, that the boating and shooting expeditions should be maintained. On the river, which ran immediately before the house, Harriet had a beautiful silvered-prowed gondola, which was, however, from its fragile construction, the terror of all those unaccustomed to swim.

This period in the history of Harriet was marked with earnestness in the pursuit of her noble ambition: energy and perseverance being then, as they are now, her special characteristics. Among other works, she modelled several copies from the antique, a portrait-bust, and a copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon in

marble, entirely cut by herself, so that she might become familiarised with every process of her art. Her father, observing the bent of her genius, wisely determined to send her to his friend, Dr. M'Dowell, Professor of Anatomy in the St. Louis College, in order that she might go through a regular course of instruction, and so be well grounded in the art she had made her choice. In the autumn of 1850 she took up her residence at St. Louis, where she soon with her frank, joyous nature, won the esteem and affection of all with whom she came in contact. She afterwards spoke of the master as "the best friend I ever had."

It was to be expected that strange reports would be circulated relative to the new student that had joined the college; it was said, amongst other reports, that she carried pistols in her belt, and was prepared to take the life of any one that interfered with her. Perhaps this report secured her from interference on the part of those who would otherwise have insulted her, had her courage and skill in the use of fire-arms not been so well known.

Professor M'Dowell became so interested in Harriet, that he not only gave her the opportunity to visit the college upon all occasions, but frequently gave her private lectures when he was making private dissections for his public experiments. Subsequently Miss Hensmer wrote: "I remember Professor M'Dowell with great affection and gratitude, as being a most thorough and patient teacher, as well as at all times

a good, kind friend." At the close of the winter term of 1851 Harriet was presented with a "diploma," to mark the application and attention with which she had prosecuted her studies, as well as the anatomical efficiency which was the result. As an instance of the regard that she entertained towards her teacher, she sculptured from the bust of Professor M'Dowell a medallion in marble, now preserved in the museum of the college.

Before returning home, Miss Hosmer had resolved to see New Orleans; the season of the year, however, was unfavourable for the journey, and she was also unsuccessful in inducing any of her companions to accompany her. But these were trifling obstacles to the resolute will of Harriet. One fine morning found her on board the steamer, with the Crescent City as her destination. The passage proved somewhat perilous, the river being shallow, and therefore difficult. Many steamers were passed stranded for want of water; but fortunately our heroine reached her destination safely. When in New Orleans the weather was found to be intensely hot, but this did not prevent her from seeing the sights! In a week she started for St. Louis, where she took a boat for the St. Anthony Falls, on the Upper Mississippi. On her way she visited a lead mine; in descending in the bucket an accident happened which very nearly terminated fatally. Arrived at the Falls, she visited the Indians, who were more surprised at her appearance than she was at theirs; the chief presented her on

leaving with a pipe in token of his esteem. Before returning from St. Louis, she achieved the ascent of a mountain—a feat never previously undertaken by a female. The spectators were so delighted with the manifestation of courage, that they begged to learn her name, that they might impart it to the mountain in honour of her ascent. To this day the mountain is called “Hosmer’s Height.”

She arrived at home in the autumn of 1851, when she immediately commenced to model an ideal bust of Hesper, at the same time continuing her anatomical studies. Her leisure, as before, was devoted to riding and boating. At this time her soul was filled with high aspirations. Visions of fame and glory flitted before her eyes. She saw in the future a successful career if she but held to her purpose with resolute will. If study and work would accomplish it—she had no fear for the result. *But she must go to Rome*—to the Eternal City—where the great masters in ancient and modern times had studied and worked, and where the greatest masterpieces of art still remain to attest the marvellous power of the sculptors of Ancient Rome, and to act as an inspiration to the aspirant in the almost divine art. While the Hesper was gradually growing under her hands, so loved because it was the first creation of her genius—loved as the young mother loves her first born. When the clay model was completed, a suitable block of marble was obtained and placed in the dissecting room, which now had to serve the purposes

of the young artist's studio. The work which the sculptor dedicates to the "sculptor's mason," Miss Hosmer accomplished herself. Taking the chisel and mallet, she cut away the superfluous parts of the block, and then, with the file, finished the figure to the last degree of perfection. It was no child's play, nor was it the creation of a day or week; months and months were spent patiently and industriously in perfecting this first conception of her mind. Late in the summer of 1852 her task was completed. A writer in the *New York Tribune* thus spoke of it:—"It has the face of a lovely maiden, gently falling to sleep with the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged, and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A star shines on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily drooping eyelids. The swell of the cheeks and the bust is like pure, young, healthy flesh, and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, it seems like a thing that breathes. The poetic conception of the subject is the creation of her own mind, and the embodiment of it is all done by her own hands—even the hard, rough, mechanical portions of the work."

Hesper was no sooner thus completed than she said to her father, "Now I am ready to go to Rome." "And you shall go, my child, this very autumn," was the ready response. Dr. Hosmer has not observed without anxiety the symptoms resulting from nervous interest in her work, which told so heavily

upon her delicate constitution. A short dry cough had now supervened upon her previous good health. So that, upon many accounts, it was desirable that the voyage to Europe should not be delayed. The October of 1852 saw father and daughter on their way to Rome. Harriet carried with her the diploma obtained at St. Louis, and daguerreotypes of Hesper, as an introduction to the masters under whom she was desirous of studying. Only one week was devoted to England, and a mere glance at Paris, and then the party, which had been increased in the French capital, proceeded at once to Rome. Within two days after their arrival, the daguerreotypes were placed in the hands of Mr. Gibson, the sculptor, as he sat at breakfast in the Cafe Greco, much frequented by artists. It had been represented to Miss Hosmer that it was doubtful whether Mr. Gibson would entertain her application to become his student, or even look at the pictures. This was owing to his having been previously chagrined with females whom he had taken into his studio, and who upon the slightest pretext had relinquished the art. However, the daguerreotypes were placed before him, when, taking them in his hands, he sat for several minutes looking at them. Then closing the case, he said: "Send the young lady to me, and whatever I know, and can teach her, she shall learn." In less than a week the new pupil was fairly installed in Mr Gibson's studio. In one of her letters she wrote: "The dearest wish of my heart is gratified in that I am acknowledged by Gibson as a pupil. He has been resident in Rome

thirty-four years, and leads the van. I am greatly in luck. He has just finished the model of the Queen, and as his is vacant, he permits me to use it, and I am now in his own studio. I have also a little room for work which was formerly occupied by Canova, and perhaps inspiration may be drawn from the walls."

Mr. Gibson, in the first instance, desiring to assure himself of the correctness of Miss Hosmer's eye, employed her to model from the antique; he had in the Hesper sufficient evidence of the power of her imagination. He was from the first more than satisfied with her efforts in imitating the round soft flesh, which he said he had never seen surpassed, and not often equalled. Her first original attempt at Rome was a bust of Daphne, which was succeeded by Medusa—characterised by one admirer as "the beautiful Medusa, faultless in form, and intense in its expression of horror and agony."

One of Miss Hosmer's friends residing in St. Louis, when she was on the eve of departing from America, sent her an order for a large amount for the first figure she modelled, leaving the subject entirely to her own choice. A statue of *Ænone*, now in the residence of Mr. Crow, at St. Louis, was the result. Subsequently, an order was sent to Miss Hosmer for a statue for the public library, on the same liberal terms. The fine statue of *Beatrice Cenci* was completed for this order.

Dr. Hosmer having seen his daughter settled, returned to America, leaving strict commands that in

the summer she should seek some salubrious place in the neighbouring mountainous district, or go to Switzerland or England. The first hot season she certainly did spend at Sorrento, on the Bay of Naples, but after that she could not be induced to go out of sight of the lordly dome of St. Peter's. When the third summer came, in deference to the wish of her father, she made arrangements for a visit to England. Just on the eve of her departure she received a letter from home conveying the sad intelligence of heavy losses which must necessitate retrenchment, the ending of her career in Rome, and therefore, the immediate necessity of her returning home. The news came like a thunderbolt, and almost prostrated her. Up to this period every whim had been indulged, and every playful and wayward fancy gratified. And must she now relinquish the art she loved so well—give up the prospects which day by day had become brighter? This could not—*should* not be. Certainly, the time had now come for the exercise of a true heroism, the manifestation of self-dependence which had hitherto only developed itself in wild frolics and hazardous adventures. She was not disposed to take advantage of the assistance of her friends, which would have been cheerfully rendered. In the emergency, she sent for a young sculptor, who she knew had to depend upon his own professional resources for his means of subsistence. On hastening to her he found the joyous, laughing countenance pale, and changed from that of a young girl to a woman full of cares. In explaining he

position she said, in reply to the summons home—"Go, I will not." What was to be done? It was at once resolved that the handsome horse, and the expensive English saddle, which had afforded her so much pleasure, must be sold; and then all thoughts of leaving Rome during the summer months must be relinquished, during which time she would model some object which should prove sufficiently attractive to ensure an immediate commission. In the meantime, in the management of her affairs, she would exercise the utmost prudence and economy; which would enable her, as it enabled many surrounding her, who had less energy and talent, to live in comfort, if not in affluence. At once, without any concealment, she announced to her friends the losses her father had sustained, and her consequent altered position.

The summer passed without imparting any baneful influence upon Miss Hosmer. Her time was entirely spent in her studio, where she worked hard upon a statue of Puck; which, when completed, was so full of spirit, originality, and fun, that a commission for a marble copy was at once given. During the succeeding winter, no less than three copies were sent to England; one of which found its way to the residence of the Duke of Hamilton. She thus commenced her career of honourable industry, and at once met with that reward which is the invariable consequence of exertion and determination.

In the winter when the model of the Cenci was sculptured in marble, she was engaged upon a monu-

ment to the memory of a beautiful young lady, intended for the Church of San Auréo delle Fratte. The monument is composed of a portrait full-length figure of a young girl, life-size, reclining upon a couch. The tranquil sleep of death is admirably rendered, the attitude being perfectly easy and natural. In the winter of 1858 she was also engaged upon a model of a fountain, the subject being taken from the story of Hylas. According to the mythology, Hylas descended for water, when he was seized by the water-nymphs and drowned. In the model Hylas forms the crown of a pyramid, while the nymphs at its base seek with extended arms to drag him down. During the spring of 1859 she also worked upon a statue of Zenobia, ultimately designed for America. The Prince of Wales when in Rome visited Miss Hosmer's studio for the purpose of inspecting this great work; which at the time properly called forth his highest commendation. He purchased a statue of "Puck" for his private collection, which was afterwards enriched by a side-piece—"Will-o'-the-Wisp"—also very much admired.

In the course that she has adopted, and in the perseverance she has manifested, Miss Hosmer must have the hearty good wishes of every true friend of progress. The lesson of her life will not only have its salutary effect upon herself, but will prove rich in blessing to all who, by her example, may be nerved to meet the ills and troubles which seem inseparable from existence, with becoming calmness and resolution.

FREDERICA BREMER:

THE GIRL NOVELIST.

By the industry and kindly ministering of Mary Howitt, Miss Bremer's name has become a household word, and her thoughts, stored in her works, world-wide possessions. Her writings, mainly descriptions of Swedish life, while they are thus true, are yet applicable to life everywhere—the thoughts are cosmopolitan, suited to all times and places. If we were to name the names of those authors whom we have learned to love, not having seen, we should place in the foremost rank Frederica Bremer, whose words ever awaken pleasant thoughts, whose every line has been like a rill of pure water, a source of health and joy. No one can rise from the perusal of her books without having their interest in all Scandinavian matters deepened and strengthened, without learning to love the homes of the Swedes, becoming friends with them, and partakers of their joys and sorrows. That is the service rendered by this sister of ours, for so we have learned proudly to call her; affectionately endeared to us as she is by her purifying words

and loving counsels. Not to us only is she so, but wherever thoughts are treasured, and golden words prized, there Frederica Bremer has secured for herself loving hearts and kindred sympathies. These words of hers, translated into every language spoken by man, have reached the bounds of civilization; and well they should do so—for what words will spread a more genial influence, fall more soothingly on the ear, or minister more genially to the “wounded spirit” than her words?

Miss Bremer, in writing to her friend, Mary Howitt, has given us an opportunity of judging of some of her inmost thoughts in a delightful autobiographical sketch. “If it should happen that,” she wrote, “as regards me, any one should wish to cast a glance behind the curtain which conceals my life, he may discover that I was born on the banks of the Aura, a river that flows through Abo, and that several of the venerable and learned men of the University were my godfathers. At the age of three years, I was removed with my family from my native country of Finland into Sweden, where my father purchased an estate. If any one follows me to my new home, I would not trouble him to accompany me from childhood to youth, through the inward elementary class, and the outward uninteresting and common-place pictures of a family, which every autumn removed in their covered carriage from their estate in the country to their house in the capital, and every spring bundled back again from the house

in the capital to their country seat. Nor would I inflict upon him minute sketches of the young daughters who played on the piano, sung ballads, read novels, drew in black chalk, and looked forward with longing glances to the future, when they hoped to see and do wonderful things. With humility, I must confess that I always regarded myself as a heroine. Casting a glance round the family circle, it would be seen that its members were collected in the evening in the great drawing-room of their country house, when the works of German poets were read aloud, and those of Schiller made a profound impression on the mind of one young girl in particular. A deeper glance into her soul would show that a heavy reality of sorrow was spreading, by degrees, a damp cloud over the splendour of her youthful dreams. Like early evening, it came over the path of the young pilgrim of life; and earnestly—but in vain—she endeavoured to escape it. There is a significant picture at the commencement of every mythology. In the beginning, there is a bright, and warm, and divine principle, which allies itself to darkness: and from this union of light and darkness, of fire and tears, proceeds a God!

“I believe that something similar to this takes place in every human being who is born to a deeper life. And something like this took place in her who writes these lines. Looking at her a few years later, it would be seen that a great change has taken place. Her eyes have been filled with tears of unspeakable

joy. She is like one who has risen from the grave to a new life. What has caused this change? Have her splendid dreams of youth been accomplished? Is she a heroine? Has she become notorious in beauty or renown? No! the illusions of youth are past; the season of youth is over; and yet she is again young, for there is freedom in the depths of her soul. The light has penetrated her darkness and illuminated her night; whilst, with her eyes fixed upon that light, she has exclaimed, with tears of joy, 'Death, where is thy sting? grave, where is thy victory?' Many a grave has since then been opened to receive those whom she tenderly loved; many a pang has been felt since then; but the heart throbs joyfully, and this dark night is over! If it be desired to hear anything of my writings, it may be said that they began in the eighth year of my age, when I apostrophised the moon in French verses; and that during the greater part of my youth I continued to write in the same ambitious strain. At the present time, though I stand on the verge of the autumn of my life, I still see the same objects that surround me in the early days of my spring, and am still as happy as to possess, out of many dear ones, a beloved mother and sister. The mountains which surround our dwelling, and upon which Gustavus Adolphus assembled his troops before he went as a deliverer to Germany, appear to me no less beautiful than they were in the days of my happy childhood."

Writing to an American friend, she said: "Happy are they who have a noble fatherland, to whose life

and history they can look up with admiration and joy. They do not live insulated upon the earth. A mighty genius leads and animates them. Their little life has a greater one with which to unite itself, and for which to live. I have more than once heard you esteem yourself fortunate in being born a citizen of the North American Republic. I have listened to your enthusiastic words respecting that empire, founded so unlike all others,—not by the powers of war, but by those of peace; its wealth and greatness, acquired by bloodless victories; its efforts to become a great and powerful community in a Christian meaning, by raising every one to an equal degree of enlightenment and equal rights, efforts which now so powerfully attract the eye of Europe and America, and I have understood your love. Will you also be able to understand mine? It belongs exclusively to a poor country, an inconsiderable people, nurtured in necessity and warlike deeds, but under whose blood-stained laurels there dwells a spirit powerful and profound as their ancient mythology. This is now no more, or lives but as a remembrance in the breasts of our people, or as an echo in our valleys; corn grows in our fields, and the *Linnæa* blooms in our woods, protected by many years of peace. Travellers who come to Sweden from more populous countries exclaim, ‘How still; how silent and lifeless!’ Has that life, then, formerly so powerful, become extinct? No; but it has retired into silence. And in the silence of nature, in Sweden, where the primæval

mountains, covered with pine forests, surround deep tranquil lakes, the contemplative spirit lives more profoundly than elsewhere; the listening ear can, better than amid the tumults of the world, become acquainted with the secrets of nature and the human heart, and comprehend the revelations of a life peculiar to that people, beside whose cradle the prophetess Vala sang her wonderful song of the origin, destruction, and regeneration of all things. It was a presentiment of this life, and sympathy with it, which already in the days of my childhood worked upon my heart, and made me shed tears of ardent longing to be able to do something for that beloved country; in some way to serve it and contribute to its honour, which induced me to form the most extraordinary and impracticable projects for this purpose, and made me sometimes behave myself in a manner which caused reasonable people to wonder whether I was quite in my senses. Now, when I better understand what I then blindly loved; now, when approaching the autumn of my life, I looked back to its early spring, I also knew the meaning of its longings and its sufferings; for, if I can now rejoice at serving my country as a little light, making some portion of its whole life visible to far distant countries, this is a fruit of my first love; it is just, then, that it should be also my last."

The house where Miss Bremer resides is remarkable in an historical point of view. It is of stone, and was built during the thirty years' war, with large and lofty apartments, overlooking the meadow where

Gustavus Adolphus reviewed the army with which he marched into Livonia. It is surrounded with magnificent trees, the dark waters of the Baltic lying in the distance. Here Miss Bremer with her mother and sister resides for a part of the year. One of these observed of her, that she seems to have but one object—that of making her fellow-beings contented and happy. She is possessed of an ample fortune, which she chiefly devotes to charitable objects. During a recent severe winter, when the poor were dying with hunger and cold, hundreds through her means were warmed and fed who would otherwise have perished.

To her many accomplishments she adds those of music, possessing a most delicate musical ear, playing with great expression and feeling the wild songs of her native land as well as the works of the great masters. She also paints in water-colours, her album containing portraits executed by herself of most of the remarkable persons she has known.

The first book of Miss Bremer's, published in England, was "The Neighbour;" this was so well received that it was shortly followed by "The Home," "The Diary," "The H. Family," "The President's Daughter," "Nina," "Brothers and Sisters," "Life in Dalecarlia," and "The Midnight Sun." In 1849 Miss Bremer visited America, and afterwards published the result of her observations in a work entitled "Homes of the New World," which appeared in 1853. After her return to Sweden, she employed

herself on works of practical philanthropy, which may be described as the work of her life. Her attention being mainly directed to the education of the children of the poor, prompted probably by the examples witnessed in the countries she had visited, and which must have contrasted forcibly with the want of education in Sweden. It will be remembered that another daughter of the old Scandinavian country—the gifted Jenny Lind—was equally interested in the subject of education for her “fatherland.” These two eminent women, however celebrated they have become by the exercise of the gifts with which they have been so transcendently endowed, will yet leave no name that will be entitled to higher fame than that which will attach to the instructor of youth, the philanthropist, and the considerate friend. These relate to works of mercy ; that

“ is twice bless’d ;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.”

Or, as Mrs. Barrett Browning so beautifully presents the same thought :

“ But go to !—thy love

Shall chant itself its own beatitudes,

After its own life-working. A child’s kiss,

Set on thy sighing lips, shall make thee glad ;

A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich ,

An old man helped by thee, shall make thee strong

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense

Of service which thou renderest.”

FRANCES BROWN:

THE BLIND POETESS OF ULSTER.

It has often been said that the world does not know its true heroes. There are many noble hearts struggling against circumstances the most adverse, fighting life's battles in by-ways and unbeaten paths, more deserving laudation than those whose names are emblazoned on the scroll of fame. That they fight on and are not subdued is the best evidence of their being *nobles* in the best sense, and most deserving the name and title of heroes. "Many have sought the shadow of death as a refuge from the shadow of darkness, and with the knowledge that their name and memory would be buried with their bones. But to meet the decrees of fate with a calm and undaunted front; to fight the battle of life single-handed against poverty, blindness, and a host of relentless combatants, when you must first dig for the iron wherewith to forge the armour and fashion the sword; to contend day after day, and year after year, for no guerdon but bread, and no statue but the *staiu quo*: this is heroism greater than that of the

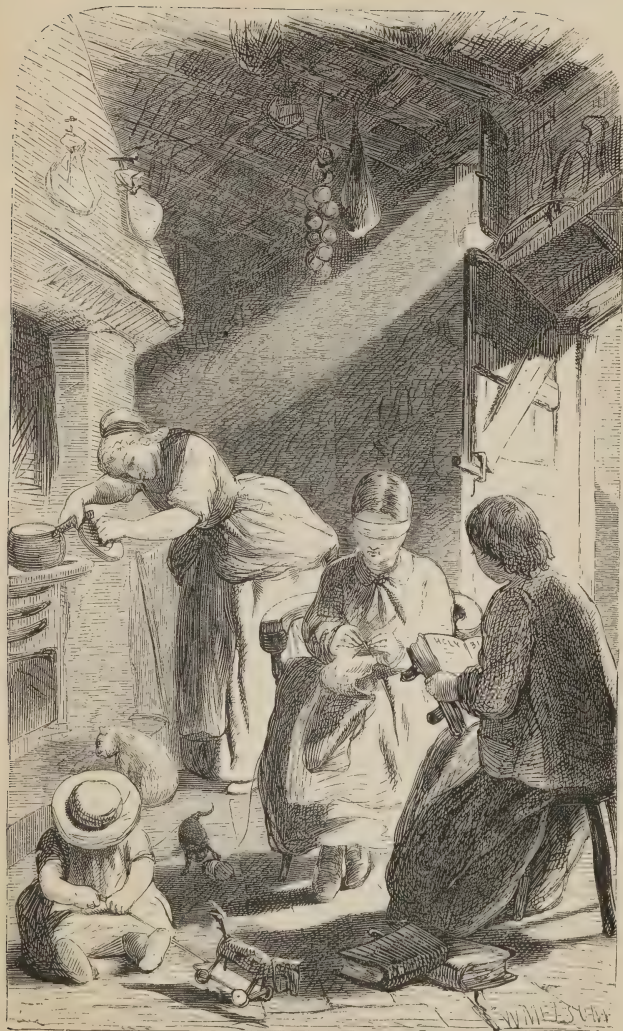


THE BATTLE OF BLOIS, 1870

FRANCES BROWNE

THE BLIND POETESS OF ULSTER

It has often been said that the world does not know its true heroes. There are many noble hearts struggling against the most adverse, fighting life's battles in obscure and unchosen paths, more unknown to the world than those whose names are adorning the record of fame. They fight on and are not known to the thousands of men being noble and good men, but whose names bear the name and title of heroes. Many have sought the status of heroes as a refuge from the shadow of defeat, and with the knowledge that their good and courage would be buried with their loss. But to place the names of men with a title and a great deal of light to give the world of life a noble and good poverty, kindness, and a host of relentless combatants, when you must first dig for the men who will be known the armor and the sword, and the sword to protect the world day and night, for no guarded but bread, and no steel, but the sword that will be known the armor and the sword.



Frances Brown, the blind girl, at home.

Spartan, and deserving more honourable record than that at Thermopylæ: 'Stranger, go tell the world that I strive on obedient to the gods' commands.' "

Of such a noble heroism must we write when describing the character, purpose, and industry of Frances Brown. This girl, who lost her eye-sight at the age of eighteen months, and consequently all the advantages which her eye-sight would have given her, nevertheless, by that diligence and determination which she possessed, acquired in subsequent years an education which might well be envied by those whom fortune has blest with every appliance for culture and intellectual acquirement. Frances Brown, the seventh child of a family of twelve, was born on the 16th of June, 1818, at the village of Stranorlar, Donegal. Owing to her early blindness she could not avail herself of the advantages of the village school, to which the limited means of her father only enabled him to send his children. Her great-grandfather had managed to run through a good estate, which left his descendants with limited means. Frances' father, at the time of her birth, was filling the office of village postmaster. Frances became very early conscious of her own deficiencies, of her want of information, of the vast stores of knowledge which it was desirable that she should possess. She could not read, but she could inquire. She could not use her own eyes, but she could make use of the eyes of others. Questions she could ask, and did ask, of all who could or were willing to com-

municate any fact or scrap of information. Another source of knowledge which was available was to sit and attentively listen while her sisters, brothers, and companions learned their lessons of grammar and spelling, which had been appointed them at the school. In this way also she became familiar with physical geography, which, doubtless, presented at the outset many difficulties. She said the first geographical problem which puzzled her was, how Columbus could have hoped to reach the coasts of Asia by sailing west, till a neighbour solved the difficulty by explaining that the earth was a globe ; “ but to comprehend this fully,” she observed, “ cost me the study of a sleepless night !”

Her memory, fortunately, was of the most retentive character, which, assisted by her unaided diligence, soon enabled her to obtain a knowledge of words and their meaning, so as to enter with zest and interest into the incidents and relations of literature of the class : “ Susan Grey,” “ The Negro Servant,” “ The Gentle Shepherd,” “ Mungo Park’s Travels,” and “ Robinson Crusoe.” Subsequently she made the acquaintance of the “ Heart of Mid-Lothian,” and the other works of Sir Walter Scott, which were a mine of wealth, and opened up a new era in her mental life. In order that her brothers and sisters might have time to read to her she undertook their portion of the household work ; and, in order that she might induce them to read the dry details of history, a knowledge of which had become

a necessity, she bribed them to the task by inventing stories for their amusement. The facts learned in the day she impressed upon her memory by repeating to herself during the still hours of the night. She obtained a knowledge of the French language from the daughter of the village teacher, who received in return from her instructions in English grammar; and from the reading of her brothers and sisters she became intimately acquainted with Hume's "History of England," and the twenty-one volumes of the "Ancient Universal History," which furnished her with much matter for thought and speculation. Her own ingenuity had to supply the means of instruction which have been so perfected in the excellent institutions for the blind in various parts of the kingdom. Had Miss Brown been enabled to avail herself of those means, no doubt her progress in the acquisition of knowledge would have been proportionately rapid. It was not to be, however; she had to depend on her own resources, which she used bravely and nobly.

Her first attempt at authorship was made in her seventh year, and were continued until her fifteenth; various specimens of her composition meanwhile gave to her friends the truest indications of her possessing real poetic ability.

In her fifteenth year, however, a complete change came over her thoughts. A friend had lent her Pope's translation of the "Iliad," "which was," she wrote to a friend, "like the discovery of a new

world, and effected a total change in my ideas on the subject of poetry. There was, at the time, a considerable manuscript of my own productions in existence, which, of course, I regarded with some partiality ; but Homer had awakened me, and, in a fit of sovereign contempt, I committed the whole to the flames. After Homer's, the work that produced the greatest impression on my mind was Byron's 'Childe Harold.' The one had induced me to burn my first manuscript, and the other made me resolve against verse making in future." This resolve, after the expiration of three years, she was induced to break, owing to the stimulus which she received on hearing a number of Irish songs read. Her first effort, after this long pause in poetic composition, was entitled "The Songs of Our Land," which was printed in the "Irish Penny Journal," and has since found a permanent home in Duffy's "Ballad Poetry of Ireland." Having thus recommenced the cultivation of poetic composition, she was induced to contribute several pieces to the *Athenæum*, to "Hood's Magazine," and to Lady Blessington's "Keepsake." The pieces she sent to the *Athenæum* were received by the editor with great kindness ; and her only request, a copy of the journal, was sent to her, as well as an intimation that any of her pieces would find ready insertion. This was an excellent introduction to the public ; the high literary character of the journal being a guarantee of the ability of its contributors. From the frequent republication

of her pieces in the newspapers and periodicals, she became conscious of having earned the title of a poetess. A new life had dawned upon her as her talents became developed. She was thus conscious of possessing power—power which she could wield to do good ; power to use for the maintenance of herself, her sister, and mother, and which would give her greater facilities in the desire of her heart—the further acquisition of knowledge. Often had she ruminated, through long sleepless nights—how, blind though she was, she could make a position, and obtain the means of living. Fame, or that which to her was equal to fame, the approval of competent judges, she already had ; but she required those all-needful things, food and shelter ; her muse were useless unless it furnished her with these essentials.

She had previously sent out a small volume of poems, a pretty little collection, entitled “The Star of Atteghei,” which was published in 1844, and which brought Miss Brown under the notice of Sir Robert Peel, who considerably conferred upon her a small pension of £20 a year. And then, in 1847, putting the result of her ruminations into practice, she crossed the channel into Scotland, where she hoped that her literary labours would earn for her and her sister, who was her companion, the means of subsistence. The thoughts which filled her heart on quitting her native land she embodied in a sweet verse :—

" I leave the spring-time by thy streams, with dreams that
will not part,
And on thy hills what kindred names without one kindred
heart !
They will not miss my steps at hearth, or shrine, or social
band ;
Oh, free the homeless heart goes forth—yet fare thee well, my
land !

The Modern Athens, Edinburgh, was the city of her choice. There, from her worth and her ability, she soon drew around her the notice and patronage which secured her the means of living, as well as made her many friends among the gifted of that famous city. The giant of literature, Christopher North, encouraged her efforts ; and the Messrs. Chambers inserted her contributions in their journal. " Hog's Instructor," " Tait's Magazine," " The Peoples Journal," and the " Leisure Hour " severally published her tales, sketches, essays, reviews, and songs. No class of literary work came amiss. What the publishers required, that she furnished—imparting to all her labours the utmost verb and spirit of which her capacity was capable. Nothing was shirked or slighted. She wrote for children as conscientiously as for adults. And in this way earned, it must be confessed, a too scanty living ; but then her sister had to be maintained, and her mother had to receive of her bounty for support, as she had done for seventeen years. Yet she worked on—mournfully and heavily, but still she worked. The clouds which oft obscured her lot were ill-health and the dishonesty

of publishers. Her capacity for work, and the value of the work done, were increased; but, from these causes, her fortune did not increase in the same proportion. While she remained in Edinburgh she published a volume of "Lyrics and Miscellaneous Poems," which she gratefully, in remembrance of his kindness, dedicated to Sir Robert Peel; also a series of "Legends of Ulster," her native province; and the "Ericksons," a tale for the young.

Then, in 1852, conceiving that a residence in London would tend to the bettering of her position, she determined to remove there. Her sister, soon after their settlement, married—a severe blow to Frances, especially as she returned with her husband to Scotland. Frances had a brave heart and a resolved purpose, or she must at this time, with her sad deprivation, have been utterly broken down. One friend, condoling with her upon her loneliness, received in reply: "Oh, you know, in the absence of other relatives, an author may manage very well with the *relative* pronouns." The absence of her sister compelled her to pay for the services of an amanuensis; but she was too poor to do more than retain his services for more than a few hours each day. But those hours were industriously employed, the result being many charming tales and songs, which have delighted and instructed the public.

A writer in "Chambers' Journal" justly observes that "Frances Brown's poems are, in truth, her best biography; for they show us her energy of mind, her

resolution of character, her scorn of mean and soulless men, her love of the brave, the wise, and the good. Unlike the poems of Blacklock, which abound with complaints of the difficulties and distresses of his situation, his 'rueful darkness' and gloomy vigils,' her lyrics contain little allusion to her outward life, and are altogether silent on the subject of her great calamity. With Voltaire, when some one was holding forth on De la Motte's blindness, she thinks that the public is concerned only with the powers of the author's mind, and not with the misfortunes of his body. But the circumstances of her life have given a colour to, if they have never formed the burden of, her song. Poverty having been her portion from the cradle, her sympathies are with the poor—'the wearers of the world's old clothes.' Years of loneliness have made her look longingly forward to that better time when none 'will lead a stranger's life,' and to that happier shore, 'where hearts will hide their own.' She deems this age but a material one, wherein the statesman's notion of the highest good is that

' People and press no questions ask,
But joyfully pay taxes;'

while

'The sum of the priest's milennial views,
Is no dissent, and all the dues;'

and the trader's, that

'There will be no Gazette to fear,
But profits quite surprising;
With wages falling every year,
And the markets always rising,'

In such an age, the poet is, she complains, out of place. 'Tis a cruel fate, which banishes him from his native heaven, and binds him to the clay—cruel as that which brings the wild swan from the purple heights of morn, to the dust and dulness of earth. This thought is beautifully expressed in the following touching poem, called

THE WILD-SWAN.

An arrow sent from the hunter's string,
When the moorland sky was grey,
Had smote the strength of the wild-swan's wing,
On his far and upward way;
Pinion and plume of vigour reft,
Drooped like boughs by the tempest cleft,
On some green forest tree.
And never might that wild-swan soar
To the purple heights of morning more;
Or westward o'er the hill-tops cleave
His course through the cloudy isles of eve
And the sunset's golden sea.

'And the light of the lovely lakes that lie
Among green woods was gone
From all his days; but the years went by,
And the lonely swan lived on,
A captive, bound to the dull earth then,
With wingless creatures, and weary men
Who could not quit the clay;
He grew like them, as a dweller must,
At home with the dulness and the dust,
Till faded from his memory hold
The life and the liberty of old,
Like a far forgotten day.

' Yet ever as from wood and wave
The smile of the summer went,
And his kindred's march passed south, above
The spot where he was pent,
With the wavy lines, and their wings of snow,
And their trumpet's notes sent far below
To bid that lingerer rise,
The swan would gaze as the host swept by,
And a wild regret was in his cry,
As if for the nobler part and place
He lost, in the freedom of his race—
In the joy of streams and skies.

' Falls not that wild-swan's fortune oft
On souls that scorn the ground,
Whose outspread wings the deadly shaft
Of an earthward fate hath found;
And narrowed down to some dusty scope
The tameless strength and the tireless hope
That for the skies were born;
Till in the lore of that lifeless lot
Their glorious birthright seems forgot, -
As dimness deepens and greyness grows,
And year by year with its burden goes
To the night that knows no morn ?

' Yet over the prison-house at times,
Great thoughts and voices go,
That wake with the mind-world's mighty chimes
Their buried life below,
And the bowed of bondage lift their view
To the heaven that lies so far and blue
In its boundless beauty yet.
But never can they that realm regain,
The wing is withered, the cry is vain—
So downward turn they, eye and heart,
And learn, but not with a ready heart,
Of that wild-swan—"Forget!"

But wherever our poet finds heroism, honesty, worth, there she reverently bows down; and never did preacher convey more beautiful a lesson on the brotherhood of all good men, however their lots may differ, than is contained in the poem of "Mark's Mother."

' Mark, the miner, is full four-score,
But blithe he sits at his cottage door,
Smoking the trusty pipe of clay,
Which hath been his comfort many a day,
In spite of work and weather;
It made his honest heart amends
For the loss of strength and the death of friends:
It cheered his spirit through the lives
And management of three good wives—
But now those trying times are done,
And there they sit in the setting sun,
Mark and his pipe together.

' From harvest-field and from pasture-ground,
The peasant people have gathered round:
The times are rusty, the news is scant,
And something like a tale they want
From Mark's unfailing store;
For he is the hamlet's chronicle,
And when so minded, wont to tell
Where their great-uncles used to play—
How their grandames looked on the wedding day—
With all that happened of chance and change,
And all that had passed of great or strange,
For seventy years before.

' But on this evening, it is plain,
Mark's mind is not in the telling vein,
He sits in silence and in smoke,
With his thoughts about him like a cloak

Wrapped tight against the blast ;
And his eye upon the old Church spire,
Where falls the sunset's fading fire—
And all the friends his youth had known
Lie round beneath the turf and stone,
While a young generation try
To touch the keys of his memory
With questions of the past.

“ Good Mark ! how looked the Lady Rose,
Whose bower so green in our forest grows,
Whom old men name with a blessing still
For the torrent's bridge, and the village mill,
And the traveller's wayside well ? ”
“ Like my good mother, neighbours dear,
How long she lies in the churchyard here ! ”
“ Well, Mark, that bishop of kindly rule,
Who burned the stocks, and built the school,
How looked his Grace when the church was new ? ”
“ Neighbours, like my good mother, too,
As those who saw could tell.”

“ Then, Mark, the prince who checked his train,
When the stag passed through your father's grain ? ”

“ Good neighbours, as I live, his look
The light of my blessed mother's took,
As he bade them spare the corn.”

Loud laugh the peasants with rustic shout :

“ Now, Mark, thy wits are wearing out.
Thy mother was but a homely dame,
With a wrinkled face, and a toil-worn frame ;
No earthly semblance could she bear
To a bishop learned, and a lady fair,
And a prince to kingdoms born.”

“ Nay,” saith the pastor, passing by,
As the stars came out in the evening sky—

“That homely dame hath a place and part
Time cannot wear from the old man’s heart,
Nor many winters wither ;
And know ye, friends, that the wise and good
Are all of one gracious brotherhood ;
Howe’er their fortunes on earth may stand,
They take the look of their promised land—
So bounteous lady, and bishop kind,
And prince with that royalty of mind,
Were like Mark’s blessed mother.”

At times a ray of comfort lighted up the pathway of the poet’s laborious life : one of these incidents, occasioned by the accidental meeting a selection from her poems by Lord Lansdowne in the pages of the *Athenæum*, which so favourably impressed him with her worth and goodness, that he sent her a substantial mark of his approval in the shape of a cheque for £100. It were to be desired that the Government would extend its aid to this most worthy and laborious woman, increasing its present small dolement to at least sufficient to secure her from want and the ills of poverty ; so that any further efforts of her genius may be resorted to as a solace and a comfort rather than a necessity of her existence.

The lesson of her life, which speaks out trumpet-tongued to every gentle sister, especially if fortune or circumstances should have proved adverse, is to strive resolutely and all valiantly to the end ; overcoming and completely subduing difficulties on the way. Imagine, if it is possible for any one not so circumstanced to imagine, the forlorn and lamentable

position of Miss Brown ! See her laboriously gaining the hill of knowledge—little by little, storing away in her memory facts to be used at the proper time and place ; and then, when she had conceived that “she could write that which the public would read,” using the eyes and the hands of others to convey her thoughts to paper ; year after year doing this amid much tribulation and sorrow. This lesson of the life of Frances Brown should render us callous to the little trivialities and annoyances of every-day life ; and if not heroes and heroines, sufficiently brave to sustain and meet the ills of life with fortitude and resolution. Vexations and disappointments will meet us on the way, be our position in life what it may—it is the common lot, from it we cannot hope to escape ; but by imbuing the spirit of Frances Brown, and learning the difficulties by which her life was beset, every-day troubles and vexations will vanish into thin air, as the idle wind which we respect not !

“Be stirring as the time ; be Fire with Fire ;
Threaten the Threat’ner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging Horror : so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of Resolution.”



Lucretia Davidson writing at five years of age.



Thomas Enfield writing at five years of age

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVIDSON:

THE POET CHILD.

DEATH is surrounded with more than its usual mournfulness when it visits the young. Just on the threshold of life they may be anticipating years of pleasure, or planning long periods of usefulness. Friends, rejoicing in the promise which their talents already give, may be congratulating each other upon the gladsome prospect which the future promises—but death comes; the bud dies ere its leaves are unfolded, the lamp goes out ere its beams attain their full brightness; the song of the bird, which has only thrilled in the quiet glade, is silenced ere its notes penetrate beyond the solitude of its home. Death is no respecter of persons. A Chatterton may write lines which the learned may well mistake for the production of the most gifted in the art of song; a Kirk White may pursue intellectual attainments with wondrous success, and give earnest by his present productions of future efforts that shall make the world richer and wiser; but death removes these gifted children from our sight—and their work becomes suddenly ended.

But the most ample biographic page records no instance more interesting of the early fading of rare precocious talents than in that which furnishes the incidents in the life of Lucretia Maria Davidson. Her parents, at her birth (she was born at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain, September 27, 1808), were in indigent circumstances, and her mother the subject of continued illness. Little Lucretia, therefore, had not the means placed at her disposal of gaining intellectual strength by the culture and care of competent teachers. Her development must be the product of home, her training the result of self-effort and individual exertion. In her earliest years she had other duties besides those of education; in her fourth year, owing to the poverty of her parents, she had to take upon herself part of the household duties—her charge being specially a younger sister to whom she had to minister as a nurse. These duties, however, were confined to the day; when night came, and her little charge was in bed, then Lucretia could indulge in her natural inclinations—could shut herself up in her little room, where, surrounded with books and paper, she repaired what she termed her lost time. Her first efforts of authorship, confined to her fourth year, were verses written to accompany some rude drawing which she had made in her little study. She learned to write by imitating printed letters; but, unlike most children, she became greatly distressed when her infantine work was discovered, and took the first opportunity to destroy it. The first

effort of her youthful genius which has been preserved is a poem written when she was nine years old. It is an elegy on a Robin. Her poems were chiefly addressed to her mother, whom she dearly loved, sometimes to the flower that called forth her admiration, or to the star that excited her astonishment. At first she wrote in secret, but the enormous quantity of paper which she consumed excited inquiry, and led to the discovery of her nightly work. Her father, anxious to judge for himself of the capacity of his daughter, requested her to show him some of her verses. "They are all burned," she replied; such indeed was the fact. No sooner had she completed one of these compositions than she committed it to the flames. She promised for the future, in answer to the importunity of her parents, that she would not destroy any of her manuscript compositions. But this promise seemed to dull and deaden all her efforts. So formidable was the criticism of her parents, and possibly of other persons, that she chose rather to relinquish her loved pursuits than meet it. At length, borne away by the strength of her impulses, she recommenced her poetic life; but she could not bring herself to let her father know that she had done so. In order that she might preserve her secret, and not as formerly require paper which would certainly have disclosed her occupations, she wrote on the margin of her books, she then crossed and re-crossed the lines, so that her writings, although they had a meaning for herself, could be understood by

no one else. To her love of poetry she added a talent for drawing. Had her father possessed the means to place her under the instruction of masters, no doubt she would have excelled and have left some enduring work of her limning power as she has of her poetic capability. Her mother one day, when it was thought that she had given up the composition of poetry, came suddenly upon one of her books, which was quite filled with drawings and verses. Poor Lucretia once more plushed for her discovered labours. It was long before she would explain the nature of her lines, which were unintelligible to all but to her; at last, under the threat that the book should be withheld from her unless she did so, she reluctantly obeyed. The book was then given to her with kisses and congratulations. She had no sooner received the coveted book, than she tore it leaf from leaf, and committed it to the flames! The fate of all her previous efforts. Her parents then commendably gave her all the encouragement in their power; all they could give her, however, was time to read such books as she could borrow, as they had not the means to buy her books or to pay for her instruction by competent masters. Before she was twelve years old she had read most of the standard poets, history both sacred and profane, Shakespear's, Kotzebue's, and Goldsmith's dramatic works, also many of the popular books of the day. Many of the books sent out of the libraries, manufactured for very young or very old ladies, Lucretia, with the true taste of genius, threw on one side with disgust.

But circumstances compelled her partially to withdraw from her studies. Her elder sister had gone down to the grave; her mother continued an invalid. Her studies had now become to her an absolute necessity of her nature. She had no happiness but in the delights of drawing and composition; yet when duty called she relinquished her loved pursuits, and gave herself up to the duties of nursing her mother, and caring for the household, which had been the special charge of her deceased sister.

Quiet and retiring as Lucretia had been, the fame of her acquirements and powers could not be preserved a secret. One gentleman, having heard of the sad story of her poverty and love of poetry, sent a bank note of twenty dollars, to be employed in laying the foundation of a small library for the gifted girl. Her first acclamation was, "Oh, now I shall buy me some books!" But, suddenly becoming conscious of the presence of the afflicted sufferer on the bed, and knowing that she was deprived of many comforts and necessities which she needed, tears suffused her eyes, then holding out the note to her father, she said: "Take it, father; it will help to take care of my mother: I can do without books." At that time, marvellous to relate, she was only eleven years of age.

After this effort of self-deprivation, how much more must that sweet girl have become endeared to her parents? There were not wanting, however, persons who had a meddling, narrow-minded, and envious disposition, who advised that Lucretia should be

deprived, the use of pens, ink, and paper, and all access to books, and compelled to confine herself to household pursuits. Her parents wisely heeded not advice which was too much tinctured with envy and ignorance. But Lucretia voluntarily, having learned the nature of the advice given, gave up her studies without a murmur, without, however, informing any one of her intention. For several months she gave herself to the household business. But in this she had consulted her heart rather than her strength; the result being that she fell into a state of profound melancholy, became thin and ill. Her mother, confined to her bed, had not noticed the change in her daughter's habits, until she saw the dejection of spirit which had taken possession of her, and her emaciated looks. One day she said to her: "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written anything." The dear girl then burst into tears and said, "Oh, mother, I have given that up long ago." Mrs. Davidson then drew from her the reasons by which she had been actuated, and which had induced her to forego her loved studies. She confessed that she had yielded to the opinions which had been expressed, that it was wrong for her to cultivate intellectual pursuits, while her mother was ill, and so much service was required at her hands in the house. Her mother, who was as sensible as she was good, counselled her to adopt a middle course—to resume her studies, but not to give up her care of the household. From that time Lucretia occasionally resumed her pen, and, as a

result, soon regained her accustomed quiet serenity and health.

Day by day her acquirements only added to her love of knowledge, and further confirmed her determination to use every moment in its pursuit. "Oh," said she one day to her mother, "Oh! that I only possessed half the means of improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy!" At another time she exclaimed, "How much there is yet to learn! If I could only grasp it at once!"

At last this passionate love of knowledge was about to be partially gratified. When she had attained her sixteenth year, a stranger at Plattsburg, who had a noble mind and a generous heart, learning the history of Lucretia, proposed to place her at school, and thus give her the advantages for which she so much longed. This news completely overwhelmed the young poet, who, as soon as possible, was placed under Mrs. Emma Willard, at the Troy Female Seminary. "On her entering which," said the principal, "she at once surprised us by the brilliancy and pathos of her compositions—she evinced a most exquisite sense of the beautiful in the productions of her pencil; always giving to whatever she attempted to copy certain peculiar and original touches which marked the liveliness of her conceptions and the power of her genius to embody those conceptions. But from studies that required calm and steady investigation, efforts of memory, judgment and conse-

cutive thinking, her mind seemed to shrink. She had no confidence in herself, and appeared to regard with dismay any requisitions of this nature."

It was doubtless owing to the deprivation which she suffered in her earlier years, from the want of proper direction in her studies, that a want of confidence in her own powers was generated. Any public exhibition or examination was torture to her, which doubtless would chill her energies in the preparation. Her teachers loved her, as well they might, and looked lovingly and fondly upon the creations of her genius. But doubtless the new duties and responsibilities of the school had a direct tendency to weaken her constitution and to generate that disease which was the precursor of her death. During the vacation she was taken ill, which left her feeble and nervous. On her recovery she was placed with Miss Gilbert at Albany, whose school had attracted notice. Here she was again the subject of illness, which by its severity necessitated her return home, where she gradually declined, death at last claiming her for its own, on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1825, at which time she had not completed her seventeenth year! In her last illness her physician forbade her to read; but in order to lessen the deprivation, she had her books laid on her pillow, which she kissed a thousand times a day, exclaiming to her mother, "Ah! mamma, what a happy day it will be to me when I am able to open one of them!" But, alas! that time never came: the hopes of her parents, the expectation of

friends, were to be struck down, and the cold grave was to receive the form of her they so loved and cherished !

When at school Lucretia, anticipating that her end would not be long delayed, addressed the following touching lines to a friend :—

“ And thou hast marked, in childhood’s hour,
The fearless boundings of my breast ;
When, fresh as summer’s opening flower,
I freely frolicked, and was blessed.

“ Oh ! say, was not this eye more bright ?
Were not these lips more wont to smile ?
Methinks that then my heart was light,
And I a fearless, joyous child.

“ And thou did’st mark me gay and wild,
My careless, reckless, laugh of mirth ;
The simple pleasures of a child,
The holiday of man on earth.

“ Then thou hast seen me in that hour,
When every nerve of life was new ;
When pleasure fanned youth’s infant flower,
And hope her witcheries round it threw.

“ That hour is fading—it has fled,
And I am left in darkness now ;
A wanderer towards a lowly bed,
The grave—that home of all below.”

Miss Davidson is described as being exceedingly beautiful. Her forehead was high, open, and fair as

in infancy ; her eyes large, dark, and soft, containing the beaming expression which shows the soul at a glance ; her features were symmetrical and her complexion brilliant. But she seemed to be possessed with a settled melancholy. It could not be otherwise than that her beauty should attract attention, and that her mental acquirements should render her an object of interest ; but all such notice was the occasion of great pain and annoyance. This was the result of that pensive meditative mood which had now become a part of her nature. It was this mood which doubtless promoted many of her sweetest poems, suffused though they are with this sadness. The "Song at Twilight" is an exquisite specimen :—

"When evening spreads her shades around,
And darkness fills the arch of heaven ;
When not a murmur, not a sound,
To fancy's sportive ear is given.

"When the broad orb of heaven is bright,
And looks around with golden eye ;
When nature, softened by her light,
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie.

"Then, when our thoughts are raised above
This world, and all this world can give.
O, sister, sing the song I love,
And tears of gratitude receive.

"The song which thrills my bosom's core
And, hovering, trembles half afraid :
O, sister sing the song once more,
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

" 'Twere almost sacrilege to sing
Those notes amid the glare of day ;
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,
And wafted by their breath away.

" When, sleeping in my grass-grown bed,
Shouldst thou still linger here above,
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,
And, sister, sing the song I love ?"

Not less charming is the poem "To my Mother," the natural pathos of which commends it as a beautiful heart utterance, not less musical than truthful :—

" O Thou whose care sustained my infant years,
And taught my prattling lips each note of love ;
Whose soothing voice breathed comfort to my fears,
And round my brow hope's brightest garland wove.

" To thee my lay is due, the simple song,
Which nature gave me at life's opening day ;
To thee these rude, these untaught strains belong,
Whose heart indulgent will not spurn my lay.

O, say, amid this wilderness of life,
What bosom would have throbb'd like thine for me,
Who would have smiled responsive ? who in grief
Would e'er have felt, and, feeling, grieve like thee ?

" Who would have guarded, with a falcon eye,
Each trembling footstep, or each sport of fear ?
Who would have marked my bosom bounding high,
And clasped me to her heart with love's bright tear ?

" Who would have hung around my sleepless couch,
And fanned, with anxious hand, my burning brow ?
Who would have fondly pressed my fevered lip,
In all the agony of love and woe ?

“None but a mother—none but one like thee,
Whose bloom has faded in the midnight watch ;
Whose eye, for me, has lost its witchery,
Whose form has felt disease’s mildew touch.

“Yes, thou hast lighted me to health and life,
By the bright lustre of thy youthful bloom ;
Yes, thou hast wept so oft o’er every grief
That love hath traced thy brow with marks of gloom.

“O, then, to thee, this rude and simple song,
Which breathes of thankfulness and love for thee ;
To thee, my mother, shall this lay belong,
Whose life is spent in toil and care for me.”

Although Miss Davidson died so young, the work she actually accomplished was truly astonishing. Many of her pieces, as we have seen, she destroyed ; more than one-third of all that she produced, according to the testimony of her mother. Those that remained after her death amounted in number to two hundred and seventy-eight. They consist of five regular poems of several cantos, twenty-four school exercises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters to her mother.

The sister of Lucretia, Margaret Miller Davidson, was only two years old when her gifted sister died. She likewise early devoted herself to study and to literature ; her poems, for she also was a poet, would have been creditable to one much more advanced in years and experience. The story of her sister’s

career was the incentive to her intellectual progress. Often when her mother related what Lucretia had said and done would Margaret exclaim, "Oh, I will try to fill her place; teach me to be like her!" Sad to say, she was like her in her mental acquirements and in her early death. How applicable the lines written by Lucretia on the "Seats of Death" to the early ending of these two gifted girls:—

"I have passed o'er the earth in the darkness of night,
I have walked the wild winds in the morning's broad light;
I have paused o'er the bower where the infant lay sleeping.
My pinion was spread, and the cold dew of night,
Which withers and moulders the flowers in its light,
Fell silently o'er the warm cheek in its glow,
And I left it there blighted, and wasted, and low;
I culled the fair bud, as it danced in its mirth,
And I left it to moulder and fade on the earth.
I paused o'er the valley, the glad sounds of joy
Rose soft through the mist, and ascended on high.
The fairest were there, and I paused in my flight,
And the deep cry of wailing broke wildly that night.
I stay not to gather the lone one to earth,
I spare not the young in their gay dance of mirth;
But I sweep them all on to their home in the grave:
I stop not to pity—I stay not to save."

CATHARINE MACAULAY:

THE GIRL PATRIOT, AND WRITER OF HISTORY.

THE name of Macaulay is associated with history, not only through the gifted Thomas Babington Macaulay, whose works are a treasured national possession, but also through the name of Catharine Macaulay, who is no mean contemporary of the great historian, and whose works will be read, it may be, with equal pleasure and profit. Catharine, like so many women of eminence, was in her youth clever, studious, fond of books, and desirous to obtain knowledge. Whenever that is the case with any girl, despite warnings and prophecies to the contrary, she is sure to be a woman distinguished for sense, feeling, and discrimination. Catharine was not an exception, but a very remarkable instance illustrating the rule. Her youthful years were marked with purpose and earnestness: characteristics which are sure to be developed in a useful and in a distinguished life. Of course, there are instances to the contrary—instances where a course of youthful dissipation has been supplemented with an after life which has been notable



Illustration of a person in a landscape.

CATHARINE MACAULAY:

THE NEW SCOTLAND AND HER SON OF HISTORY.

The name of Macaulay is associated with history, and only through the gifted Thomas Babington Macaulay, whose works are a honored national possession, has she through the name of Catharine Macaulay, who is no mean contemporary of the great historian, and whose works will be read, it may be, with equal pleasure and profit. Catharine, like so many women of genius, was in her youth clever, studious, fond of books, and desirous to obtain knowledge. Whence that is the case with my girl, Catharine Macaulay and prophetic is the contrary, she is also to be a woman distinguished for sense, feeling, and benevolence. Catharine was not an exception, but a very remarkable instance illustrating the rule. Her youthful years were marked with genius and benevolence, which are rare in life. Of course, there are instances of the contrary—instances where a certain degree of disparity has been experienced with an aim at which has been notable



Catherine Macaulay in her Father's Library.

for its industry and attainments; but such instances, whenever they occur, may be deemed rare and exceptional, like some meteor or phenomenon of nature. This may be assumed as the only infallible rule—youthful years spent industriously: mature years spent usefully and laboriously. Men and women are creatures of habit: how, then, can we expect that habits of idleness, contracted during the most plastic years of life, will lead to habits of industry? Or how can we expect that the facts and stores of information, that lay around in books, can be treasured in the mind or find a resting place in the understanding, without the years which are freest from the cares and anxieties of life are devoted to their collection and attainment? It cannot be. That girl or that boy who *intends* to be useful and eminent, must remember that the seeds of such a purposed life are laid in youth—rarely, if ever, in mature years. This fact is corroborated by every instance cited in this volume, and will be found to be further confirmed in the life of every person that has attained to eminence or distinction.

Catharine Macaulay, the youngest daughter of John Sawbridge, Esq., of Ollantigh, in Kent, was born in the year 1733. Unfortunately her mother died when she was yet in infancy, so that she was deprived of that maternal care and oversight which none but a mother can bestow. The love, the affectionate endearment, the solicitude, which nature implants in a mother's heart, was denied her; in its

place she, with her sister, was committed to the care of a governess, who was in every way unfitted for so responsible a task. Instead of the little girls having that care and direction so needful in their youngest years, and which would have been the first duty of a mother, they were permitted to indulge in their own desires and to follow their own inclinations—a course which might well be fatal to the finest natures, and deaden and destroy the most acute and quickest instincts. Fortunately for Catharine, at a very early age she found her way into her father's library, the stores of which furnished her with amusement long before she comprehended the use and value of books. When she was tired of the plates, upsetting and rearranging the volumes, she commenced to form an acquaintance with the contents of many books, that were deservedly favourites many years ago, and that will be valued and read as literary treasures many years to come. The chief of these was the *Spectator*, *Rambler*, and the *Guardian*—periodicals which owned as contributors the rarest intellects and most brilliant geniuses that have embellished the literature of any country during the last century. When these serials had been all perused, Catharine was next attracted by the stirring incidents of history; thus turning naturally from the *theories* of the British essayists to the *facts* of the historian. “Rollin's History of Rome,” with its animated descriptions and stirring appeals, did more than furnish her with amusement—it made her a Republican and a writer of history.

Unsatisfied with merely remembering and storing her mind with the incidents that ever renders the history of the great Republic fascinating to youth, she must, as far as in her lay, become a Republican, and act and live as became a Roman.

She did not become an authoress until after her marriage with Dr. George Macaulay, a London physician of some eminence, to whom she was married in 1760. Shortly after this interesting event, she sent from the press her first work—"A History of England from the Accession of James I. to the Elevation of the House of Hanover." The first volume of this important work, which was published in quarto, was dated 1763; the fifth and last volume, which brought the history down to the Restoration, was published in 1771. But the history was published in octavo, a more convenient size for the library, in which form it went through several editions. When first published, as a matter of course, it attracted considerable attention, mainly from the double interest that the author was a female, and an avowed Republican. The critics considered that its republican sentiments would prevent its attaining to the position of a standard work, notwithstanding its containing, that which they admitted, many important historical facts omitted by other historians. One writer said: "The style is nervous and animated, although sometimes loose and inaccurate, and the reflections of the author are often acute and sagacious—always noble and benevolent." When these five volumes were

finished, Mrs. Macaulay commenced another work—"The History of England from the Revolution to the Present Time, in a Series of Letters to the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Rector of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, and Prebendary of Westminster." These letters, six in number, brought the history down to the termination of the administration of Sir Robert Walpole, in 1742.

Mrs. Macaulay, in the year 1785, probably as a relaxation from the severe studies of which her great works had necessitated, went over to America; a country, with her republican notions, which must have been specially interesting. She extended her observations to all parts of the country, and everywhere received a hearty and considerate attention. Her travels culminated with a visit to the father of the Republic. Washington was so much interested in the attainments and sentiments of Mrs. Macaulay that he became one of her constant correspondents during the remainder of her life. A distinction which was no doubt properly valued, as it was a friendship which the gifted historian could not fail to appreciate.

In 1785 or 1788, Mrs. Macaulay married her second husband—a Mr. Graham, who was many years her junior; so much so as to call forth comment and remark; although, from anything known to the contrary, the marriage led to domestic happiness—a result which surely justified the union.

During the composition of her histories Mrs.

Macaulay wrote several pamphlets, one of which was entitled "Remarks on Hobbe's Rudiments of Government and Society," which was printed in 1767; in 1769 this pamphlet was reprinted, considerably enlarged, with the more taking title: "Loose Remarks on some of Mr. Hobbe's Positions;" also "Observations on a Pamphlet entitled Thoughts on the Causes of the Present Discontents,"—the author of which pamphlet was the celebrated Edmund Burke. This was followed by: "An Address to the People of England, Scotland, and Ireland, on the present Important Crisis of Affairs;" "A Treatise on the Immutability of Moral Truth," which was afterwards, in a second and enlarged edition, called "Letters on Education;" also "Observations on the Reflections of the Right Hon. E. Burke on the Revolution in France, in a Letter to the Right Hon. the Earl of Stanhope."

On the 23rd of June, 1791, this industrious woman died. Mrs. Arnold, her intimate friend, writing on the subject of her worth and character, said: "As a wife, a mother, a friend, neighbour, and the mistress of a family, she was irreproachable and exemplary. My sentiments of this amiable woman are derived from a long and intimate acquaintance with her various excellencies; and I have observed her in different points of view. I have seen her exalted on the dangerous pinnacle of worldly prosperity, surrounded by flattering friends, and an admiring world; I have seen her marked out by party preju-

dice as an object of dislike and ridicule ; I have seen her bowed down by bodily pain and weakness ; but never did I see her forget the urbanity of a gentlewoman, her conscious dignity as a rational creature, or a fervent aspiration after the highest degree of attainable perfection. I have seen her humble herself in the presence of her Almighty Father, and, with a contrite heart, acknowledging her sins and imploring His forgiveness ; I have seen her languishing on the bed of sickness, enduring pain with the patience of a Christian, and with the firm belief that the light afflictions of this life are but for a moment, and that the fashion of the world will pass away, and give place to a system of durable happiness."

Dr. Wilson, to whom Mrs. Macaulay dedicated her historical letters, was so enthusiastic an admirer of her talents and sentiments, that upon her death he erected a statue to her, as a patroness of liberty, in the Church at Walbrook.



Ida Pfeffer confronting the two French soldiers.



Eda Plaffer encountering two French soldiers.

IDA PFEIFFER:

THE COURAGEOUS GIRL, AND ILLUSTRIOUS
TRAVELLER.

WE have seen in numerous instances the singular capability and precocious talent of many girls who have ultimately attained to fame and deserved distinction in various walks of intellectual usefulness; we have *not* seen, however, an instance, such as that we are now about to relate, of extraordinary success in the field of enterprise and of travel, undertaken with a single purpose, and executed with firmness and resolution by an “unprotected female.” That such should be the case, when the facts are taken into consideration, is the more extraordinary—furnishing, as it does, one of the most striking instances of the eccentricities of genius, and the capability and resolution in the possession of woman; exercised by Madame Pfeiffer in travel and in the pursuit, or rather in the encounter of danger and of toil, for the accomplishment of her objects.

Ida was born in Vienna, in the October of 1791. She was the only daughter of a wealthy merchant

named Reyer; the rest of his family consisted of five boys, who exercised an important influence upon the tastes and pursuits of their sister. "I was not shy," she says of herself, "but wild as a boy, and bolder and more forward than my elder brothers. It was my greatest pleasure to romp with the boys, to dress in their clothes, and to take part in their mad pranks." Her parents, so far from restraining the tendency of those unfeminine games and pursuits, allowed her to wear boy's clothes, and indulged her in her singular whim and caprice. No wonder, therefore, that little Ida soon came to look upon the playthings of girls with contempt: dolls and toy saucepans she viewed with scorn; while, on the other hand, drums, swords, guns, and similar playthings, were her delight. Her father one day said, jestingly, that he would have her educated as an officer in a military school, which no doubt tended rather to foster than restrain the military ardour of the singular child. Her most ardent wish then was, indeed, to carve her own way through the world—as a soldier ought to do—sword in hand. Even then, in her infantine years, she gave many proofs of courage and determined resolution.

Ida's father was a peculiar man. He had his own notions of education, which he carried out strictly. His chief object was to guard his children from excess, as he conceived, much the most important part of education. The result was, that he fed his children with the simplest diet, at the same table

with their elders, who were partaking of more solid and desirable viands. This course, he conceived, while it was healthy and tended to their physical development, taught his children important lessons of self-denial. Upon the same principle, they were taught not to urge any request that had been once denied them. He was even induced to deny them requests that were reasonable, under the impression that such a course would have a tendency to accustom them to disappointments. This education, commendable or otherwise as it may be deemed, certainly had the tendency to harden Ida to fatigue, so that subsequently, for months together, she was enabled to endure hardships, and to subsist upon food that must otherwise have broken her spirits, and destroyed her health.

In 1806, Ida's father died. Her mother then conceived it necessary to change the pursuits and habits of her daughter. She was no longer to be permitted to wear the dress of a boy; she must now assume the garments becoming her sex. Ida's indignation was so serious, that the intensity of her feelings superinduced an illness, which the doctors thought could best be allayed by restoring the boyish garments for which she had contracted so great a partiality, recommending that her singular tastes should be counteracted by quiet and gentle remonstrance. When the coveted garments were restored, Ida received them with absolute enthusiasm; the result was an immediate restoration to health, and a

restoration to boyish pursuits, which she cultivated with redoubled zeal. Her mother exhorted her to learn the pianoforte; but, as it was a female accomplishment, she despised it; on the other hand, she manifested a great desire to learn the violin, and considerable aptness in managing that difficult instrument. Her mother, however, in this matter would not allow her to have her own way; the pianoforte teacher was therefore installed, although Ida endeavoured to escape from the hated task by cutting and burning her fingers, and so incapacitating herself for receiving her lessons.

In 1809, a year remarkable in the history of Austria, Ida had attained her twelfth year. From her soldierly predilections it will readily be understood that the war was a subject of great interest to her. Even at that early age she read the newspapers and followed upon a map the progress of the contending armies. When the Austrians were successful, her enthusiasm manifested itself in shouting and dancing, as though she were a mad thing; when the Austrians were unsuccessful she was correspondingly sorrowful and depressed. Owing to her mother's house being situated in one of the principal streets, she had frequent opportunities, in the constant marching and counter-marching of the troops, of indulging in her military ardour, and in the warm expressions with which she greeted the Austrian banners. Her only sorrow was when she saw the troops departing to the battle field, that she was too young to bear arms—her youth being,

so she conceived, the only impediment to that desired consummation. To her great chagrin and disappointment, the French arms were victorious, the victors entering the capital; and, worst of all, a number of the despised and hated troops actually were quartered in her mother's house, sat down at the family table, and expected to receive the most considerate attention! As a matter of expediency the several members of the family deemed it prudent to treat their visitors with outward civility; not so little Ida—she would not conceal her feelings; the utmost that she would do was to maintain an obstinate silence. When, however, the Frenchmen, perhaps amused by the spirit which influenced the little patriot, requested her to declare her sentiments, she broke out in words of passionate anger and dislike. "My hatred," she afterwards said, "to Napoleon was so great, that I looked upon the attempt of the notorious Staps to assassinate him at Schonbrunn as a highly meritorious action, and considered the perpetrator, who was tried by a court-martial and shot, in the light of a martyr. I thought if I myself could murder Napoleon I should not hesitate one instant to do so." Of course, it will not be understood that the principles of common Christianity were absent from her heart; it was, as an intelligent critic has observed, simply the exuberance of a noble spirit, which time and experience subdued and directed."

When Ida had attained her thirteenth year, by

persuasion or otherwise, she threw off male attire, and for the rest of her life adopted the dress suited to her sex. This change was not effected without the shedding of many tears and the passing of many unhappy hours. "How awkward and clumsy I was at first," she exclaimed, "how ridiculous I must have looked in my long skirts, jumping and racing about, and behaving generally like a wild restless boy." But all this was soon to be changed ; an influence was now to be exerted which has exercised a potent control upon natures stronger and more adverse than that of Ida's. Love was now to take the place of martial leanings. Love—not the love of mother to her daughter, or of father to his son, but the love of a young heart in its first affection—yearning to love and be beloved. The object of this new and tender interest was a tutor who had been provided by her mother, and who, fortunately for Ida, took special pains with her, having received his instructions from her mother so to treat her in consequence of a wrong bias and direction having been given to her earliest impulses. Ida speaks of him as having behaved with great kindness and delicacy, and as having manifested great patience and perseverance in combating her crude notions and misdirected thoughts. "As I had learned," Ida says, "rather to bear my parents than to love them, and he was, so to speak, the first human being who had displayed affection and sympathy towards me, I clung to him in return with enthusiastic attachment, seeking to fulfil his every wish, and was

never so happy as when he appeared satisfied with my endeavours. He conducted my entire education; and though it cost me some tears to give up my youthful visions, and busy myself with pursuits I had looked upon with contempt, I did all this out of affection for him. I even learned many female occupations, such as sewing, knitting, and cookery. I owe to him the insight I received for three or four years into the duties of my sex; and he it was who changed me from a wild hoydenish creature into a modest girl."

So soon as this transformation had been effected, a new desire took possession of Ida's breast. She now, instead of having her mind filled with thoughts of dress, balls, and theatres, looked longingly upon the great world, desiring ardently to travel over its surface and acquaint herself with its wonders. Her envy was excited whenever she heard of any traveller, or read the perils and adventures of any explorer; bewailing at the same time the fact that her sex forbade her to indulge in the hope that she also might cross the sea and visit strange lands. Just at this time, as if to divert her mind from a too morbid indulgence of this new desire, a phase in her history occurred which may be best chronicled in her own words. "In my seventeenth year," she writes, "a wealthy Greek proposed for my hand. My mother declined to entertain his offer; she thought me too young for such a step. According to her ideas, it was indecorous for a girl under twenty years of age

to marry. A great change now took place in my character. I had hitherto had no idea of that powerful passion which makes mortals the happiest or the most miserable of beings. When my mother told me of the proposal made to her, feelings of which till then I had been unconscious became clearly defined within me, and I felt that I could love no one but T——, the guide of my youth. I was not aware that he was attached to me. I scarcely knew my own feelings, and far less was I capable of guessing those of another person. When, however, he heard of the proposal that had been made for me, and when the possibility of losing me occurred to him, he confessed his love to me, and determined to urge his suit with my mother. He had devoted himself to the Civil Service, and had for some years occupied a post, with a salary on which he could live very well. He had long since given up the profession of a tutor; but he continued to visit our house as frequently as ever, passing all his leisure hours with us, as if he belonged to the family. My five brothers were his friends, and my mother was so fond of him that she often called him 'her dear sixth son.' He was at every party at our house, and went with us wherever we accepted an invitation." It was only natural, therefore, to suppose that the mother would only be too happy to bestow the hand of her daughter upon one so favourably received. When, however, he did propose for the hand of Ida, the mother all at once took as great a dislike to him as she had pre-

viously favourably looked upon him. There could only be one reason for this sudden change—the fact that the tutor had no money, and that Ida had in certain prospect a fortune. The mother, in order to avoid the possibility of a marriage between Ida and the tutor, was desirous to get her suitably, as she conceived, and speedily married. The tutor, as a matter of course, was forbidden the house. Ida, on the other hand, declared her resolve either to remain single or marry her present lover. Her mother, knowing the fixity of her determination, took her to a minister, who impressed her with the duty which children owed to their parents, and endeavoured to induce her to take an oath that she would not see or correspond with T——. She refused to take an oath, but gave her promise, with the understanding that she was to write to her lover and inform him of everything. “His reply,” writes Ida, “was short, and full of bitter sorrow. He seemed to understand that, under the circumstances, there was no hope for us, and that nothing remained but for me to obey my mother’s commands. He declared positively, however, that he would never marry. And thus our correspondence closed. Three long sorrowful years passed away without my seeing him, and without any change in my feelings or position. Walking, one day, with a friend of my mother’s, I met T—— by chance. We both stopped involuntarily, but for a long time neither he nor I could utter a word. At last he conquered his emotion, and asked after my

health. I was too deeply moved to be able to reply. My knees trembled, and I felt ready to sink into the earth. I seized my companion by the arm, and drew her away with me, and rushed home, scarcely conscious of what I was doing. Two days afterwards I was stretched on my couch in a burning fever. The physician who was called in seemed to have a suspicion of the cause of my illness, and declared to my mother, as I afterwards heard, that the source of evil was mental, not bodily; that medicines would be of little avail in my case, and that every effort must be directed to restore my peace of mind. But my mother persisted in following her own course, and told the physician she could not alter her plans."

For a long time her life hung upon a thread—a consummation which she ardently desired. Overhearing the nurse say that her death might be expected every day, news which in her state of mind was particularly grateful, and which produced so much calmness in her system as to superinduce a deep slumber, which happily gave the desired turn to her disease, when her health was speedily restored. Then came again the importuning of fresh suitors, who, doubtless, were influenced in their choice by the fact that Ida had, in her own right, a considerable fortune. These overtures, however, she resolutely refused, which occasioned throbbings and heartburnings at home. The mother, in order that the now hated tutor might be refused, insisted upon Ida's making choice of a husband. Worn out with these impor-

tunings, she at last consented to accept the next offer that was made to her, provided the suitor was of advanced age. She was influenced to make this resolve that her former lover might be convinced that it was force, and not inclination, which influenced her decision. The fortunate man, as he would be called, was Doctor Pfeiffer, a distinguished advocate of Lemberg. He had been staying temporarily at Vienna. In about four weeks afterwards he sent a proposal of marriage for the youthful Ida, who was the more astonished from the fact that she had only exchanged a few common-place remarks with him. The mother, however, was not slow in reminding her of her promise. To Ida the Doctor seemed a very intelligent and well-educated man ; and, which was much in his favour, lived a hundred miles from Vienna, and was twenty-four years older than herself. She wrote him a letter, in which she unfolded the real state of her affections. But the Doctor, as it would seem, was neither surprised nor disappointed at the fact that a young girl had loved and was then in love. He thought that so candid a statement of the fact was proof of her worthiness ; that it gave earnest of her being an excellent wife. He was, induced, therefore, by the course adopted by Ida, to prosecute rather than relinquish his suit. T—— was informed of all the circumstances ; his reply, which was worthy of him, told her that he should never forget her, and that he would never marry—a resolution which he faithfully kept.

On the 1st of May, 1820, this marriage of prudence, for so Ida's mother considered it, was celebrated. But it was speedily found to be anything but as was desired or anticipated. In the course of a little time both the fortune Ida brought her husband, and the money which he had amassed from his profession, was dissipated in vexing litigation. Then it was, despite his best efforts, Doctor Pfeiffer could neither obtain an official situation or professional employment; as an inevitable result, grim cold poverty entered the family abode. Speaking of this time, Ida says :—

“Heaven only knows what I suffered during eighteen years of my married life ! Not, indeed, from any ill treatment on my husband's part, but from poverty and want. I came off a wealthy family, and had been accustomed from my earliest youth to order and comfort ; and now I knew not where I should lay my head, or find a little money to buy the commonest necessaries. I performed household drudgery, and endured cold and hunger ; I worked secretly for money, and gave lessons in drawing and music ; and yet, in spite of all my exertions, there were many days when I could hardly put anything but dry bread before my poor children for their dinner. I might certainly have applied to my mother or my brothers for relief, but my pride revolted against such a course. For years I fought with poverty, and concealed my real position. Often was I brought so near to despair that the

thought of my children alone prevented me from giving way."

Then came the illness of Ida's mother, who was carefully nursed by her, no thought of bitterness warping the affection which was due from a daughter to her mother. When the mother died, Ida came into possession of a little property, sufficient for her maintenance and for the education of her two sons. Vienna presenting greater facilities for that purpose, she finally settled there, leaving Doctor Pfeiffer at Lemberg.

During a journey to Trieste, which Ida Pfeiffer undertook with her youngest son, in order that he might have sea baths, she enjoyed her first sight of the ocean. The impression made upon her by the sea was overpowering. The dreams of her youth came back, with visions of distant, unexplored climes, teeming with strange, luxurious vegetation, and created so irresistible an impulse for travel in her mind, that she would gladly have embarked in the first ship, to sail away on the great, mysterious, boundless ocean. Her duty to her children alone restrained her; and she felt happy when she had quitted Trieste, and miles of mountain and plain intervened between the sea and herself; for the longing to see the wide world had weighed like a mountain on her spirit in the maritime city.

This desire to see strange lands remained with Madame Pfeiffer; and she secretly cherished the idea of future adventure so soon as her sons were estab-

lished in life, an event which some time after took place; and then she matured her plans for a long journey alone, her husband's advanced age preventing him from participating in the toil and fatigue of such an undertaking. Respecting the difficulties which the undertaking presented she thus settled them: "Respecting the design that a woman should venture into the world alone, I trusted to my years—for I was then forty-five—to my courage, and to the habit of self-reliance I had acquired in the hard school of life, during the time when I was obliged to provide, not only for my children, but sometimes for my husband also. As regards money, I was determined to practise the most rigid economy. Privation and discomfort had no terrors for me. I had endured them long enough compulsorily, and considered that they would be much easier to bear if I encountered them voluntarily, with a fixed object in view."

Having settled that matter, the next question was whither should she go? The Holy Land finally becoming the object of her choice. Her friends meanwhile looking upon her as an enthusiast, and her intention as a whim and caprice. Soon, however, came the hour of parting from her sons, to whom she was most tenderly attached. The steamer in which she embarked conveying her down the Danube to the Black Sea and the City of the Crescent. She visited Broussa, Beyrout, Jaffa, Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Nazareth, Damascus, Baalbek, the Lebanon, Alexandria, and Cairo, the Isthmus of Suez and the Red

Sea, returning home by way of Sicily and Italy. The results of this journey were published in two volumes; only, however, at the importunity of a publisher, and speedily ran through four editions. The funds from this source Madam Pfeiffer determined to devote to fresh explorations—this time selecting the far north as the goal of her ambition. Preparatory to taking this journey she devoted herself closely to the study of the English and Danish languages, as well as making herself master of the art of daguerrotyping. Preparations completed, she sailed for the coast of Ireland on the 10th of April, 1845. She visited, in the course of her journeyings, the Geysers, and other hot springs, and ascended Hecla, which shortly after her visit began to vomit fire, although it had remained quiet for seventy years previously. Madam Pfeiffer, had she been superstitious, might have deemed this a providential circumstance. From Iceland our adventuress sailed to Copenhagen, journeying thence to Christiania, Thelemark, Stockholm, Upsala, and Danemora; returning home by the way of Travemünde, Hamburg, and Berlin. This journey only occupied six months. The money realised for the specimens collected during her tour, as well as the sale of the copyright of her journal, which was printed under the title of “A Voyage to the Scandinavian North, and the Island of Iceland,” was hoarded for another and a more adventurous journey—a voyage round the world! On the 28th of June, 1846, she sailed from

Hamburg in a Danish brig. On the 16th of September the vessel made the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where, in an expedition into the interior, Ida was nearly losing her life from a runaway slave, whose evident purpose was murder and robbery. From Rio, Ida sailed round Cape Horn to Valparaiso. Then, after traversing the Pacific Ocean, she landed at Otaheite, where she was presented to Queen Pomare. From this island Ida embarked for China, where she visited Hongkong and the City of Canton, thence proceeding to Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Cawnpore, Delhi, Indore, and Bombay. From India she then proceeded to Persia; where, through the Bey, Shat-el-Arab, she betook herself to Bassora, and thence to Bagdad, travelling with a caravan through the desert to Moussoul, to the ruins of Ninevah, to Urumia and Tabriz. This journey was so dangerous that the English Consul at Tabriz would hardly believe that any woman could accomplish that which he considered so great a feat. Ida next directed her steps through Armenia, Georgia, Mingrelia, Tiflis, and Kutais to Redulkale; on her way home she touched at Anapa, Kertch, Sebastopol, Odessa, Constantinople, Greece, the Ionian Islands, Trieste to Vienna. In this journey she had accomplished 2,800 miles by land, and 35,000 by sea! The incidents of this journey were published under the title, "A Woman's Journey Round the World," which was subsequently twice translated into English, and once into French. After

staying some little time at Vienna, she started for London, then to Cape Town, with no settled purpose, debating with herself whether she should proceed to the interior of Africa, or go at once to Australia. Finally she sailed to Singapore, and thence to the Sunda Islands. From Java she landed at Batavia, where she determined upon a journey to Sumatra, which journey was filled with most interesting incidents. On her return to Java she executed trips to Djokjokerta and Surakerta, to the temple Buro Budhoo, and to Sourabaya. From thence she sailed to the smaller Sunda Islands, to the Moluccas, Bauda, Amboyna, Saparna, Ceram, and Ternate; remaining for some time among the wild Alfores, then closing with a visit to Celebes. Then for two months she traversed the Pacific for a distance of 10,150 miles, with the intention of visiting California; when there, she inspected the gold districts on the Sacramento and the Yuba. In 1853 she set sail for Panama on her way to the Peruvian coast. She crossed the chain in the neighbourhood of Chimborazo, to the plateau of Ambato and Tacunga, having the opportunity of witnessing an eruption of the volcano Cotopaxi, which is so rare a sight that the famous Alexander von Humboldt frequently expressed his envy of the opportunity which Ida had enjoyed. Retracing her tiresome march across the Cordilleras, she was twice in danger of losing her life, once from falling from her mule, and then from an immersion in the river Guaaya, which abounds

with alligators. Disgusted at her companions, who in these perils neither gave or tendered her the slightest assistance, she turned from South America to Panama, when she soon after crossed the Isthmus. From Aspinwall she sailed to America, where she visited the chief places of interest, landing at Liverpool, on her return, on the 21st of November, 1854. The curiosities collected during this journey round the world were deposited in the British Museum ; and, as a reward for her marvellous enterprise, Alexander von Humboldt and Carl Ritter obtained her election as an honorary member of the Geographical Society of Berlin ; the King of Prussia rewarding her with the gold medal for arts and sciences. The results and reflections of the journey were published in Vienna in 1856, under the title, "My Second Journey Round the World." Ida had cherished the idea of this being her last journey, and had therefore indulged in visions of home and of home happiness : but this purpose was changed—she resolved upon one more journey, this time to Madagascar, which was rife with incident, as it was unfortunately the precursor of the death of the gifted traveller. In her journal of this journey she opens many dark chapters that to Europeans are passing strange. Here is one on the morals of Madagascar :—

"In general there is nothing more ridiculous than to hear a Malagasey speak of his family and of domestic ties. I have never met with a more immoral people than the inhabitants of Madagascar ;

and where there is such demoralisation, family ties must be of the loosest. I dare not trust my pen to chronicle the many immoral customs which prevail, not only among the people generally, but in the highest families in the island, and appear quite natural to the people here. I can only say that female virtue is looked upon as quite valueless, and that the laws regarding marriage and progeny are of a stranger kind than anywhere else in the world. Thus, for instance, a man may divorce his wife and take another as often as he chooses. The woman may live with another man, though she may not marry again; but all the children born to her after she has been separated from her husband are looked upon as belonging to him; the second husband has not the slightest claim to them, and the mother is compelled to deliver them up to her first husband immediately upon his claiming them. When a man dies, too, any children his widow may afterwards have are looked upon as his; and it is in consequence of this law that Prince Rakoto, son of Queen Ranavola, though he was born long after King Radama's death, is looked upon as the son of that monarch. It likewise frequently happens that men who have no children by their own wives, marry girls who expect to become mothers, so that they may be able to call the child that is about to be born their own. This craving for progeny is caused by an existing law, which declares the property of any man who dies childless forfeit to the state."

In another chapter we are enlightened on the subject of the justice which is meted in this strange country :—

“ When a nobleman of any caste dies, the duty of wrapping him in the dead-cloth and placing him in the grave devolves upon the fourth caste. The deceased in this case had fallen into disgrace and been banished from the capital, and mourning was not put on for him at court ; under these circumstances, the nobles of the fourth class feared to offend the Queen by paying the last honours to the dead man, and left this duty to men from among the people. As soon as this came to the Queen’s ears, she laid a fine of four hundred dollars upon the whole caste, and had one hundred and twenty-six persons selected from it and sold as slaves ; among these were many women and children. The entire population of a village sometimes fall into slavery, merely for eating the flesh of a stolen ox. Stealing an ox is a crime punished with death ; but if the stolen beast belonged to the Queen, not only is the thief executed, but all who have partaken of the ox’s flesh are sold into slavery ; and as no one takes the trouble to ascertain who has been implicated and who not, the punishment falls upon the whole village in which the ox was sold and slaughtered. None are spared but unweaned children, who are graciously supposed not to have eaten any of the meat. To have attained to wealth and independence is too great a crime in a subject not to draw down all

kinds of persecution on the luckless delinquent. If the Queen gets to know that any village is rich in cattle, rice, and other produce—money, of course, is out of the question among the villagers—she imposes a task upon the people which they cannot execute; for instance, she requires them to deposit a certain amount of wood, or a certain number of stones, at a given place on an appointed day. The quantity of materials to be delivered is made so large, and the time allowed for their delivery so short, that even with the greatest exertion, and every anxiety to fulfil the conditions, the completion becomes impossible. The people are then condemned to pay a fine of some hundreds of dollars; and as they have no money, they are obliged to sell their cattle, their rice, their slaves, and not unfrequently themselves.”

The sad ignorance and superstition which prevail in Madagascar are truly lamentable. Ida, in her journal, says : “ Throughout Madagascar, but particularly at court, it is customary to consult the Sikidy oracle on every occasion, great and small. It is done in the following manner : A certain number of beans and small stones are mixed together, and from the figures they form, the people learned in the art of divination predict the favourable or unfavourable result of an undertaking. Of such oracle-interpreters, or augurs, there are more than twelve appointed at court, and in the most trifling matter the Queen is accustomed to consult them. So devoted a believer in the Sikidy is she, that in many things

she sacrifices her own will, and is thus the greatest slave in the country she governs so despotically. If, for instance, she wishes to make an excursion anywhere, the oracle must decide on what day and at what hour this can be done. She will put on no garment, and partake of no dish till the Sikidy has spoken, and the oracle must even decide from what spring the water she drinks is to be taken. A few years ago a universal custom prevailed of asking the Sikidy, when a child was born, if the hour of its birth was fortunate. If an answer in the negative was returned, the poor baby was laid in the middle of one of the roads along which the great herds of oxen were driven. If the animals passed carefully by the child, without injuring it, the bad magic influence of the oracle was considered to be broken, and the child was carried back in triumph to its father's house. Few were, however, fortunate enough to go through this dangerous ordeal unscathed; the majority of the infants were killed. The parents who were unwilling to admit their children to such a test turned them adrift, especially if they were girls, and took no more trouble about them. The Queen has forbidden both the ordeal and the exposure; and this is, perhaps, the only humane law she has passed during her whole life."

Ida also gives the following account of the banqueting customs that prevail in this dark corner of the earth, sufficiently amusing if not instructive: "The more the Queen wishes to honour the guest

whom she invites to a banquet, the more tremendous is the banquet that is placed before him, and the greater is the number of hours he is compelled to pass at table; for the duration of time is considered an element in the distinction. When Mr. Lambert came to Tananariva for the first time, the Queen gave a banquet in honour of him. It consisted of several hundreds of dishes, materials for which had been collected from every part of the island. The rarest dainties (of course for Madagascar palates) were served up, including land and water beetles, the latter being considered particularly delicious; locusts, silkworms, and other insects. The banquet lasted more than twenty-four hours, during the greater part of which period the assembled guests were employed in consuming the various dainties. Of course Mr. Lambert could not remain so long at table, and, with the Queen's permission, rose from time to time; but he was obliged to remain present till all was over."

The reader may ask, and be certainly astonished at the answer, that this woman, who could accomplished so much, traverse 20,000 miles by land and 150,000 miles by sea, was not a woman of strong stature; that she was, on the other hand, of short stature, thin, and slightly bent. And then the reader will be further astonished when he or she reflects upon the small sum of money with which these immense journeys were undertaken. In the matter of toilet her wants were of the simplest; trinkets or jewels were as we might expect, never seen on her

person. It was not in outward adorning that she hoped or was desirous of making an impression ; she trusted to the solid acquirements and attainments which had been the object and pursuit of her life. She had also cultivated, with singular firmness and determination, a character remarkable for straightforwardness and high principle. She was so prompt in action, that to will and to do seemed almost synonymous. She was, in short, a woman that cultivated wisdom for the love of wisdom ; undertaking toils and fatigues, voluntarily and cheerfully , for the good which she might do. Her journals, marked with sense and observation, are a valuable legacy which she has left to the world ; which entitle her to be ranked amongst the benefactors of the human race ; so that, when that roll is called over, honourable mention must be made of the name of IDA PFEIFFER.

MARY THORNEYCROFT:

THE GIRL SCULPTRESS.

IN the Paris Exhibition of 1856, an object which attracted more than ordinary attention was a marvellous piece of sculpture, announced in the catalogue as a "Girl Skipping;" and certainly, if truth to nature, the preservation of all the grace and spirit which characterise the budding years of a blooming girl, should entitle to attention and admiration, then the admirable work of Mary Thorneycroft was not over-estimated or not unduly praised.

The sculptress happily still lives to spread around marks of her genius, and to give more than indications of the possession of talents which entitle her to rank with the most notable and famous sculptors of this or any other time. Had she lived in the palmy days of Greece or Rome, and had any of her works been preserved to us, we might not estimate them as we estimate the Appolo Belvidere, or The Dying Gladiator, but we should, nevertheless, look upon them as priceless treasures, more especially being the production of a woman.

Mary was born in 1814, at Thornham, in Norfolk. Mr. John Francis, her father, was a sculptor. It was not, however, until he had attained to middle life that he put his cherished purpose, of adopting the profession of a sculptor, as a means of living. He had long practised, for his own amusement, the art of modelling in clay; then, when he had fully resolved upon taking the step, he removed with his family to London; first, with the intention of studying, and then practising his newly-adopted profession. His little girl, instead of amusing herself with the feminine amusements so congenial to her sex and age, found her greatest delight in frequenting her father's studio, in watching the growth and development of the clay models under his hands. Not content, however, with merely watching the process of clay modelling, she must needs make the experiment herself—try if by dint of perseverance she could not also make a “thing of beauty.” Thus, from her most childish years, when other girls were busy with their dolls, she was making strenuous efforts to imitate her father's works, and to put into form and shape the creations which even then were teeming in her brain. Her father's friends deemed this a waste of time; they could not understand the use of a girl neglecting all feminine employments, to shut herself up in her father's apartments, and to busy herself only with clay models! In suffering his girl's time to be thus absorbed, he was warned by his friends of the injustice that he was doing her, and of the retri-

bution which would await him in after years, as the result of time wasted and talents misapplied. Mr. Francis, however, heeded not these cautions; he permitted the talents of his little girl to have their own bent, and to follow their own inclinations. How wisely he thus resolved we shall presently see. We can easily imagine that the amount of practice which Mary obtained gave her extraordinary facility in shaping and moulding the clay. The trite saying, that "practice makes perfect," was not at fault in Mary's case. Talents and genius she might have; and yet, from want of practice, there might be no results; and, as a consequence, one with ability less marked, and genius less recognised, would succeed in results more valuable and more enduring. But this could not be so in Mary's case—the very opposite was her daily experience; she practised unremittingly and untiringly. And, even though she had not the talents which she is known to possess, it would have been wonderful had she not succeeded. "Practice makes perfect," be the talents or genius what it may. A resolved purpose, an indomitable intention, will secure enduring results to the most meagre talents, where genius is not possessed or recognised. The race is not always to the swift: the battle is not always to the strong.

During these years of girlhood, she sent some of her studies, busts and heads, to the Royal Academy Exhibition, where they were deemed worthy of a place, as they were entitled to notice. Her first ima-

ginative work—for Mary was not satisfied to copy either the antique or the productions of modern sculptors—was a poetic composition; a figure of “Penelope,” and a group, representing “Ulysses and his Dog;” these studies, beautiful, and, under the circumstances, wonderful as they were, were yet not so generally appreciated as a life-sized statue, called the “Flower Girl.” This work excited the attention of the public, so that Mary came to be recognised as a power amongst living artists. She was no longer to be deemed an amateur, “dabbling with clay,” but a professional, who had earned the title of sculptor by works of undoubted merit.

Her father had a pupil, named Thorneycroft, who, no doubt, had watched with increasing interest the development of Mary’s talents; and it may be that the encouragement which he gave her, the praise which he honestly bestowed, incited her to efforts and to continuance in the career which she had chosen. How could it be otherwise but that he should fall in love with her? He saw her devotion to the pursuit which he had adopted as a profession; he saw her marvellous industry, and recognised her genius and talent. Would it not have been wonderful had he not fallen in love with her? And then, can we blame Mary for contracting an attachment for the companion of her studies—he who probably gave her hints in the development of her work; and, when that work was in progress and completed, filled her ears with praise? She would return his love—

cementing that return with a gift of her hand ; thus, in the year 1840, Miss Francis, to be Miss Francis no longer, became the wife of Mr. Thorneycroft, sculptor. Now, indeed, she would work on, not as a pleasure, but as a duty ; her husband assisting her with his practical advice, and with the encouragement of a loving husband : no wonder that her zeal increased and that her industry was doubled. After thus spending two years of their married life, Mr. Thorneycroft, in company with his gifted wife, made an extended tour through Italy, during which they spent a winter in Rome, where they made the acquaintance of the eminent sculptors, Thorwaldsen and Gibson, who were especially interested in Mary from the models of "Sappho" and a "Sleeping Child," which she had executed during her stay in the city. The "Sleeping Child," indeed, made so deep an impression on the mind of Mr. Gibson, that when the Queen consulted him as to the sculptor best suited to model the portraits of the royal children, he at once named, without hesitation, Mrs. Thorneycroft ; so that when she returned to England in 1843, she was at once commanded by her Majesty to execute a statue of the Princess Alice, which task she performed so much to the satisfaction of the Royal mother, that she received the further command to execute the statues of the Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, and Prince Alfred. These distinguished children appeared under the design of the gifted artist as the four seasons ; they

were exhibited at the Royal Academy, and, owing to their being engraved, have become generally known and appreciated. Her Majesty's appreciation of the talents of Mrs. Thorneycroft was to her of signal advantage; not simply because it was the patronage of Majesty, but because it is well known that her Majesty, by taste and culture, is capable of appreciating and discriminating a true work of art. How she estimates Mrs. Thorneycroft may be inferred from the fact that she gave her an additional commission for two other members of the Royal family. In the production of works of this kind her brother artists do not hesitate to assign her quite the foremost place amongst living sculptors. Doubtless, she is aided by the eye of the mother which, merging in the woman, and not forgotten in the artist, tends so naturally to her success; her immense practice enabling her to realise the conceptions and images of her mind. We thus see that her youthful days were not wasted; that she has attained to her high position as the result of continuous labours; that she has realised in her own experience that "Industry is its own reward!"

MRS. GRANT:

THE CHILD STUDENT, AND THOUGHTFUL GIRL

“ I BEGAN to live,” writes Mrs. Grant, “ to the purposes of feeling, observation, and recollection, much earlier than children usually do. I was not acute, I was not sagacious, but I had an active imagination and uncommon powers of memory. I had no companion ; no one fondled or caressed me, far less did any one take the trouble of amusing me ; I did not till the sixth year of my age possess a single toy. A child with less activity of mind would have become torpid under the same circumstances. Yet, whatever of purity of thought, originality of character, and premature thirst for knowledge distinguished me from other children of my age was, I am persuaded, very much owing to these privations. Never was a human being less improved, in the sense in which that expression is generally understood ; but never was one less spoilt by indulgence, or more carefully preserved from every species of mental contagion. The result of the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed had the effect of making me a kind of

anomaly, very different from other people, and very little influenced by the motives, as well as very ignorant of the modes of thinking and acting, prevalent in the world at large." This description of her own character gives the key to the efforts and successes which marked her after life ; the perusal of which cannot fail to be interesting, as its moral and lesson cannot be otherwise than profitable.

Anne Macvicar, her maiden name, was the daughter of Duncan Macvicar, "a plain, brave, pious man," of Highland lineage. He had been a farmer in Inverness-shire, where he married his wife ; subsequently he removed to Glasgow, at which place Anne was born, on the 21st of February, 1755. She was immediately, however, removed to her grandmother's house in Inverness-shire, and was only brought back to Glasgow when she was eighteen months old, for the purpose of her father taking a last look at his little one prior to his departure for America, having obtained a commission in a regiment of foot ; his wife and daughter following him to the Western world in 1758. Anne, when the family were assembled at a place called Claverock, below the town of Albany, was taught to read by her mother, whom she describes as a person of great integrity, but utterly destitute of imagination. In addition to learning to read, she says : " I learned that love of truth and simplicity which I found a charm against artifice and pretension of every kind." When Anne had attained her sixth year, she was taken by her father to Oswego,

on Lake Ontario. The journey was made in boats, and was most romantic, "sleeping," she says, "sometimes in the woods, sometimes in forts, which formed a chain of posts in the then trackless wilderness. We had no books but the Bible and some military treatises ; but I grew familiar with the Old Testament ; and a Scotch sergeant brought me Blind Harry's ' Wallace ;' which, by the aid of such sergeant, I conned so diligently, that I not only understood the broad Scotch, but caught an admiration for heroism, and an enthusiasm for Scotland, that ever since has been like a principle of life." Then when her father returned, as a parting present, an old friend of her father's, a Captain Campbell, presented her with a very beautiful copy of Milton's works, "which," she says, "I studied, to very little purpose no doubt, all the way down in the boat, but which proved a treasure to me afterwards, as I never rested till I found out the literal meaning of the words, and, in progress of time, at an age that I am ashamed to mention, into the full spirit of it. If I had ever any elevation of thought, expansion of mind, or genuine taste for the sublime or beautiful, I owe it to my diligent study of this volume." The attention with which she studied the classic words of Milton served to draw the attention of Madame Schuyler, whose house "was the resort of all strangers whose manners or conduct entitled them to her regard." "Some time after our arrival at Albany," she writes, "I accompanied my parents one evening to visit her, whom I regarded as

the Minerva of my imagination, and treasured all her discourse as the veritable words of wisdom. The conversation fell upon dreams and forewarnings. I rarely spoke till spoken to at any time ; but of a sudden the spirit moved me to say that bad angels sometimes whispered dreams into the soul. When asked for my authority, I surprised every one, but myself most of all, by a long quotation from Eve's fatal dream infusing into her mind the ambition that led to guilt. After this happy quotation I became a great favourite, and Madame Schuyler never failed to tell any one who had read Milton of the origin of her partiality." At this time Anne was not seven years of age ! During her father's stay in Albany Anne was a constant visitor of Madame Schuyler, and after his removal from the city she returned and spent two winters with her. Indeed, so fond had this excellent woman become of her young friend that she would gladly have adopted her as her daughter. " Whatever culture my mind received," writes Mrs. Grant, " I owe to her."

When Anne had attained her fourteenth year, her father's health failing him, he returned with his wife and daughter to Glasgow, where, Anne says, " I was first sought after as something curious and anomalous, having none of the embellishments of education, knowing only reading, writing, and needle-work—writing, indeed, very imperfectly ; yet, familiar with books, with plants, and with trees, with all that regarded the face of nature ; perfectly ignorant of the customs and

manners of the world; combining, with a childish and amusing simplicity, a store of various knowledge, which nothing less than the leisure of much solitary retirement, and the tenacity of an uncommonly retentive memory, could have accumulated in the mind of an over-grown child,—for such I appeared to those who knew my age.” She afterwards wrote an amusing letter to a friend, who had complained of her spelling, which through life was inaccurate, as her writing was sprawling and slovenly. “I was taught to write,” she says, “when a girl in America, by a soldier in my father’s regiment, who began life in the character of a gentleman, but, being an incorrigible sot, retained nothing but a fine hand to distinguish him from his fellows, when he was chosen my teacher. This tutor of mine visited the black-hole so often that I got copies—perhaps twenty—at long intervals, when he was removed into another regiment. I was thus deprived of all instruction of this and of almost every other kind; **but** then it was intended to send me to a convent in Canada, where officers’ daughters got some sort of superficial education. This was deferred from year to year, and then dropped, because we thought of coming home, where I was to learn everything; but by that time I was grown very tall, very awkward, and so sensitive that a look disconcerted me, and I went to no school except that where dancing was taught, which I very soon left from the same miserable conscious awkwardness.” It was at this time, she adds, that she was accustomed to

exercise her handwriting and her powers of composition at the same time, the product being little poems, more remarkable for bad spelling than poetic ability.

A visit that she made to the house of a friend, during three summers, exercised an important influence upon her character, and, as she declared, her mental and moral education. "Minds," she subsequently wrote, "so pure, piety so mild, so cheerful and influential, manners so simple and artless, without the slightest tincture of hardness or vulgarity, such primitive ways of thinking, I have never met with, nor could ever have supposed to exist, had I not witnessed. Here were the relics of the old covenants all round us, and here I enriched my memory with many curious traits of Scottish history and manners by frequenting the cottages of the peasantry, and perusing what I could find on their smoky bookshelves. Here was education for the heart and mind, well adapted for the future lot which providence assigned to me."

When Anne was eighteen, her father removed her to Fort Augustus, in Inverness-shire, to enter upon the duties of barrack-master. It was here that she became acquainted with Mr. Grant, who was at the time the garrison chaplain; but who, in 1776, was appointed to the living of Laggan; when, three years afterwards, he and Anne were married. "His popularity," wrote his wife, "was secured by his manners and conduct; mine was of more difficult attainment,

because I was not a native of the country, and Highlanders dislike the intrusion of a stranger. However, I had both pride and pleasure in overcoming difficulties. Thus, by adopting the customs, studying the Gaelic language, and, above all, not wondering at anything local and peculiar, with the aid of a most worthy and sensible mother-in-law, I acquired that share of the good will of my new connexions, and the regard of the poor; without which, even with the fond affection of a fellow-mind, such a residence would have been scarcely supportable. My father soon afterwards removed to Fort George, near Inverness, and I had one or two of my children residing with him and my mother. I acquired a taste for farming, led a life of fervid activity, and had a large family of children, all promising, and the greater number of them beautiful. I felt much at home among our neighbours and the tenantry, and many things occurred that might give interest to a more extended biography."

She was thus, all unconsciously, preparing herself for her future duties. She was laying by a store of experience that was in her subsequent career essentially to serve her; and so years rolled on. When she had been married about twenty years, during which time she had become the mother of eleven children, her eldest son, who was a most interesting and lovable youth, for whom a commission had been obtained by a friend, was carried off in his sixteenth year by consumption. Then the father,

eighteen months afterwards, also sank under the same malady—and Mrs. Grant was a widow. “I was thus,” she says, “left with eight children, not free from debt, yet owing less than might be expected, considering the size of our family, and the decent hospitality which was kept up in a manner that, on looking back, astonishes even myself, as it did others at the time. I was too much engrossed with my irreparable loss, on the one hand, and too much accustomed to a firm reliance on the fatherly care of them who will not abandon the children of a righteous man, on the other, to have any fears for the support of so many helpless creatures. I felt confidence on their account, that to many might appear romantic and extravagant.”

Trustful as she was, however, it was upon her own exertions that she was now mainly to depend. The growing wants of the family had absorbed all her husband's income, so that he was unable to provide any little store for the future. For a season after her husband's death she continued to maintain her family upon the proceeds of a small farm that she rented from the Duke of Gordon. It was under these circumstances that Mrs. Grant was led to consider the possibility of improving her position by the exercise of her literary talents; talents which up to that time had only been employed for her own amusement, or for the amusement of her friends. “I should now mention,” she writes, “that I very early discovered a faculty of rhyming, scarcely worthy to be dignified

with the name of poetry, but easy and fluent. My first essay was scrawled in a kind of Miltonic verse, when I was little more than nine years old. I meant it for a secret; but my father showed it to some friends, which made me very much ashamed; and I think, whatever I might have meditated, I never wrote more till I wandered on the banks of the Cart, and afterwards at Fort Augustus, and again upon my way home to Laggan, after spending some months among my friends at Glasgow. All these occasional scraps I gave away, never having preserved a single copy. My friends were more apprehensive of pecuniary distress for me than I was for myself, and well knew how reluctant I should be to appear before the public as a writer;—this, perhaps, as much as from pride as from modesty. I had been often urged by partial friends to write for the booksellers; but, in the first place, I had more dread of censure than hope of applause; and, besides, I could not find leisure, devoted as I was to a tenderly affectionate husband, whose delicacy of constitution, and still greater delicacy of mind, made my society and attendance essential to him. It still is gratifying to me to think of my steadiness in this refusal. I had, during some of the years which tasked my faculties of every kind to intense exertion, much aid and comfort from a young lady related to my husband's family, whom particular circumstances had separated from her near relatives; yet, owing to her absence during winter in town, my duties grew every day

more arduous. Nothing, indeed, but the deepest gratitude to the invaluable friends of my early days would have induced me to carry on the frequent correspondence now known to the public ; it was only in early summer mornings, and late winter ones, that I could find time to write. An excellent constitution, and equal, cheerful spirits, for which I could never be thankful enough, bore me through a great deal." Her friends no sooner conceived the project of her appearing in print then they at once collected such stray poems that she had distributed amongst them, and of which she had kept no copies, proposals for their publication being sent all over Scotland. The volume of "Original Poems" appeared in 1803, with three thousand subscribers ! So large a list, according to Mrs. Grant, being due to the sympathy which was generally felt for her condition.

Subsequently Mrs. Grant removed from Laggan to Woodend, near Stirling, where her life was eminently simple and industrious, and where a new trouble found her. Her son, who was within a few days of completing his studies at the Military Academy at Marlow, became involved in a mutiny which was the cause of his expulsion. Ultimately an East India cadetship was obtained for him, the expense attendant upon his equipment suggesting Mrs. Grant's next literary venture. For this purpose she visited the metropolis. Of the generous treatment she experienced when there, she thus wrote :—"After

arriving in London I was at the utmost loss, knowing no bookseller, how to dispose of my defective and ill-arranged manuscripts. Happily, I met with a Scotch friend, who knew something of Messrs. Longman and Rees, and promised to introduce me. I went to them with no enviable feelings, being fully as much ashamed of my shabby manuscript as Falstaff was of his ragged recruits. Mr. Longman, however, took it graciously, submitted it to his invisible critic, and in a few days I heard the glad sound that it would do very well for publication. I was told that it would be set about immediately, and would be ready in three or four months, it being arranged that I should receive half of the profits, the booksellers bearing the risk of printing. This was in spring, 1805. Summer and autumn passed; winter came; spring returned, still not a word of my book. I thought my papers had been lost, or thrown aside as useless, and, occupied with a thousand other cases, I had almost forgotten them, when I received at Woodend a letter informing me that my book was printed, and nothing was wanted but the preface, which, it seems, was the last thing required. Certainly never was preface more expeditiously written. In half an hour after the letter was received, the preface was away to Stirling to overtake the evening post. I had declined to give my name to the public as the author of the Letters, and therefore could not be much affected, further than a pecuniary disappointment, by their being overlooked. Yet I have been

seldom so much surprised as when my kind neighbour, Lady Stewart, casually mentioned her hearing from London that a book called 'Letters from the Mountains,' divided with some other publications the attention of readers that summer. No person, I believe, was so astonished at their success as myself. My booksellers dealt liberally with me, and many persons of distinguished worth interested themselves in me, and sought my acquaintance, in consequence of perusing those letters." When the second edition of the "Letters" appeared, an intimation came from the Longman's that the profits were £400, to be materially increased, so they anticipated, when the third edition was called for. This pleasing intelligence was soon distressed by the news of the death of her beloved daughter, Catherine. Upon which she wrote:—"I do indeed suffer very deeply; my affection and my vanity are both wounded in thus suddenly losing the ornament of our family, of whom we were all too proud. Yet I will not forsake the living, nor omit anything that can do good or give pleasure to my friends, while life or ability are left me." Then resolutely setting herself to her next task—the composition of her "Memoirs of an American Lady," which was produced under many difficulties and discouragements. Her room had the nursery above it and the kitchen below it—ill-adapted for the quiet thought so essential in the production of that, or any other book, intended to be worth the trouble of reading. This book also was a success—

fifteen hundred copies were sold in three months! In 1811, she next sent out from the press "Essays on the Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland;" and then, in 1814, a poem entitled "Eighteen Hundred and Thirteen." After this effort, which was the least successful of all her writings, Mrs. Grant published no more. In 1826, through the interest of Sir Walter Scott, Henry Mackenzie, and Lord Jeffrey, a pension had been granted to her by George the Fourth of £100. These distinguished persons believed that the writings of Mrs. Grant, in addition to being valuable literary efforts, had been productive of important service to the cause of religion, morality, knowledge, and taste; and that her writings had "produced a strong and salutary effect upon her countrymen, who not only found recorded in them much of national history and antiquities, which would otherwise have been forgotten, but found them combined with the soundest and best lessons of virtue and morality." She was not, however, one who preached but did not practise what she taught; this we learn from a letter written by an American gentleman:—"I have seen," he writes, "Mrs. Grant, of Laggan. She is a venerable ruin; she is so lame as to be obliged to walk with crutches. She is not only resigned, but cheerful; her confidence in divine goodness has never failed. I think I shall never forget that venerable countenance, so marked by suffering, yet so tranquil, so indicative at once both of goodness and of greatness. The broad and noble forehead,

above all, relieved by the parted grey hair, exceeds in interest any feature of youthful beauty which it has yet been my fortune to behold. Her conversation is original and characteristic; frank, yet far from rude; replete at once with amusement and instruction." Thus lived on this brave, hoping, and all-industrious woman. Trials and sorrows were her lot through life; no period, so her journal intimates, being free from them; but they neither discouraged her or turned her away from her purpose. The lesson of her life is one that the vacillating, the irresolute, and the desponding had need to treasure and remember; and although they may not achieve the success which crowned her efforts, yet if they follow her example, they will achieve a success of their own which will be its own reward, as it may be the precursor of a life of honour and usefulness.

SARAH MARTIN:

THE INDUSTRIOUS GIRL, AND PRISON
PHILANTHROPIST.

IN previous sketches we have seen women in various spheres of action, in which they have attained to fame and fortune; we are now about to relate the history of one who neither aspired to fame or fortune, who neither desired man's praise or man's rewards, and who yet is perhaps more deserving of honourable remembrance than any of the band of noble sisters whose fame we have been chronicling. If ever woman was entitled to national distinction and universal esteem, that woman is Sarah Martin. We must not look for her name in connection with works of art, literature, or music—these things concerned her not; it was not in works to please the eye, to excite the imagination, or to minister to a cultured taste in which she excelled: we must look for her name in connection with works of mercy, with deeds of benevolence. We must look for her, not in the houses of the great, not in the great assembly, where the public voice is raised to do her honour; if we

desire to look upon her, to converse with her, to be strengthened by her counsel and invigorated by the presence of one devoted to her Master's work of "doing good;" then we must seek out the abodes of wretchedness, we must track poverty to its lair, and pray for admission to the cells or the prisons where the outcasts and the vile are incarcerated.

Sarah was born in the year 1791, at the village of Caistor, three miles from Yarmouth, where her father was a poor mechanic. Both Sarah's parents died when she was quite young; when, if it had not been for her poor old grandmother, who was a widow, who took charge of the little orphan, she must have been sent to the parish. What education the dear grandmother could give Sarah she gave her, which was a little teaching at the village school; but even that scanty instruction could not be prolonged beyond her thirteenth year: she must go forth into the world, and by her own industry earn the means of living. One year devoted industriously to learning the art of dressmaking fitted her for going amongst the families of the village, working by the day. There was little interest in this life; the little girl had to work long and hard for the small wages which were then, as now, given for that class of work. Not much chance, one would think, for that child, whose highest ambition was plain sewing, ultimately to become a heroine. Who would have thought that that girl, only just in her teens, would ere long, by a course of usefulness and self-denial, excite the admi-

ration and applause of a nation? She simply did what we should all do—*wait* for opportunities, and if the opportunities come not, then *make* them. But it is not so much opportunities that are wanted as the disposition to embrace them. We have all opportunities. Every hour presents its claims for duty; every day its work demanding to be done. The difference between Sarah Martin and tens of thousands of others is simply that she did the work which presented itself; while they look on, with folded hands and irresolute purpose, *wishing* to do the work, and yet do it not.

The opportunity which was presented to Sarah Martin was in a form sufficiently repulsive to the tender nature of a female. She had heard of the Yarmouth prison, and of the dreadful condition of its inmates. "The time of the prisoners," says the "Edinburgh Review," "was given to gaming, swearing, playing, fighting, and bad language: and their visitors were admitted from without with little restrictions. There was no Divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day. There were under-ground cells, quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners describe their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they prefer them for their warmth in winter; their situation is such as to defy inspection, and they are altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being."

There was none that looked towards this scene of

suffering with the hope of effecting any permanent change. No doubt there were many that pitied, many that offered a prayer for those children of sin; but they were hopeless of doing more. The evil was too deeply rooted; it had been an institution. In the August of 1819 there was committed to this prison a woman accused of a most unnatural crime; not only poisoning her child, but most cruelly ill-using it. The circumstances surrounding the perpetration of the crime excited general interest. Amongst those most affected by the incidents was our heroine, Sarah Martin. She is described at that time as a little woman of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was at that time just twenty-eight years of age, and had for thirteen years earned her own living, as we have seen, going out to the houses of various families as a dressmaker. Sarah, in addition to feeling peculiarly affected in this sad case, had had her attention previously drawn to the condition of the prison. In 1810, she says: "Whilst frequently passing the jail I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." Emboldened by this case of the cruel mother, she resolved to make the

attempt. "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but him." With a confirmed purpose in her heart she sought the jail. Her petition to see the wretched woman was refused. The tones of her voice, which were sweet and low, failed to induce the jailor to grant her request. Many, less resolute, less determined, would have given up the effort, having been thus repulsed. Not so, Sarah; she had taken council of her heavenly Father, and in the quiet of her own chamber resolved upon a course of action; from that resolve she was not to be turned aside by any slight impediment. She sought the jail again; this time she was admitted. Soon she stood in the presence of the cruel parent, who, says Sarah, "was surprised at the sight of a stranger. When I told her the motive of my visit—her guilt, her need of God's mercy—she burst into tears, and thanked me!" What greater evidence did she need of the wisdom of her visit, and of the good which should result from it? Her visit was repeated again and again, when any spare hour from her dressmaking permitted. Soon she extended her visits from the one object of her attention to the many poor creatures that filled the prison. At the first she confined her ministering offices to reading to the prisoners; be-

coming more confident and self-reliant, she then, to the best of her ability, began to instruct them in the arts of reading and writing. Then she found that the few hours which she could devote to her truly Christian mission were so few that the work which she had taken upon herself was imperfectly performed; to remedy this for the future she would devote one whole day to the work. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dress-making to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

In the year 1826, Sarah's grandmother died, leaving her an income of ten or twelve pounds per annum. When this event happened Sarah found it convenient for her daily dress-making, as well as for her works of charity, to remove from Caistor to Yarmouth, to a very humble tenement in an obscure part of the town, where she occupied two rooms, devoting herself, so soon as the change was effected, to redoubled exertion in her mission of mercy and works of love. She had in these labours little or no assistance. There was one lady, however, who had witnessed Sarah's self-denial, who gave her one day's rest every week, and paid her for her time as though she had employed her in her occupation of dress-making. There were a few other persons also, who contributed a quarterly subscription of two-and-sixpence, which was spent in the purchase of Bibles, Testaments,

tracts, and other books for distribution—and that was all. But little as it was—with the devotion of every spare moment of Sarah's life—it effected changes of character which will be recognised throughout eternity. This devotion to the work of visiting the sinner and the sinning, useful and merciful as it was, had the effect of causing Sarah to lose her dress-making business; that business, like every other, will have entire devotion from the votary who intends to succeed in it. Sarah's attention being divided between her lessons in the prison and her daily labour, it is not wonderful that her services became less and less required, so that ultimately employment almost entirely failed. The question which now presented itself was, whether she should give up her benevolent exertions, seeing that they tended to poverty. Her income, derived from her grandmother, did no more than pay for her small lodgings, and the expenses consequent upon her charitable works. What was she to do? Must she face poverty—work on, knowing that such working would deprive her of the actual necessities of life? Her resolve, her determination, under these trying circumstances, more than any flaunting public action, entitle her to the term *heroine*: Christian heroine—for it was the high and holy principles of the Christian faith that supported, sustained, and soothed her under this mental trial. She said: "In the full occupation of dress-making, I had care with it, and also anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled

also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said : ' Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported ; God was my master, and would not forsake his servant ; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in his sight to try the faith and patience of his servants, by bestowing upon them limited means of support, as in the case of Naomi and Ruth ; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah ; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy, for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Having thus resolved, she then turned her attention to devising some plans by which the Sabbath, which had been wasted in the prison, might be passed profitably and religiously. Ultimately she induced the prisoners to establish a Sunday Service amongst themselves by one reading to the rest. In order that these readings should be conducted with decorum she attended herself as an ordinary hearer. Then, after three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterwards for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten

shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in materials for baby-clothes ; and, having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, &c. By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. . . . The fund, £1 10s., for this purpose as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation I did not require its increase), soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment above £408 worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

She further tells us how the men were employed : " They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals ; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth, or moreen, or whatever my friends could look up to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew grey cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion, I showed to the prisoners an etching of " The Chess-player," by Ketzch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy ; they were allowed to do so, and being

furnished with a pencil, pen, and paper, etc., they succeeded remarkably well. The chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could be well applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-half-penny in children, to cards, dice, etc., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterwards many continued to copy it."

Her next work, after a little time had passed, was to form a fund for obtaining work for the prisoners on their discharge; by which means Sarah could, for a season at least, observe the conduct as well as give advice and encouragement to those who now, more than ever, needed it. In this work thus voluntarily undertaken by this poor village dressmaker, there was anticipated the best efforts of the philanthropist. Prison discipline, moral and intellectual tuition, employment in prison, and employment provided for discharged prisoners, are now the conditions surrounding the prisoners in all our large jails; or if they are not so, they are sought to be introduced. Great, good, and wise men, have been much occupied in determining the plans best adapted for the regulation of prisoners: while they debated, however, Sarah worked; while they joined in a wordy warfare, she introduced the plans about which they were contending. All honour to her for her efforts, and all honour to her

for her successes ! The difficulties against which she had to contend were such that the visitor now to any of our large jails can form no conception. That success crowned her efforts is even more wonderful than that it should have entered into her heart to have made the efforts ; especially when it is remembered that scarcely any of her plans could have been improved. The advantage of Sarah's plans were chiefly owing to her superintendence and personal attention. On the Sunday, as we have seen, she joined the prisoners as a fellow worshipper, both morning and evening. "After several changes of readers," she says, "the office devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so ; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself. From a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we learn something of these Sabbath exercises. He says :—" Sunday, November 29th, 1835.—Attended Divine Service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled ; a female, resident in the town, officiated ; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England ; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well—much better than I have frequently heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her ; it was of a

purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect ; and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take devout interest. Evening Service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

Her ordinary week day employment in the prison involved six or seven hours, which was entirely spent amongst the prisoners, the result being that which would otherwise have been a scene of confusion, became under her care and direction an hive of industry. Sarah says: "Any one who could not read, I encouraged to learn, whilst others, in my absence, assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners, who were able to read committed verses, from the Holy scriptures, to memory every day, according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day, and the effect was remarkable, always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first: "It would be of no use;" and my reply was, "It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have." Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."

Sarah had the needful tact to bend to her purpose the stubborn wills of many who had never bent before. It rarely happened but that those who refused to be instructed, in a short time preferred a request to be allowed to enter the classes; when once this was the case, there was no fear of their withdrawing from the influence by which they became at once surrounded. "Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with from two to five verses every day." These exercises, of course, were all voluntary. The power she acquired over the prisoners was truly wonderful. This was obtained, not by force, but by a general persuasion of the sincerity with which she watched, and wept, prayed, and felt for all. No greater test of this confidence could be given than in the fact that the prisoners made her their confidant, pouring into her ear all their little secrets, their weaknesses, and sorrows. This not only gave her moral power, but enabled her to advise with them, to counsel the tempted, to encourage the timid; thus becoming associated with their hopes and fears, she became a confidant and friend as well as an instructor and teacher.

But this prison labour was not all her self-imposed tasks. When it was done she went to the workhouse to superintend a large school established amongst the inmates, and which derived its life and energy from her devotion. The usefulness of the school becoming apparent, the officials of the establishment appointed properly qualified teachers to the duties. Sarah, thus relieved from the immediate charge, formed a school of factory girls, which was held in the chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, surrounded by forty or fifty girls, she would in her own simple and effective way impart her lessons of instruction and encouragement. "Every countenance was upon her ; and, as the questions went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at her command, and more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction impressed a poetical character upon all her style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained many duties of kindness, which, with her, were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil ; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that ; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there ; for she was never a mere school-

mistress, but always the friend and counsellor, as well as the instructor."

Those evenings not spent in teaching were devoted to visiting the sick in the workhouse, or among the poor of the town. Occasionally an evening would be spent with a friend, her appearance being the signal for a busy evening as well as a pleasant one. If there were any young people present, she would be sure to devise work for them all. Copies were to be written for the prisoners, old materials were to be re-made up. For these purposes, scraps of cotton or woollen, or indeed, any waste of any kind were always reserved for her, in the application of which she seemed to have a fund of resources. Then when all were busy, Sarah, if it was desired, would narrate some of the incidents in connection with her prison experiences, her hopes and fears, and the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock. On her return to her own solitary apartments, which she had left locked up, and where, with her own hands, she performed all the needed domestic offices for herself, she would enter into a book kept for the purpose, a copious account of all matters pertaining to her prison flock. These entries extended for a long period beyond the time they ceased to be prisoners. She would also, with the utmost exactitude, enter the particulars of the expenditure of all the little sums committed to her care, as well as a small annual payment from the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry. These records have been preserved in one of the

public institutions in Yarmouth, and fitting they should be. Can we imagine anything of which the inhabitants had need to be more proud?

Thus did Sarah Martin employ her time; living so poorly that her daily fare was not better than that of the poorest prisoner. But her joys were not of time; her pleasures were not of sense. Speaking of the raptures that filled her heart, she said:

“I seem to lie
So near the heavenly portals bright,
I catch the streaming rays that fly
From eternity's own light”

In this glorious frame of mind she approached the narrow house that had no terrors for her. Nay, indeed, death was to her a victory. What had she to fear? If holy angels ever waited for the released spirit of a “ministering angel,” surely they stood beside her couch to watch the last throb that should herald the advent of a new companion in the regions of eternal day. On the 15th of October, 1843, in the fifty-second year of her age, died this good and truly great woman. May her memory be treasured and her example imitated.

CONCLUSION.

THE reader, who has come thus far with us, will be inclined to say that we have selected only notable and distinguished instances for illustration. We could obviously have done no other and keep faith with the promise on the title-page. But there are, nevertheless, thousands of examples which could be cited where girls in the most humble and obscure positions have earned the right to the designation of "clever girls." Who, that has read of the Lowell cotton mills, where the girls are engaged for seventy hours per week, the wages being only from four shillings to twelve shillings per week; and yet, out of those small earnings, the girls managed to engage lecturers to discourse to them during the winter evenings, to acquire such an acquaintance with the prominent branches of a liberal education as enabled them, when in the lecture room, not only to comport themselves as ladies, but to manifest such an intelligent appreciation of the lecture, as to furnish convincing proof of their desire for knowledge and aptness in its attainment. Who can read of the

progress these girls make in the cultivation of the art of music, so as to enable them, if not to vie with professionals, yet to make a respectable appearance in the concert room ; to watch them, when the day's work in the mill is over, devote their evening hours to reading the last new book, to composing papers to appear in the " Lowell Offering ;" in writing long, and what must prove interesting letters, to their homes ; and then to listen to the recital of the motives by which these girls are actuated—many of them leaving their homes hundreds of miles away, because they have observed, it may be, one of their brothers studious and thoughtful, and they have imbibed the idea of giving him a college education, so as to enable him to become a minister, or enter one of the learned professions ; and others, on the other hand, observing the care habitually settled on their parent's brow, have determined to be the instrument of freeing the mortgaged land, or discharging some debt which has soured and embittered their home life. And then, when at Lowell, notwithstanding the smallness of their earnings, they have been enabled, by what must be designated the most admirable management, to appear on the Sundays in silk gowns and neat gloves and shoes, and during the week in excellent and comfortable dresses ; and, in addition, in furtherance of the design which was the motive of their leaving home, to store up in the Savings bank as much as 114,000 dollars, the savings of 3,800 women and girls in one year ! Who, that has read or heard

of these interesting facts, but must be convinced that there are heroines in humble life—"clever girls" whose duties are discharged in the seclusion of home; but a detail of whose lives might fittingly take rank beside more pretentious biographies, and be read with equal, if not greater interest? The poet has said :—

" Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But this is not so in regard to human actions. However obscure may be the position, however limited the circle, and however circumscribed the opportunity for the exercise of influence, yet there *is* an opportunity given to all, which, if embraced, may lead to the most permanent results. The "Labourer's Daughter," who wrote that admirable work on the Sabbath, never imagined when she was employing her spare moments in self-improvement in her father's cottage, that she was preparing for the production of a book which the Queen would command to be dedicated to herself. Girls of mediocre talents, because they have no incentives to write books, whose voices cannot charm beyond their own firesides, who can neither translate or learn foreign languages, paint pictures or sculpture statues, or acquire such a knowledge of music as to render them celebrated as amateurs, if not as professionals; should at once be

disabused of the notion that they cannot consequently become *clever*. Cleverness may be exercised in the preparation of the humblest meal, in the making and wearing of the dress composed of the coarsest material, in the most menial employments, from which the educated and refined instinctively shrink. Cleverness has reference to neither time, place, or situation. It may be a more apt designation when applied to the sempstress "stitching" her life away in the attic, than when applied to many learned ladies whose names grace the title-pages of imposing tomes.

Who can say what opportunities the future will present? When Margaret Charlton, daughter of Frances Charlton, justice of the peace, "glittering in costly apparel and delighting in romances," first met Richard Baxter, she little thought it would be her delight to companion that man as wife—he, "son of a mean freeholder," to uphold his hands, encourage him in his labours, and become herself a woman whom the affectionate love of her husband has left on record as an instance of courage and perseverance under disappointments and losses. When her husband was imprisoned she failed not to share his prison as she had shared his home. Little did Miss Bakewell, either, when she left the delights and social pleasures of her father's house, to journey with Mr. Audubon as his wife, think of the hardships to which she should be subjected, when following the fortunes of her husband in the great south-west in the double capacity of trader and naturalist. Whether she

shared the log hut with him, or the many honours which learned societies delighted to confer upon him, she was ever remarkable for a smiling bravery, which rendered her a calm, wise, and cheerful helper and sympathiser in her husband's fortunes.

We cannot tell, any more than this excellent woman, what the future has in store—nor, to the bravely resolved, does it much matter. By the exercise *now* of every power, the clever girl may become so endowed with capabilities, that whatever station and position she may be called upon to fill, she will fill it with calmness, self-possession, and energy. In no sense would we pander to the false notions which some refined young ladies entertain of the duties devolving upon them, which seems to be an entire disregard of those household matters in which is involved very much the comfort and happiness of home. That comfort does not mainly depend upon a smattering of what are called at the boarding-schools—extras. These are by no means to be despised: when accomplishments are cultivated with intelligence and perseverance they add materially to home pleasures and home happiness. By the devotion of a small portion of time daily it is astonishing how much may be effected, how much may be learned. This can only be done when the lessons are considered a pleasure, and not a task—when the spirit at the stated hour bounds to receive its allotted quota of information and practice; then progress must be made. If, however, no interest is manifested in the lessons; if it is a cause of joy when

they are over, and never conned or looked at until the time again arrives for a new lesson, little or no progress is made. With such a course of conduct, and such an absence of interest, when the lessons are completed, when that state which is called "finished" has been attained, small is the result and small is the gain. Neither accomplishments or anything else are to be so learned. Interest in, and devotion to, a subject is all-essential to its attainment. Without this this there may be a sickly remembrance of something that has been endeavoured to be learned. But that something will not have woven itself in the mind, will not have become a part of the learner's being ; so that, with the facility of speech, or any involuntary action, the lessons received will be renewed so often as occasion may require, and never through life be forgotten. But if this is so in relation to the embellishments of education, how needful that there should be persevering devotion in the attainment of those essentials of existence in which home comfort so much consists. A really clever girl would make it as much her pride as her duty to acquire a knowledge of all household matters ; if the future of her life did not necessitate the personal exercise of that knowledge, it would be a satisfaction to know that she was in possession of it. That she could, if needs be, do, as well as direct things to be done. And then, if circumstances should occur, which should necessitate not only personal oversight, but individual exertion, how pleasurable and delightful it would be to know that the know-

ledge was possessed, and had not to be learned. The age is essentially practical. The Clever Girl is, therefore, more useful than ornamental. She has kept her eyes and ears open. When she walks through the garden she remembers the virtues of plants as well as the pretty sentiments attached to the flowers; at home her handiwork is seen on the chairs, the sofa, and the ottomans,—order and neatness being everywhere diffused; when the days labour's are over, in which she has participated in no unwilling spirit, then in the evening the hours are made joyous with her bright smile and with the display of those accomplishments which have been learned for the pleasure which they afford. The “clever girl” who is true to her capabilities is essentially unselfish—she lives for others. The sick chamber finds her ministering in gentle offices and kindly words. To her brother she is a wise counsellor and confident. To her parents she is docile, considerate, and thoughtful; they speak of her as one in whom they can repose trust. These, surely, are offices and attainments which may be possessed by every girl so disposed. They simply require for their attainment, seriousness, purpose, resolution. These acquired, no fear then of fretting life away uselessly. As Sterling wrote to his son:—“Everything is so wonderful, great, and holy, so sad and yet not bitter, so full of Death and so bordering on Heaven. Can you understand anything of this? If you can, you will begin to know what a serious

matter our life is ; how unworthy and stupid it is to trifle it away without heed ; what a wretched, insignificant, worthless creature any one comes to be, who does not as soon as possible bend his whole strength, as in stringing a stiff bow, to doing whatever task lies first before him."

